

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

THE *ROMAN DE LONGUE HALEINE*
ON ENGLISH SOIL

THOMAS PHILIP HAVILAND

A THESIS

IN ENGLISH

PRESENTED TO THE FACULTY OF THE GRADUATE SCHOOL IN
PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR
THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

PHILADELPHIA

1931

**THE *ROMAN DE LONGUE HALEINE*
ON ENGLISH SOIL**

A study of the manner, form and content of the French Heroic
Romance in translation,
and
Of those English productions which fall within the class, with
some account of the popularity of both and of their influence
on the Modern English Novel in its earliest years.

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PREFACE

Despite the many arduous hours of reading which it has involved, I am not fond enough to think this little study will recommend itself to many. Such virtues as it may have are to no small extent due to the assistance of friends, freely given; its faults are to be laid at no door but my own.

Books have been helpful; I hope I have exactly acknowledged my indebtedness in the text. It is impossible for me not to feel a special gratitude to Mr. Arundell Esdaile who has charted the field in his *List of Tales and Prose Romances*, and to the able works of Messrs. Koerting and von Wurzbach.

It was Dr. Baugh who first suggested the problem of the "long-winded romances"; his continued helpfulness, particularly in matters of bibliography I wish gratefully to acknowledge here. Dr. Mendenhall, under whom the work proceeded, proved unbelievably patient in his guidance, painstaking in correction. His knowledge of French, and of Eighteenth Century English, literature, always at my disposal, proved invaluable. My colleagues, Drs. Black and Harbage, I thank for useful suggestions; I am grateful for the many little courtesies offered me in the library of the British Museum. Not least am I indebted to my wife for labors with thesis and proof and for cheering a way that must often have seemed unending.

My chief regret is the impossibility of appending summaries of the romances, for I am persuaded they would be of some interest. At present, all but a very few are available, but in not very satisfactory form, and only in the *Bibliothèque universelle des romans*.

T. P. H.

Germantown,
July 5, 1931.

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INTRODUCTION

"The romances of Calprenède and Scudéry, those ponderous and unmerciful folios now consigned to utter oblivion were in that reign [Charles II's] not only universally read and admired, but supposed to furnish the most perfect models of gallantry and heroism; although, in the words of an elegant female author [Mrs. Chapone] these celebrated writings are justly described as containing only 'unnatural representations of the passions, false sentiments, false precepts, false wit, false honour and false modesty, with a strange heap of improbable, unnatural incidents, mixed with true history and fastened upon some of the great names of antiquity,' yet upon the model of such works were framed the court manners of the reign of Louis."

Works of John Dryden, with notes and a Life of the
Author by Sir Walter Scott — Edinburgh, 1882 — I, 59.

It would be difficult to find in one short passage at once so complete a summary of the characteristics, and so exact an arraignment of the shortcomings, of that new and significant development of the seventeenth century, the Heroic Romance. And yet, the story is but partly told.

Originating in the polite society of the French court, at once the delight and guide in circles "*Précieuses*", these ponderous works in many tomes, filled with their interminable récits, their "characters", their playings at platonic love, became eventually common property of nobility and bourgeois alike. They were awaited with great impatience and devoured with avidity, at last transcending the bounds of nationality to appear in England, first in the original, for the delight of such devotees as prided themselves in their French, later in more or less adequate translations for those of less exalted state. Henrietta Maria, wife of the mild Charles I (who whiled away the hours in prison prior to his execution at reading *Cassandra*,) and her French following afforded them something like the normal conditions of their native land; but strangely enough, during the troublous times of the Commonwealth, despite (or perhaps because of) the Puritanic throttling of the Drama, and later, in the times of the licentious court of

Charles II, they continued to grow in favor. Although it was their fate, shortly after, to bend the knee to the growing realistic tendency, as manifested in the popular scandal stories, the so-called novels, and the drama resurrected, they continued to be read and their plots (appropriated unblushingly by the dramatists of the period) to be so well known that Mrs. Lennox's *Female Quixote* (1752), an excellent burlesque, found favor in frequent reprintings, the last by Mrs. Barbauld in *British Novelists* (1810). Their popularity reached well into the eighteenth century, far past the time usually set as the point of their demise.

But though their faults were all that we have said, and more, though they were bound to fall, one might say, of their own weight, in a more rational and less leisured age; yet for the student they must always contain matter of more than a passing interest. In the midst of so much that is absurd, untrue, artificial, are to be seen the first faint traces of that realism in fiction which was to be the aim of Richardson and Fielding; in the flowery sketches of noble prince and princess, absurd as they often are but to some extent drawn from contemporary models, one may see the awakening of an interest in the true delineation of character; in the elaborate code of behavior here pictured one may catch something of the more highly developed ethical system of the perfect ladies and gentlemen of Richardson. Here will be found the germ of much that is highly praised in the later novel. It will therefore be our purpose to consider at greater length the characteristics of this form, originally French, as it appeared in English translation and imitation, its popularity — and its influence on the novel in maturity. It may be that he of "the big bow-wow strain" and his fellows drank more deeply at this spring than they knew or the world admits.

PART I.

THE FRENCH SALON AND THE HEROIC ROMANCE

"A Canarese Prince, a Persian King's son, a Roman war hero, speak perpetually of honour, glory, and love in the manner which one spoke of them in the salons of the 'précieuses'. To seek Roman customs in *Clélie*, were, in the words of a new critic (L. Clarétie) as hopeless as to seek the Loire in the 'carte du tendre' . . . They discuss, as the dames and cavaliers at the Scudéry 'Saturdays', which love be more welcome, that which seizes one suddenly, or that which develops out of a long existing friendship. Whether, with the beginning of love, adoration ceases . . . whether it were better to love a melancholy or a cheerful one . . ."

W. von Wurzbach, *Geschichte des Französischen Romans*, Heidelberg, 1912, I, 265.

Although an attempt to trace the roots of the Heroic Romance must inevitably lead one to the *Astrea*, the *Amadis*, and the Greek Romances, the salon, as Wurzbach intimates, is the hothouse in which it is incubated; it is the conditions of the salon which promote and regulate its growth. These little groups of high born men and women, passing their days in polite "conversations", absorbed in dallying with that, to them, newly discovered love called platonic, engaged in the fabrication of an elaborately artificial code of manners, in philosophic discussion of matters calculated never to raise the crimson blush of shame, become the literary dictators of their time (c1620-c'65). Such blossoms as come to fruit in this atmosphere must, in shape and pigment, suggest the place and manner of their growth—and, incidentally, provide food and fragrance for those who have watched over them with such tender care. To Victor Cousin¹ the characteristic tone is "a light perfume of delicacy and agreeableness, . . . a sweetness and a sincerity marked at least with a smile."

¹ La société française au xviie siècle d'après Le Grand Cyrus de Mlle. de Scudéry, Paris 1873, II, 251-2.

The most famous salon of its time was undoubtedly the brilliant assembly over which Mme de Rambouillet presided. Her mother was of the famous house of Savelli, her father ambassador to Rome, the place of her birth. At the ripe age of twelve she married young Charles d'Angennes, later Marquis de Rambouillet, and was shortly after presented at the court of Henry IV. True daughter of an Italian mother, she found the company which gathered about the throne, unspeakably coarse and troubled with few qualms in the matter of morals, extremely distasteful. Rigidly proper herself, of great natural delicacy and refinement, she withdrew shortly to her own home, where she soon surrounded herself through her graciousness, her wit, her charm, with a little group of souls akin. Rebuilt under her own supervision to suit her peculiar ideas of an intimate retreat, her home in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre became shortly before 1620 the center of a brilliant assemblage, whose members she received in her famous Blue Room or, if they were her intimates, in her closet after the manner of our heroines of Romance, reclining in her bed—and conducting herself always with the utmost propriety. Beneath her hospitable roof some sort of common denominator was found for birth and brains. Here came among others the Scudéry's, Mme de Longueville, Jean Chapelain, the poet, and the Duke d'Enghien, the Great Condé, prototype of Cyrus. D'Urfé's pastoral romance, the *Astrea*, most beloved book of its time, was adopted as a sort of guide in manners and polite conversation; conversely, the manners of this circle became those of the later romance. Your Statiras, Clelias, Mandanas, talk and act as did the ladies of this circle, demanding the same sort of worship and service as did the Marquise and her romantic friends; your Artamenes, your Ibrahims, your Lysimachuses valiantly exemplify the ideas of honor here prescribed and are as properly circumspect. One finds mirrored in Scudéry's *Artamenes, or the Grand Cyrus* a transparent picture of the group, for the palace of Cleomira in the city of Tyre is obviously the hôtel of the Rue St. Thomas, and Cleomira, born in Athens, is the gracious leader of the circle.

"The Spirit of Cleomira has more in it than the light of Nature, for it is adorned and dressed with all the Liberal Arts, she speaks divers lan-

guages elegantly, and is ignorant of nothing that merits knowledge, yet seems not to know; the most sublime Sciences transcend not her knowledge, she is a compleat Mistress of the most difficult Arts, she built a Palace after her own ingenuous model, the best in the world, she found out the Art of a Palace of a vast capacity in a little room, order, proportion, regularity are in all the rooms, all is magnificent, all convenient, full of conceit and useful design, her Closets and Cabinets are full of rarities, which speak of the judgment of the chuser; the Aire in her Palace is all perfume, several rich pots full of flowers makes a continual Spring in her Chamber, and the rooms of common use are so full of pleasure and phancie, that one would think himself in a place enchanted when he's there. Moreover, she had a most facetious ingenuity, in composing either Prose or Verse." (*Grand Cyrus*—Pt. VII, Bk. I, pp. 74-75)² The influence of this and similar salons upon the literature, as well as the social life of the time cannot be overemphasized.³

Not least in the circle of the *précieuses*, herself a most prolific writer of the Heroic Romance was Mlle de Scudéry, the Sapho of her own *Cyrus*. She was brought to the house of "Cléomira" by her rather arrogant, blustering brother Georges who had resigned from the army to become a poet of the Corneillean school and later through the favor of the Marquise was appointed governor of the post of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde. Not particularly favored in beauty or birth, by the chasteness of her mind, the vivacity of her wit and the elegance of her inventions she soon won herself a place in this brilliant assemblage.⁴

Born at Havre, where her father was lieutenant of the city, by blood she was of Provence, already famed for its courtly tradition and its classic code of love. Upon the death of her parents, she was taken in 1613, at the age of six, into the home of her uncle where she had the advantage of an unusual education. It is

² Unless otherwise noted, references are to the English translation of 1653-5.

³ For further treatment of the salon of Mme de Rambouillet see: Magne, *Voiture et des origines de L'Hôtel de Rambouillet*, 1597-1635, Paris, 1911; *Voiture et les années de gloire de L'Hôtel de Rambouillet*, 1635-1648, Paris 1912; Cousin, ch. 6; Tornius, *Salons*, N. Y., 1929, 129-139.

⁴ See her description of herself in *Cyrus*, Pt. X, pp. 85-87. "She [Sapho] was the daughter of a man of note . . . of so noble a race that no family of Mytilene could shew a longer or more unquestionable pedigree . . . She is able to inspire greater passions than the greatest beauty of the earth, etc."

not to be wondered at that this accomplished young lady should find acceptance in polite circles when in 1639 at the latest (1637 according to Crane⁵) she went up to Paris to live with her vain, pompous brother. The outbreak of that period of civil war known as the Fronde (1648-52), in which Mme de Longueville, and her brother Condé, were involved, practically put an end to the gatherings at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, but in 1653 we find Madeleine receiving in her own modest little home with a garden where, according to her biographers (Rathery et Boutron, *Mlle de Scudéry, sa vie et sa correspondance*, Paris, 1873), fruit trees and acacias bloomed (the flowers she gave to her friends) and turtle doves nested, her company a cat of which her platonic lovers professed to be jealous. Here a somewhat less aristocratic circle (although it numbered Chapelain, Conrart and Pellison) met at the *Samedis*, to discuss again the never outworn subject of polite passion, to study the human heart, to learn how to make the perilous voyage "from Amity to Tenderness" in a maid's affections as discussed at length by the Circle of the Princess of the Leontines in *Clelia* (Pt. I, Bk. I) in a manner not strikingly different from that of Richardson and his dear "adopted daughters"—and here those ponderous romances were written. A passage from this same romance affords reflection of the delicately attenuated playfulness of such a company.

"And if Artaxander had been acquainted with Pasithea all his life, he could not have been more familiar with her: before they parted, Pasithea and he were whispering their conceits of all the company; he taught her one song; she him another: he composed a copy of verses extempore upon a Posie of flowers which she gathered and threw unto him; and she again replied. Moreover she gave him her hood and gloves to hold whilst they were at a collation in a green arbour; she gave him also some of those fruits which were upon the table; and letting a Ring accidentally fall; which was of no high price, and which he reached up, she let him wear it yet asked it of him at first: but when he told her he loved to keep that which he found, as well as she did what she stole, she answered him that he should not have it unless he staked something against it and

⁵ *Les héros de roman, Dialogues de Nicolas Boileau, Despréaux*, edited by Thomas Frederick Crane, Boston, 1902, Preface.

won it; then if you please madam (said he unto her) I will stake and lay my selfe against this Ring that you are the fairest in the world."⁶

The circles of Madeleine de Sable, Ninon de Lenclos, Princess Anne Marie Louise de Montpensier and other notable ladies of Paris and the Provinces of the time, similar in their type and in their interests, need not concern us here.

In such circles, the Heroic Romance was received with arms wide spread: its character descriptions, its histories, the judgment, of its heroes on nice points of conduct, afforded material for discussion; its refined tone gave no offense; its laws of chivalry and respect, its strong championing of the platonic rather than the passionate in love, served to reinforce their own ideals. Furthermore, its authors were members of these little groups, with the result that one often had the satisfaction of seeing one's own features sketched in the person of a historic prince or princess, of finding one's very words on the lips of a most virtuous person of the first rank, and of here reading of those little discussions and diversions which had actually formed the elegant exercise of the company.

The *Astrea*,⁷ first of the long French romances, was practically contemporary with the withdrawal of Mme de Rambouillet from court, the initial volume appearing probably in 1608, volume two in 1610, and the concluding two by d'Urfé's secretary, Baro, in 1627. Pastoral, rather than heroic in type, its artificiality is not exactly that of the *précieuses*—it is an antecedent force, not an outgrowth. Nevertheless, it played its part in serving to some ex-

⁶ Pt. I, Bk. 3, p. 91. Unless otherwise noted, references are to the English edition of 1656-61. See also Rathery et Boutron, Cousin, Wurzbach; also Victor du Bled, *La Société Française du XVII^e siècle*, II, sixième conférence, 174-209; and E. Magne, *Le Salon de Madeleine de Scudéry, etc.*, Paris, 1927.

⁷ "*L'Astrée* de d'Urfé est vraiment notre premier roman; elle est l'ancêtre, la source de tous les autres"

"L'inspiration en est à la fois épique et lyrique, héroïque et galante: c'est une bergerie et un poème de chevalerie mêlés. Le sentiment et l'action y sont idéalisés: la tendresse y est surhumaine comme les coups d'épée. Pourtant l'amour domine, un amour qui, tout en étant la plus douce chose du monde, est aussi la plus belle des vertus et le plus difficile des devoirs. Céladon et sa bergère sont les prêtres de ce nouveau culte."

Paul Morillot, *Le Roman en France* . . . , Paris, n.d., 1 & 2.

tent as a model for those romances more properly dubbed heroic, the darlings of the Salons.⁸

The one who leads us from the pastoral to the new chivalric-heroic mode is Marin le Roy, Sieur de Gomberville, known among the "*précieuses*" as Gobrias, a man of wealth who had scribbled for pleasure from the days of his earliest youth. Koerting says of him "Gomberville is the trail breaker for a type, which the romance is to follow for several decades: the heroic gallant romance." One of the founders of the "Académie", he divided his time between Versailles, Paris, and his home at Gomberville. His *Polexander* seems to have appeared in a preliminary version in 1629, to be published in its final five volume form in 1637.⁹ His earlier *La Carithée* and his other romance, *Cythérée* do not concern us in this study since their bulk is insufficient and, furthermore, I can find no indication of their having been translated into English, despite the more than royal welcome which was extended there to books of this type. Nor shall I pause here to discuss *Polexander*, as it is my purpose to treat at length in a later section (vid. sec. 3) all those which found English translators. It is an interesting fact that Gomberville turned from romance writing in his late forties, and concerned himself with deeper matters, joining with the solitaires of Port Royal until towards the eventide of his life. To this latter period belongs an abortive attempt to continue *Polexander* — *La Jeune Alcidianna* (1651).

Of the romances of La Calprenède Mme de Sévigné wrote, "The beauty of their sentiments, the violence of the emotions, the grandeur of the incidents and the miraculous success of their invincible swords, all that delights me as it might a young girl."¹⁰ I find my own judgment in the matter anticipated by that of

⁸ For an excellent discussion of the ultimate sources of French Heroic Romances, see Gustave Reynier, *Le Roman Sentimental Avant L'Astrée*, Paris, 1908.

⁹ Heinrich Koerting, *Geschichte des Französischen Romans im XVII Jahrhundert*, Leipzig 1891, I, 216; Ibid, I, 221; Wurzbach, 248. Saintsbury, and Dunlop (*History of Prose Fiction*, Revised by Henry Wilson, Lon. 1911) give 1632, the date of an earlier and incomplete edition.

¹⁰ *Grands Ecrivains de la France*, II, 277 (July 12, 1671).

Wurzbach and Dunlop¹¹ but the fact must nevertheless be stated, that Calprenède manages this type of fiction better than any of his contemporaries, of whom he was on occasion so jealous. His *Cassandra* (Paris, 1642-45) first appearing in ten volumes, has epic qualities as compared with all the rest, his *Cleopatra* (Paris, 1647-58) in twelve volumes, is not far behind. *Pharamond*, in three parts, appearing in 1661 was destined to be left unfinished by the master's hand at the seventh volume, but was later completed by Sieur de Vaumorière (see pp. 12-13) who added five volumes, making twelve in all, the last appearing in 1670.

Gautier de Costes, Seigneur de la Calprenède, famed as a soldier and agreeable companion, was not only a writer of romances but a tragic playwright, bringing to bear on the craft of romance writing some of the principles of the drama. Born near Sarlat, in Cahors in the time of the *Astrea* (1609 or 10) he came to Paris in 1632 and entered the Guards. He appears to have become established at court where he was especially cherished by the ladies, who so delighted in his stories that even the queen sometimes called him into her presence and bade him entertain her. Later we find him "gentilhomme ordinaire de la chambre du roi." The myth that his wife, a lady of light reputation, having murdered her five previous husbands did the same by him is now pretty well discredited, his death apparently having resulted from an injury of the hunt when he was either struck by a horse's hoof or gored by a wild boar, the year being 1663.¹²

The works of Mlle de Scudéry include that most impressive of all the long romances in mere size (ten volumes, 6679 pages in the original), *Artamenes, or the Grand Cyrus* (Paris, 1649-53.),¹³ transcending all in popularity. Cousin, (1, 2) says, "... from 1649 to 1654, from one end of France to the other, at the court and in

¹¹ Wurzbach, 255. "In no other author is found the same strong conflict between duty and love." Dunlop, 415, 416. "Of the writers [of Romance] . . . La Calprenède is certainly the best. The French critics are divided concerning the superiority of his *Cleopatra* or *Cassandra*, but to one or the other the palm of the heroic romance is unquestionably due."

¹² See also anent Calprenède, Koerting, I, ch. 7; Somaize, *Le Dictionnaire des Précieuses*, ed. Livet, Paris 1856, II, 185-187.

¹³ Cousin gives 1649-54. Messrs. Rathery et Boutron, Koerting, Morillot, and Wurzbach here seem safer guides.

the most aristocratic circles, as well as among the more cultivated bourgeoisie, at Paris and in the provinces, in all ranks of a society the most polite in the world, one read them not merely with pleasure, one seized upon, one devoured bit by bit as they appeared, every one of those ten great volumes." This book, which passed as the most accomplished thing of its kind, appeared as the work of her brother Georges, defender of *The Cid* and would-be poet, with whom she lived and possibly to some extent, collaborated. Apparently she found it advantageous at first to write under his name and he was not adverse to taking what glory might in this manner come his way. One tradition is that the plots and the more stirring battle scenes were his invention, her part the delicate sketching of the "characters", the analysis of sentiment and emotions, the interminable conversations, which cause Cousin to allude to her (II, 115) as "a sort of French sister of Addison".¹⁴ G. Havers in dedicating volume V of *Clelia* to Elizabeth, Countess of Rivers, writes, "And since it is reported it was not the illustrious Scudéry, but that celebrated Vertuosa his Sister who finish'd the Romance after his decease, I could not make a more apt Dedication . . ." At length it was generally accepted that Georges' claim to the authorship of the rest of the romances was false and "Sapho" was credited with having written them all, including the

¹⁴ See, in this respect, the amusing incident quoted by Rathery et Boutron, p. 36. See also, Cousin, II, 118; and *Letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple*, edited by Israel Gollancz, London, 1903, Letter XXXII, 140-141. "The judgment you have made of the four lovers I recommend to you does so perfectly agree with what I think of them, that I hope it will not alter when you have read their stories. [See *Artamenes*, Pt. III, Bk. 1]. *L'Amant Absent* has (in my opinion) a mistress so much beyond any of the rest, that to be in danger of losing her is more than to have lost the others; *L'Amant Non Aimé* was an ass, under favour (notwithstanding the *Princess Cleobuline's* letter); his mistress had caprices that would have suited better with our *Amant Jaloux* than with anybody else; and the *Prince Artibie* was much to blame that he outlived his *belle Leontine*. But if you have met with the beginning of the story of *Amestris and Aglatides*, you will find the rest of it in this part I send you now; and 'tis to me, one of the prettiest I have read, and the most natural. They say the gentleman that writes this romance has a sister that lives with him, a maid and she furnishes him with all the little stories that come between, so that he only contrives the main design; and when he wants something to entertain his company withal, he calls to her for it. She has an excellent fancy, sure, and a great deal of wit; but, I am sorry to tell you, they say 'tis the most ill-favored creature that ever was born."

great glorification of the house of Condé, in which Mme de Longueville and others of her *précieuse* circle appear. The amazingly versatile bishop Huet wrote to Segrais in a "Letter . . . Upon the Original of Romances",¹⁵ "We cannot behold without Admiration Those a Lady, as illustrious for her Modesty as her Merit, has publish'd under a borrow'd Name, thereby generously depriving herself of a Reputation so justly her due, and seeking no other Recompence but what flow'd from her own virtue; as if whilst she was laboring so industriously for the Glory of our Nation, she was willing to spare our Sex the shame of it. But Time has done her that Justice which she deny'd herself, and it is now no longer a Secret that the *Illustrious Bassa*, and the *Grand Cyrus* and *Clelia* are the Performances of Mademoiselle de Scuderi." Modern judgment, following Huet, Segrais and others, has perhaps shown a tendency to err in denying the brother any part whatever in the composition of these great volumes. It is difficult to see how Madeleine unaided could have so exactly described the great battles of Lens and Rocroy. Of Georges, his part apparently a minor one, it is necessary to say no more. That chatty Frenchman, Tallement des Réaux, Boswell to most of the polite society of his time, tells us of Madeleine in one of his quaint *Historiettes*: "His sister has more spirit than he and is otherwise more tolerable, but she isn't any the less vain; she is always saying 'Since the fall of our house . . .' One would say that she spoke of the overthrow of the Greek empire."¹⁶ Her Italian, Eastern, Monacan romance, *Ibrahim, or the Illustrious Bassa* with its interesting and informative preface had already appeared in 1641. *Clelia*, according to both Rathery et Boutron, and Wurzbach, appeared during the years 1654¹⁷-61, transferring her eager audience to Roman scenes and times; it was followed by a third great romance *Almahide, or the Captive Queen* (1661-63). Her less famous *Célinte* (Paris, 1661), is said by both Wurzbach and Charlanne to have appeared in England as *Zelinda, an excellent new romance translated from*

¹⁵ Translated, and presented prefatory to *A Select Collection of Novels*, London, 1720-1. I, li & lii.

¹⁶ Tallement des Réaux, *Historiettes* . . . ed. by M. Monmerqué, Paris, 1840, IX, 133. See in general the section "Scudéry et sa Soeur" IX, 131-149. ¹⁷ Saintsbury gives 1656.

the French of M. Scudéry by T. D., London 1676. A study of this latter work, in its style and in the at times unabashed crudeness of its content obviously not by Scudéry, would seem to indicate that it is a native English production of satiric intent, leaning heavily for incidents — several of them quite unheroic — as well as for its central idea upon Voiture's *Alcidialis and Zelide*, compiled by another hand, itself translated into English two years later.¹⁸ Its author T. D., Miss Morgan suggests is possibly Thomas Durfey; however, Bullen's identification as Thomas Duffet followed by Jusserand seems more logical. Says the "translator," "Booksellers, too, are grown such Saucey Masterly Companions, they do even what they please; my friend Mr. Bentley calls this Piece an excellent Romance; . . . but then he stiles it a Translation, when (as Sancho Panca said in another Case) 'tis no more so than the mother that bore me." At any rate, the romance is extremely short, runs to but 127 pages and is therefore not to be considered a member of the heroic type.

Pierre d'Ortignes, Sieur de Vaumorière (known among *précieuses* as "Varsamon") has been already mentioned as bringing to an end Calprenède's unfinished *Pharamond*. There is little to choose in style and matter between the work of the two men; it must be said in all justice, however, that this story of pre-Charlemagnian days is not to be compared to Calprenède's other romances. Vaumorière's chief work, the *Grand Scipio* "un bel amas d'avantures d'amour de Guerre et de Politique" (Preface) (Paris, 1656-62), named in analogy to Scudéry's *Cyrus*, appeared during the years 1656-62. The later popular *Agiatis, Queen of Sparta* (1685) (translated anonymously into English the following year) contains but 236 pages octavo, hence is automatically excluded from discussion here. It is said that Vaumorière (1610-1693), born also amid the courtly traditions of Provence, was driven to write by poverty.¹⁹

¹⁸ Jean J. Jusserand, *English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare*, N. Y. 1890, 408-410; Esdaile, and the British Museum Catalogue concur in this; see, however, Wurzbach, 28, and Louis Charlanne, *L'influence française en Angleterre au XVIIe Siècle*, Paris, 1906, 393.

¹⁹ For further information see Koerting, 388-391.

Armand Desmarets de Saint-Sorlin, (1595-1676), a founder and the first chancellor of the Académie, despite his attractive personality which won him the friendship of literary men and entrance to the circle of the Marquise de Rambouillet, hardly merits a postscript here, since his major efforts were devoted to religious poetry and playwriting. His romance, *Ariana*, (1632), not only falls short of the heroic in length but, strange to relate, descends in several incidents to open vulgarity entirely foreign to the type.²⁰ It leans more to the picaresque. *Rosane* (1639) is of even less importance to us.

This concludes our short sketch of the romance among the *précieuses*, the amusement of an idle class. Rising from the pastoral of d'Urfé to become a distinct form in *Polexander*, taking to itself something of a character truly heroic in the works of Calprenède, we find it savoring perhaps the least bit of decadence in Scudéry. The popularity of this type for a short period was great but it was not to last; in fact, while the Heroic Romance was still enjoying its season of prosperity in England it had become supplanted in France by other things. As Messieurs Rathery et Bouteron have it (81-82) "But soon the end of the Fronde, then the definite emancipation of the young king, brought back to the court the princes and the great lords scattered to the ends of the provinces. In the leisure of the old chateaux, they had contracted a taste for long-winded recitations. While the ladies embroidered interminable tapestries, the maids in waiting read aloud passages no less long. As Mme de Genlis remarks, 'these eternal conversations which, in the works of Mlle de Scudéry, suspending the advance of the romance, appear to us unbearable, were far from displeasing.' But the life of the court [now] had other distractions."²¹

²⁰ See pages 102-103. Palamede, feigning to be another upon whom she has looked with favor, sneaks into the chamber of a married lady whose husband has given him and his companions shelter. She has left her bed to be with Palamede's companion Eurylas (actually a maid disguised) who has taken her fancy. Meanwhile the husband has repaired to the wife's bed and Palamede unknowingly lies with him. The incident ends most farcically.

²¹ See also Koerting, 409.

PART II.

THE SALON AND THE ROMANCE ON ENGLISH SOIL

"Although in Charles II's reign the age of chivalry was totally at an end, yet the sentiments, which had ceased to be motives of action, were not so obsolete as to sound totally strange to the public ear. The French romances of the lower class, such as *Cassandra*, *Cleopatra*, etc., were the favorite pastime of the ladies, and retained all the extravagancies of chivalrous sentiment, with a double portion of tedious form and metaphysical subtlety. There were occasionally individuals romantic enough to manage their correspondence and amours on this exploded system."

Works of John Dryden, with notes and a life of the Author by Sir Walter Scott—Edinburgh, 1882—I, 110.

Although that brilliant little coterie at Twickenham Park, presided over so graciously by Lucy, Countess of Bedford, and numbering such celebrities as Daniel, Drayton, Donne, and Jonson was contemporary with the early years of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, it was in the baggage of Henrietta Maria, French wife of Charles I, and her ladies that the *préciosité* of the continental salon was brought to England. Undoubtedly the *Astrea* must have been tucked away somewhere in her trunks and boxes, for the young princess had been brought under the influence of the Hôtel de Rambouillet while she was yet very young—and her husband proved an eager reader of the later romances. She not only brought refinement which was sorely needed after the coarseness of James I, but she brought the elegant amusements, the tastes and ideals then the vogue in her own land.¹ It is true that her religion and the circumstances of her coming, together with Buckingham's machinations, made English folk none too ready to receive her, but she

¹ See J. B. Fletcher, "Précieuses at the Court of Charles I" in *Journal of Comparative Literature*, I, 120-153; A. H. Upham, *The French Influence in English Literature* . . . etc., N. Y. 1908, 318-344.

found such followers among highborn ladies as Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, and Lucy Hay, Countess of Carlisle, with the result that something like the French *préciosité* came slowly into blossom in the English court. A letter of her devoted servant James Howell to Mr. Philip Warwick in Paris has been often quoted:² "The court affords little news at present, but that there is a Love called Platonick Love, which much sways there of late; it is a love abstracted from all corporeal gross impressions and sensual appetite, but consists in contemplations and Ideas of the Mind; not in any carnal Fruition." And shortly after (August 5, 1640) we find the same gentleman writing to the Lady Elizabeth Digby for whom he conceived a strong platonic attachment, in a vein which would have delighted the most affected member of the continental salon.³ Even the more robust poets sang sweetly in the new manner. Four years before her ill-advised husband was beheaded (1649) Henrietta Maria returned to France, but, in despite of Cromwell and Presbyterianism, the Salon and the Heroic Romance were institutions not to be overthrown.

Margaret Lucas (Cavendish) who at the age of eighteen, became maid of honor to Henrietta and, following her into exile, was wooed and wed by the Duke of Newcastle, is often listed among

² James Howell, *Familiar Letters*, ed. by Joseph Jacobs, London, 1892, I, 317, June 3, 1634.

³ *Ibid.*, I, 414-415.

TO THE R.H. THE LADY ELIZABETH DIGBY.

Madam,

It is no improper comparison, that a thankful heart is like a box of precious ointment, which keeps the smell long after the thing is spent. Madam (without vanity be it spoken), such is my heart to you, and such are your favours to me; the strong aromatick odour they carry'd with them diffus'd itself thro' all the veins of my heart, 'specially thro' the left Ventricle, where the most illustrious Blood lies; so that the perfume of them remains still fresh within me, and is like to do, while that triangle of flesh dilates and shuts itself within my breast: nor doth this perfume stay there, but as all smells naturally tend upwards, it hath ascended to my Brain, and sweeten'd all the cells thereof, 'specially the *Memory*, which may be said to be a Cabinet also to preserve courtesies: for tho' the Heart be the Box of Love, the Memory is the Box of Lastingness; the one may be term'd the *Source* whence the motions of gratitude flow, the other the *Cistern* that keeps them.

.....Your Ladyship's most humble and enchained Servitor,

J. H.

the *précieuses*⁴ apparently largely on the statement of Pepys, after witnessing her husband's play, *The Humorous Lovers* "the most silly thing that ever came upon the stage", which he erroneously attributed to her, that "the whole story of this lady is a romance and all she does is romantic." (Diary, April 11, 1667). He might better have said *quaint*, perhaps. While it is true that she led a life that was a model of virtue at a time when such an action bred disdain, she was rather the strong minded woman, actually averring an uncompromising hatred for romances, and writing in varied forms from poetry to philosophy. Despite the jests to which her peculiarities of dress and manner gave rise she seems to have gathered a small circle about her. Theophilus Cibber says, in his *Lives of the Poets* (II, 164), "She kept a great many young ladies about her person, who occasionally wrote what she dictated. Some of them slept in a room contiguous to that in which her grace lay, and were ready, at the call of her bell, to rise at any hour of the night to write down her conceptions, lest they should escape her memory." She was noted for her independent mind, her originality in thought and dress. Although she was a leader of a literary coterie, one is hardly justified in calling her a *précieuse*.⁵

Quite different is the case of Lucy Hay, Countess of Carlisle, who early gained Henrietta's love. A woman who delighted in political intrigue, not without suspicion of treachery in her later years, friend in succession of both Strafford and Pym, she won the poets as well, receiving encomiums from Carew, Herrick, Suckling. Her beauty, her charm, her wit gained her many admirers in the court and procured her somewhat the position of dictator in polite circles. A true *précieuse* at heart, rejoicing in the name of "Aminta," she found a ready following who delighted to play at this pleasant "new kind of love called platonic love."

⁴ See Upham, 359-363.

⁵ See Myra Reynolds, *The Learned Lady in England 1650-1750*, Boston, 1920, 46-54; also *The Life of William Cavendish Duke of Newcastle*, to which is added *A True Relation of My Birth, Breeding, and Life by Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle*, Ed. Firth, N. Y. 1886; H. T. Perry, *The First Duchess of Newcastle and Her Husband as Figures in Literary History*, 265-314. However, note also Jusserand, 374-381.

Fletcher aptly compares her to Lady Frampul, in Jonson's *The New Inn*.⁶

Outside of court circles as well one finds ample evidence of the growth of the Salon after the true French model. As an instance, take the little circle of Mary, daughter of Dudley, fourth Lord North, (1662) who, according to Miss Reynolds,⁷ delighted her own family by reciting, while they worked at their sewing, "romances for hours together, giving not only the story, but the conversations, the substance of the letters and the general reflections." She gathered about herself a group of congenial young ladies into a circle of wits who wore a badge in silver, or embroidered, of a sun, its rays bounded by a circle, inscribed with the Greek "αὐράρης" and busied themselves in discussions and things literary until her marriage, when the group fell apart.⁸

Most famous, however, as the center of a coterie was Mrs. Katherine Philips, "the Matchless Orinda" to whom Davies dedicated Part Ten of his translation of *Cleopatra*. Born of a Cockney family in 1631, at the age of seventeen she married James Philips, an ineffectual man of Royalist leanings, for whose deficiency in business acumen she was compelled to make up, in later years. In 1651, at their home in Cardigan, she brought into being her Society of Friendship, the members of which took romantic names and busied themselves after the fashion of the circle of Mlle de Scudéry, to which in general tone and caste this group is closely akin. Here were the same interminable conversations, the same playings at platonic love, the same sort of intellectual friendship between moderately gifted men and women with and without literary ability, few of them of high birth. The mild Mr. Philips who gloried in the name of "Antenor", witnessed without a qualm the perfectly proper friendship of his wife for "Poliarchus"—Sir Charles Cotterell, upon the Restoration Master of Ceremonies at the court—with whom she maintained an almost unending exchange of polite missives interesting in their pictures of the occu-

⁶ Op. cit. 134-135; see also *Dictionary of National Biography*, "Hay, Lucy Percy"; and Sir Tobie Mathews, *A Collection of Letters with a Character of the Most Excellent Lady Lucy, Countess of Carleile*, etc., London, 1660.

⁷ Op. cit., 59-61.

⁸ See also Roger North, *The Lives of the Norths*, London, 1886, I, 61.

pations and amusements of her group and their gossip of the realm of letters.⁹ Jeremy Taylor was known as "Palaemon", Sir Edward Dering as "Silvander", Miss Maria Aubrey as "Rosania," her sister as "Cassandra", etc. Chief ornament of the circle, however, and most beloved of Mrs. Philips, was Miss Anne Owen, "Lucasia", with whom she contracted a spiritual union that was to last forever. Unfortunately, the flesh being weak, the fair "Lucasia" plunged her into sorrow by eventually contracting a more substantial union. Myra Reynolds (p. 59) creates for Mrs. Philips a somewhat unusual position. "A woman without any commanding advantage of birth or fortune, only moderately good looking, without any compelling fascination . . . with the scantiest schooling, married to an ordinary, rather dull man; a virtuous, sane, orderly thrifty woman, excellent in business, housewifely, with no eccentricities, simply follows her feelings in friendship and the bent of her mind towards authorship, and attains in a few years a position notably high." One doubts if the picture is entirely just, for it is difficult to conceive of one so devoid of charm or intellect attracting to herself such talented and able persons as some of her circle most incontestably were.

When, in 1662, it became necessary to straighten out Mr. Philips' business affairs in Ireland, Orinda went thither, to spend a year in the midst of the brilliant society there at the time. Here Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, writer of that ambitious romance *Parthenissa* became a devoted follower. Her literary activity at about this time began to spread her fame abroad, her translation of Corneille's *Pompey* written here being printed in Dublin and London in the same year. In 1664 she came down to London with another play almost complete, to be stricken with smallpox. Her death was the occasion of a poem of considerable length by Cowley and many odes by lesser figures. In his prefatory note to *Poems By the Most deservedly Admired Mrs. Katherine Philips The Matchless Orinda* (1667) the editor, apparently her friend Cotterell, wrote sadly of her death in the best heroic tradition. "But the small Pox, that malicious disease . . . was not satisfied

⁹ See *Letters of Orinda to Poliarchus*, ed. by Bernard Lintot, London, 1705.

to be as injurious a Printer of her face, as the other [a pirating publisher] had been of her Poems, but treated her with a more fatal cruelty than the Stationer had them; for though he to her most sensible affliction surreptitiously possess'd himself of a false copy, and sent those children of her Fancy into the world, so martyred, that they were more unlike themselves than she could have been made had she escaped; that murtherous tyrant, with greater barbarity seiz'd unexpectedly upon her, the true original, and to the much juster affliction of the world, violently tore her out of it, and hurried her untimely to the grave . . ." to which he added "And for her Vertues, they as much surpass'd those of Sappho as the Theological do the Moral . . . Her Merit should have had a Statute of Porphiry wrought by some great Artist, equal in skill to Michael Angelo, that might have transferr'd to posterity the lasting image of so rare a Person." This lady, although she wrote no romances herself was certainly a chief motivating force in the work of Davies, Cotterell and the Earl of Orrery.¹⁰

It is thus to be seen that in these and similar circles the conditions so favorable to the growth and spread of the *Roman de longue haleine* in France obtained in England. Says Professor Raleigh (*English Novel*, N. Y. 1899, 106-107) "The Hôtel de Rambouillet, which presided at the birth of the heroic romance, was thus [in the salons of Katherine Philips et al] exactly imitated in England . . . It was in courtly circles such as these that the romance of the day found its public; . . . its chief function was to supply an innocent and fanciful pastime for the very prolonged and unrelieved leisure of highborn ladies, who read the romances aloud, and drew from them laws and precedents for their own small courts of love." In fact the translation of *Clelia* opens with a prefatory note by the translator "To the Ladies": "For my part (Ladies) the Grand Inducement I had to bestow those few vacant hours (I sometimes enjoy) on the work was chiefly to pleasure you, & withal to endeavor to render the admirable Clelia as neatly drest in English, as her Famous Author Monsieur de Scudéry hath set her forth in French." In a quaint little book *The Lady's*

¹⁰ For further treatment, see *D.N.B.*, "Katherine Philips"; Edmund Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*, N. Y. 1897, 229-258; Upham, 353-359.

Drawing Room Being a Faithful Picture of the Great World. In Which the various Humours of both sexes are Display'd. (Dublin, 1746) the reader will find a very interesting picture of such a polite circle at a date comparatively late. Here are given the amusements of the coterie, the discussions, the stories told, for a period of six days.

One presumes that the members of such circles were capable of reading the romances in the original. In seventeenth century England, French was not merely a polite attainment but almost a necessity for one of any position in court or society. The eyes of Englishmen were focused with much interest upon the gay French court, the "grand tour" was still the thing for young gentlemen and, though young ladies must remain at home, they at least were granted instruction in the French tongue. Englishmen were stopping for protracted visits at Paris, and writing home letters anent the doings in the world of art and literature; companies of French actors under the patronage of the king were appearing in London. Sir Charles Cotterell, in a note to "His Sacred Majesty Charles II King of Great Britain" prefatory to *Cassandra* wrote, "I am extremely ashamed they [the "Illustrious Persons" of *Cassandra*] should appear there to Your Majesty in this English disguise, you having seen them before in the habit of that country which so well became them."¹¹ The tone of both Stuart courts was strongly French.¹² It is to be expected, therefore, that the romances should early make their way into London and provincial circles, there to be read in the original, by people of sufficient culture and ample time. Perhaps it is the latter qualification, as well as the subject matter which caused the larger audience to be women. Dorothy Osborne who, it seems, delighted in them as a girl, valued her volumes to the extent of providing for their disposition in her will and was at times most scathing in her denunciation of translations; Pepys purchased them for his wife, French by birth, 'tis true, but found time to read and commend them himself. Humphrey Moseley, in dedicating *Artamenes* to the Lady Anne Lucas wrote "I humbly beg pardon for presenting a Translation to You who so

¹¹ References are to the edition of 1676.

¹² See, further, Charlanne.

perfectly command the original." The British Museum lists a number of editions of these books in French.

Naturally there were many at this time who, despite a smattering of French, found progress in the original difficult, with the result that comparatively early these romances underwent translation at the hands of booksellers, minor poets, hack-writers, "persons of quality" and a few of higher standing, such as Sir Charles Cotterell. Readers little learned in French were not over critical, but received these with open arms. "R. O." writes "To Mr. John Coles, on his Translation of the Seventh Part of *Cleopatra*." (*Hymen's Praeludia*, 1663)

"Friend, Cleopatra is become thy Debtor;
Her *body* is the same, her fare is better,
And fairer now, than in times past; her Hood
Being laid aside, her Beauty's understood,
Admir'd, below'd, and woo'd; her French being gone,
The Inns of Courts men dare to venture on
And come between her sheets; and to tell true,
They ne're could know her, were it not for you."

A partial translation of the *Astrea* was made by John Pyper, London 1620, quarto, seven years before the completion of the pastoral in France;¹³ the *Argenis*, written originally in Latin by that cosmopolitan Scotchman John Barclay while he was resident in Rome, appeared in translation in 1625; in 1636 a translation of St. Sorlin's *Ariana*,¹⁴ in 1647, of *Polexander*,¹⁵ with increasing rapidity came others in English garb. The departure of Henrietta Maria, the fall of Charles I (who, according to Jusserand, *The Novel in the Time of Shakespeare* p. 382, presented the Earl of Lindsay with his copy of *Cassandra* on the eve of his death), and the dis-

¹³ *Astrea* was licensed to be translated to M. Lownes, 17 October, 1611 (*A Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London*, 1554-1640 A. D., Edward Arber Editor, London, 1875-94, III, 470); a complete edition "Translated by a Person of Quality" appeared 1657, 3 vol. fol.

¹⁴ Second edition, folio 1641; Esdaile also notes edition of 1663, advertised in Anne Moseley's List for that year. R. Hurst's translation of Gombauld's *Endimion* appeared in 1669 (1667, the date given by some bibliographers appears in error). Although romantic, it is foreign to our type.

¹⁵ *The History of Polexander*; in Five Bookes. Done into English by William Browne, Gent., etc. 1647, fol. For further editions of this and other romances to be considered here consult bibliography.

persal of the court had little effect in checking their popularity. Perhaps the middle classes now tasting power under Cromwell felt themselves metamorphosed into Lysimachuses and Artamenes; perhaps, as Lord Ernle sees it, people during the Puritan ascendancy (1649-1660) "found, in these romances, escape from the grim actualities of life";¹⁶ or possibly, the theatres being proscribed and actors subject to floggings by law, the people tired of dragons, enchantments, marvels and impossibilities met in redactions of the old chivalric variety, found the Heroic Romance the one form of entertainment open to them. However this may be, it was during the period of the Commonwealth that these translations were most in demand; the presses were loaded; such men as Humphrey Moseley, a warden of the Stationer's Co., and chief publisher of the "finer literature" of his age (as later his widow Anne) for a considerable period printed an abundance of these. In the early years of Charles II, as their popularity continued unabated, Cotterell was commissioned by that monarch to translate *Cassandra*. When the theatres reopened, dramatists found endless plot material here, and the heroic play carried on the popularity of the romance.¹⁷ In quick succession came practically the whole French tribe, part by part, volume by volume, to the accompaniment of tremendous groaning and creaking of the presses, often but a short time after leaving the hands of their authors. The Stationer (Moseley) informs his reader, prefatory to volume V of the *Grand Cyrus*, "When lately I began to publish the first [part] in English, the Author had not finish'd his own Original French; but if He then had, I should scarce have given you the Whole at once, because I would follow my Author's Example; who dividing his Work (into Ten Parts, and Thirty Books) publish'd them successively in equal Volumes, as I do in English, though I make but Five Volumes of his Ten." Sometimes, as in the case of a part of *Cassandra*, two independent and practically simultaneous translations appeared; sometimes before reaching

¹⁶ Ernle, *Light Reading of our Ancestors*, N. Y., n.d., 154.

¹⁷ H. W. Hill, *La Calprenède's Romances and the Restoration Drama*, U. of Nevada, 1911, Pt. II; Charlanne, 447-457; Ward, *A History of English Dramatic Literature*, London, 1899, III, 307-313; Chase, *The English Heroic Play*, N. Y., 1903.

completion they went through the hands of a number of translators. As an illustration of this latter, one has but to cite the voluminous *Hymen's Praeludia (Cleopatra)* begun by Loveday in 1652 and completed by J[ohn] D[avies] in 1659, printed piecemeal, the parts appearing singly and in several editions, to be later bound together in various combinations with such a confusion of dates as almost to stun the bibliographer.¹⁸ *Cassandra*¹⁹ likewise made her bow in 1652, as did Scudéry's *Ibrahim*.²⁰ In the following year appeared the first part of Madeleine's *Grand Cyrus*;²¹ during the years 1655-61 her *Clelia*²² parts 1 and 2 translated by Davies, parts 3-5 by G. Havers. The 1660 edition of *The Grand Scipio* of Vaumorière seems to be the only one known, the British Museum copy (and the rest, I judge) being incomplete.²³ Calprenède's *Pharamond* was slow in finding an interpreter, but in 1662 the first four parts appeared, the complete twelve in 1677,²⁴ the year of the appearance of *Almahide*,²⁵ Scudéry's last, both these latter by the same translator. *Zelinda, an Excellent new Romance*, translated from the French of M de Scudéry, by T. D., Gent., 1692 identified by some with Scudéry's *Célinte*, has been already discussed. A mere duodecimo volume of 127 pages, it need not concern us here. At the same time, editions in French continued to be imported for those who preferred to do their reading in the original.

¹⁸ Here is almost utter confusion. For a chronological list of the parts with their translators see the bibliography.

¹⁹ *Cassandra. The Fam'd Romance* now elegantly rendered into English by an Honourable Person, 1652. (Incomplete).

²⁰ *Ibrahim. Or the Illustrious Bassa*, written in French by Monsieur de Scudéry. and now Englished by Henry Cogan, Gent., 1652.

²¹ *Artamenes, or the Grand Cyrus*, an Excellent new Romance Englished by F. G., Gent., 1653.

²² *Clelia, an Excellent new Romance*. Complete edition 1656-61. Esdaile cites an edition of the first part in the Bodleian dated 1655.

²³ *The Grand Scipio*, an Excellent new Romance Rendered into English by G. H[avers].

²⁴ *Pharamond; or the History of France*. A new Romance in Four Parts [trans. by John Davies], 1662. *Pharamond* etc. . . . in 12 parts. The whole work never before Englished Translated by J. Philips, Gent., 1677.

²⁵ *Almahide; or the Captive Queen* Done into English by J. Philips, Gent., 1677.

It is only natural that gentlemen of leisure and ladies of noble birth—particularly the latter—should mock the work of the English translators. When one is enough superior to one's fellows to speak a language beyond their ken one is not to be too severely blamed for vaunting one's own accomplishments, for remarking how superior such and such a book is "in the original", particularly when the book concerned is one of those bulky folios which have constituted one's elegant amusement and now are in danger of being lowered to the mob who know little of the loves of princes. "I have no patience neither for these translators of romances", writes Dorothy Osborne.²⁶ "I met with *Polexandre* and *L'illustre Bassa*, both so disguised that I, who am their old acquaintance hardly knew them; besides that they were still so much French in words and phrases that 'twas impossible for one that understood not French to make anything of them." She goes on to cavail against "my good Lord Monmouth" who spends his estate, so she believes, at printing the translations. "Nobody else will undergo the charge, because they never hope to sell enough of them to pay themselves withal. I was looking t'other day in a book of his where he translated *pipeur*, a Piper, and twenty words more that are as false as this." Charlotte Lennox, in her *Female Quixote* (2d Edn, Lon. 1752, I. pp. 4-5) says of Arabella, the heroine, "From her earliest youth she had discovered a Fondness for Reading, which extremely delighted the Marquis; he permitted her therefore the use of his Library, in which, unfortunately for her, were great Store of Romances, and, what was still more unfortunate, not the original French, but very bad Translations." Furthermore, many of the translators were men of little fortune, who subscribed themselves by their initials or as "Persons of Quality," sometimes, unfortunately, not so well versed in the French as the more leisured members of the aristocracy. Francis Kirkman, himself such an one, tells us (p. 182) in his quaint, rambling autobiography, *The Unlucky Citizen* (1673) with its little stories interspersed after the fashion of the "histories" of the long romances, "Booksellers usually title their authors *Gentlemen*,

²⁶ *Love Letters . . . to Sir William Temple*, ed. Israel Gollancz, Lon. 1903, No. XXXIII.

Esquires, and sometimes *Persons of Quality* that are only poor mercenary fellows, that the book may have the better esteem." Previous to this (pp. 180-181) after remarking a change in the type of romance admired, he tells of having come across an admirable short one, well suited to the taste of the time "full of Love-sick expressions, and Thunder-thumping sentences" and says "I did believe the Gentry of England were much indebted to me for this translation, for I had (like other conceited Translators and Authors), coined several new English Words, which were onely such French Words as methoughts had a fine tone with them, and therefore let them pass as English, to be understood as well by the Reader as by me the Translator, who knew not what to make of them." Too often, indeed, the translations were undeniably bad,²⁷ but when one compares the English versions of the long romances with the originals he is moved to characterize most of these as rather commendable efforts. Certainly he will hardly agree with Miss Charlotte Morgan's statement in her *Rise of the Novel of Manners*, (N. Y. 1911, p. 32), that the style is "execrably bad". At any rate, Dorothy Osborne to the contrary notwithstanding, booksellers were nothing loathe to set these works in print, nor did they often stop at a first edition. Perhaps others' tastes

²⁷ A patent example is *The Famous Romance of Tarsis and Zelie*:—"By the Acute Pen of a Person of Honor [R. Le Vayer de Boutigny]. Done into English by Charles Williams, Gent." (1685) a thin folio volume, part pastoral part heroic romance wherein the translator begs "what Fault may have occurred from my Pen or the Press, the Reader is desired to Correct, and put a favorable Interpretation upon." Williams gives literal translation at its worst and seems woefully ignorant of French idiom. We read, the king was "insatiably avaricieux" (p. 8), "Its with that within which I will receive his Son into my arms" (p. 11), ". . . and it was immediately, that they were transported with such joy, when they saw the young prince to return, that he absolutely lost all suspicion" (p. 15); and we frequently meet such passages as the following—"For though he had bin willing to perswade his Brother, that assurance that he had to have seen Zelie in the same boat, which he had overtaken by swimming the preceding night, and where he also had not however found her moment afterwards; that meeting that he had made the Morrow of the Same Boat, by the brink of the River, according as he conjectured by the roll of Papers which he there had found; this unprofitable search, that not only himself, but so many other persons whom he had still known, had made all the day by the orders of Leucippe and Melicerte, and above all, that resolution of losing himself once for all, what he had understood alleged by the Shepherdess, from her own Mouth, a little before he cast himself into the River." (p. 76).

were not so particular. Says Charles Spilwater, in a poem to "his worthy Friend Mr. John Coles" (Prefatory to the *Praeludia*, ed. 1663)—

". . . This thy work right worthy of the bayes;
Thou *Cleopatra* fair, so fine hast drest,
And taught her to speak *English* with the best,
For few men heretofore in this our Land,
Her language being French, could understand
Those subtle plots of Love, which now appear
Sweet and delightful to each eye and ear."

The translation of the *Astrea* (perhaps heroic in length, but in the pastoral mode, hence not to be considered in this study) is characterized by Saintsbury²⁸ as "not even a good one of its kind"; the *Argenis* being from the Latin of an English author may also be left out of the present discussion. William Browne, with his translation of *Polexandre* in 1647, is usually given credit for introducing the "*Roman de longue haleine*" to the English-reading audience although the *Argenis*, the less courtly *Ariana* and Richard Hurst's translation of Gombauld's romantic story *Endimion* (1639), this latter apparently not over enthusiastically received in England, precede it. To the English reader, his version is satisfactory enough, though according to Charlanne ". . . the English text appeared alone, without ornament of any sort." (p. 388). It was somewhat compressed, the advertisements to the reader and other prefatory matter being omitted, a practice fairly common with the translators. The artificiality of its history and the faults of its geography are another matter (and to be treated later); in general, the book is quite readable. Whether the translator is the poet and writer of eclogues, second son of Thomas Browne, who died four years previous to its appearance I have been unable to determine. He is not mentioned as such by Mr. B. D. Jackson (*D. N. B.*); the name is a sufficiently common one.

Sir Charles Cotterell, the "Poliarchus" of "Orinda", groom porter to James I for twenty years, master of ceremonies in the court of Charles I and later to be rewarded with the same position after the Restoration, translated Calprenède's *Cassandra* in its en-

²⁸ History of the French Novel, Lon. 1917, I, 175.

tirety, although at least one other edition of the first three volumes existed. He is said to have been a man of great erudition, able in his youth to speak not several but "many" languages. Certainly, in his Preface To the Reader he is most modest in his claims, ". . . Therefore she presents her self to all that understood her not before, who having need of an Interpreter, may perhaps excuse the Errors of an ill one. Let others delight themselves with the Beauties of the Original, as viewing some curious piece of Tapestry, rarely design'd in lively Colours and perfect Symmetry, without prying into the Imperfections of the wrong side, where the left-handed Figures lose the gracefulness of their natural Postures, and where the multitude of Thrumbs and Knots make the Work coarse, and the story itself but barely discernible." Perhaps because this nobleman "dabbled gracefully in literature"²⁹ and was a qualified linguist, one finds, as far as the actual translation goes, a laudable fidelity to the original although he takes unto himself the liberty of cutting or, as often, adding to the material on hand. For instance, in the original, one reads, as a part of Lysimachus' graphically pictured fight with a lion in the arena, "Le lion perdit toute sa force par la violence de cette douleur, et déchargeant le reste de sa rage contre la terre qu'il prenait avec les dents et qu'il arrosait de son sang, il me donna le loisir de lui enfoncer la tête à coups de gantelet. Dès que cette furieuse bête eut vomi son âme avec son sang, je me démêlai de ses pattes et me levai tout couvert de son sang et du mien qui coulait par quelques endroits de mon corps." Between these two sentences in Cotterell's version (Pt. I, Bk. 2, pp. 143 & 144) one finds, "Oroondates, who till then had hearkned attentively to Lysimachus, interrupted him in this place, saying; 'If I desired to hear this action from your own mouth, it was not because I was ignorant of it, the fame thereof is spread as far as the Reputation of Alexander; and that proof of an admirable valour shall never perish in the memory of Men.' 'Twas not an act of valour', replied Lysimachus 'but an effect of my despair; and of the anger of the Gods, who would not give me leave to dye in the beginning of my sufferings, and

²⁹ Anent Cotterell see Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*, 241 & 242; also *D.N.B.*

who destined me to more sensible ones, which I felt afterwards, and to these last which I now partake with you.' " After all, who is to censure a man greatly for adding a few ounces to the ton?

The case of the translator of the early volumes of Calprenède's *Cléopâtre*, Robert Loveday, is somewhat different. His, boldness, which extended to changing the title of the English edition to *Hymen's Praeludia: or, Love's Masterpiece*, argues for greater temerity to follow. Strange as it may seem when one considers the natural fluency of the French in general, and the finely wrought, extremely "conceited" style of the romance, such men liked to pride themselves upon the jugglery through which they compelled English words to exceed in politeness the French.³⁰ Although we discover here among numerous laudatory poems prefixed, one signed R. Braithwait which reads—

"Nor is it greater Glory to a State
To invent a Piece, that aptly to translate;
Wherein my Friend has such Exactness shown,
His Native Dress has made the Work his own:"

we are more than suspicious when we discover in the same company, another, signed G. Wharton, from which we take the following—

"Chawcer and Gowr our Language but Refin'd,
You (Sir) true Chymist like, have it calcin'd;
Hew'd out the Barbarous Knots, and make it run
As smooth as does the Chariot of the Sun;
Whil'st French is but the Foil, to let us see
The Lustre of our Tongue's Prosperity.
And this choice Work more fitly stiled is,
(Not only LOVE'S, but) LOVEDAY'S Master-Piece."

We find him studying at Cambridge, then later upper servant to Lady Clinton during the troublous times of the Commonwealth where, presumably, he perfected himself in Italian and French. In his translation of the early part of *Cleopatra*, he does not hesitate to spray a bit of perfume upon the flowers at frequent intervals. He shows a fondness for the more colorful word, a desire to touch

³⁰ See numerous epistles dedicatory, congratulatory poems, in most of these romances.

up and polish. “. . . et, regardant le Roi avec une action toute altière et toute pleine d’une fierté qui lui était naturelle” says Cal-prenède; “and regarding the King with a haughty Eye, and with that natural Fierceness, that was ready to start into his Looks and Actions, when his courage waked it” says our translator: a better example follows immediately after, when the fiery Britomare’s “. . . et si c’est par la considération des services, . . .” becomes the English Britomarus’ (Artaban’s) “Sir, if you have any Room left in your Soul for the Consideration of Services . . .”³¹ Examples are not far to seek; they crowd hot upon one another.

The latter parts of this romance were translated by several hands. John Coles, son of a clergyman, probationer at New College and school teacher, is responsible for the seventh part; we find him hailed by his friend John Crosbie as a worthy follower of Loveday—³²

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MR. JOHN COLES

“When I thy well Translated Books read o’er,
I can but say that which I said before;
I’m of opinion with Pythagoras
When Loveday dy’d, his Soul to Thee did pass.
For when I both compare, I cannot tell
Whether did best, you both have done so well.
Let not the Frenchmen brag of their French fashion
Since you so bravely in this your Translation
Have Cleopatra cloath’d in such Attire
As even the Frenchman may himself admire.”

Despite this grand praise, and the incrimination in the faults of Loveday involved, this translator seems, himself, to be honestly attempting an accurate translation. He remarks to the Reader—

“. . . Only let me tell Thee what I aimed at in my way of Translation. I know there are divers of my Countrey-men studious of the French tongue, and some French-men desirous of the English; I have endeavoured to accomodate both, by rendring my Author, as near as the different Idioms would permit, into our Native language. What profit

³¹ *Hymen's Praeludia*, p. 186, Pt. III, Bk. 3. Unless otherwise noted, for books I-VI references are to the English edition of 1687, for books VII-XII, to edition with title page “Being the Last Six Parts”, dated 1663, parts VIII-XII however bearing the date 1659.

³² Prefatory Poems to the Last Six Parts.

may accrue to both by comparing the Author with the Translation, I leave to experiment, if any shall be pleased to make Trial."

One feels that he has been more successful than his predecessor. James Webb, nephew of Jane, Countess Claneboy is responsible for part VIII. J[ohn] D[avies] of Kidwelly, "genial, harmless, quiet" completed the translation. He was a student at both Oxford and Cambridge, spent also some time in France, and wound up as a translator for the booksellers, doing an enormous amount of work of this sort, among other things, the first three parts of *Clelia*, completed by G. H[avers], this latter bearing the very necessary "Advertisement" (preceding Part III)—

"The Literal Escapes which have hapned, both in this and the former Volume, being such as the Ingenious Reader may easily reconcile to the true sence and meaning, we shall not need put them on the File, and therefore shall only think it requisite to give notices; that in regard the work hath past through divers hands, the names of Places and Persons are not Interpreted every where alike . . . which the Candid Reader, mending the Transactions and History, it is presum'd will not make any halt at."

It is interesting to note that none other than Milton's nephew, John Phillips' translated Calprenède's *Pharamond* and Scudéry's *Almahide*. In his later life showing a talent for licentiousness, frequently attacking the Puritan cause, and living by the worst sort of hack work, yet he was brought up in the household of his uncle whom he assisted when the latter became Latin Secretary to Cromwell. His brother says of him that he was "accounted one of the exactest of heroical poets, either of the Ancients or Moderns, either of his own, or whatever nation else, having a judicious command of style, both in prose or verse."³³ He would seem almost suited to the task in hand.

To judge from his own, which is the same edition, the writer is not surprised that Dorothy Osborne was put out at her copy of *The Illustrious Bassa* in English. Her displeasure carries her to gross exaggeration, indeed, (it is absurd to imagine the work as "so disguised" that one familiar with the romance could hardly know it), but of those which have been herein compared with the

³³ See *D.N.B.*; "Philips, John".

originals, Henry Cogan's translation of *Ibrahim* seems least to be relied upon. He is exceedingly free and his changes, one must feel are not always for the best. One has but to take a passage at random, say the brief description of Roxelana,³⁴ whom her father would prepare to be the wife of Soliman, "Il lui parla à peu près de cette sorte: 'Il faut, ma fille etc'" becomes "He spoke to her much after this sort *for the slave who hath told me all these things over-heard him without his perceiving it*: 'It is time, my daughter etc.'" "Crêpe of gold" is translated as "cobweb lawn streaked with gold", while the shoes of Roxelane, "dont le bout, les agrafes, et la bordure sont garnis d'orfèvrerie émaillée" are by Cogan described "all garnished over with goldsmith's work enamelled." Yet no one of these minor instances is at all fatal to the story which, in this Englishman's hands is thoroughly entertaining. *The Grand Cyrus* seems to have pleased our exacting critic better; the Stationer H[umphrey] M[oseley] says in his preface to *The Grand Cyrus*, already quoted, "I shall waste no time to tell you how this book hath sold in France where it was born: since nothing falls from Monsieur de Scudéry's hand, but is receiv'd there as an unquestionable piece, by all that have a taste of wit or honour. *The translator* [F. G. esq., characterized by Sir Walter Scott as a "butcherly" one] *hath inserted no false stiches of his own*, having only turned the wrong side of the arras towards us, for all translations, you know, are no other." this would seem to be very near the truth for, although such a passage as ". . . elle écrit aussi bien qu'elle parle et elle parle aussi bien qu'on peut parler" (Scudéry's description of Julie d'Angennes in the character of Philonide) may become ". . . she wrote as well as she spoke, and she spoke like an angel" (Pt. VII, Bk. I, p. 73), yet he is more than faithful to his text, producing an unusually literal translation. Still the publisher in dedicating parts 7 and 8 feels the necessity of an apology to his noble patroness, "Were it better, were it fitter for your Honour's acceptance: and Nobler it had been if a great Personage of our own Nation (who never stood forth to the World in Print) had fill'd his Design in translating this Author; wherein

³⁴ Pt. II, Bk. 5, p. 108. References are to edition of 1652.

was good Progress made, till the whole Translation was found to be finish'd by another hand."

When all is said, one unfamiliar with the originals (and despite the Gallicism of the age we must believe that "R. O." in his poem to John Coles was not far wrong) would find little to criticize here. Where the style is a bouquet of exotic flowers rich and rare, a poor dog of a translator is hardly to be blamed if he omit a posie or add a few — nor, considering the length of his task, is he to be too severely censured for omitting a prefatory note — or even a "history" here and there — nay even reducing *Polexander* by three books. In general, the translators of the long romances impress one with their knowledge of the idiom, their command of a section of their own vocabulary hardly in daily use, and what must have been an indomitable will coupled with a passion for laborious effort.

PART III.

GENERAL PECULIARITIES OF THE FRENCH ORIGINALS

"As the spirit of military adventure subsided, [the chivalric romance] softened by degrees into the languishing love romances of the French school—the *Cleli*as and *Cassandras*, the laboured productions of the Calprenèdes and Scudéris . . . The principle of [Romances 'de longue haleine'] was high honour, impregnable chastity, a constancy unshaken by time or accident, and a species of love so exalted and refined, that it bore but little resemblance to a natural passion. In the story, however, they were a step nearer to nature; the adventures were marvelous, but not impossible. Their personages were all removed from common life, and taken from current history; but without the least resemblance to the heroes whose names they bore. The manners, therefore, and the passions, referred to an ideal world, the creation of the writer; but the situations were often striking, and the sentiments always noble. They would have reigned longer had they been less tedious."

The Correspondence of Samuel Richardson . . . to which are prefixed a biographical account of that author and observations on his writings by Mrs. Anna Laetitia Barbauld, London, 1804, I, xiii.

Later writers who have turned their attention to these ponderous folios once so greatly esteemed, have been less temperate in their criticism than Mrs. Barbauld, and less restrained in their mirth. Indeed, so readily do the romances lend themselves to humorous treatment that the critic is almost to be blamed if he do not become a wit as well. Consequently, where the temptation is so great one finds but little effort to consider them in other than a spirit of becoming levity. This has been Professor Dunlop's method of approach; Sir Walter Raleigh's truly delightful chapter on the Romances in his *History of the English Novel* (N. Y. 1899) is

couched in the same tone; Mr. Saintsbury has seen fit to follow the precedent in his histories of the French and the English novel; the pages which that most thorough scholar M. Jusserand, devotes to the "*Roman de longue haleine*" on English shores are all atwinkle with mirth — and we would not have them otherwise. However, the Professors Koerting and Wurzbach are more serious, possibly more complete, certainly more severely critical. Herr Doktor Wurzbach writes (263 & 264) "The characteristic marks of the late Greek and Amadis romances which the authors, knowingly or unknowingly, took as a pattern, are here to be found in complete degeneration or tasteless exaggeration. In these 'romans de longue haleine' new impossibilities are heaped up without any artistic plan . . . There appear in this fashion impossible heaps of adventures, journeys, sea trips, and battles, which continue in eternal similarity . . . composition as a rule is very bad, the intrigue unclear and dragging, and interrupted by endless episodes, which often resemble one another in basic incidents, to practically the names of the persons." This is true in a measure, yet it is but one side of the medal; there is much to be commended in the efforts of these writers — their striving for realism, their sketches of contemporary characters and events, their groping toward what Mme de Lafayette in France, Richardson in England, finally achieved. All is not utter stagnation. One feels that Professor Saintsbury's attempt at a just evaluation is particularly happy, for which reason, before considering the characteristics of the type and the individual members in detail, the writer may be pardoned for quoting it here — "The 'heroic' idea generally was . . . to blend, after a fashion, classical and romantic characteristics — to substitute something like the classical unity of fable or plot for the mere 'meandering' of romantic story, and to pay at least as much attention to character as the classics had paid, instead of neglecting it altogether . . . But the scheme retained . . . the variety of incident and appeal of this latter: and especially assigned to Love the high place which Romance had given it . . . The Heroic Romance generally and the Pastoral in particular went directly back to the Greek romances of Heliodorus and Longus: but they admitted many new and foreign elements. At

the same time, bastard as the heroic romance was, it could not but exercise an important influence on the future of fiction inasmuch as it combined, or attempted to combine, with classical unity and mediaeval variety the more modern interest of manners and (sometimes) personality."¹

SOURCES

In that perfect storehouse of first hand information as to literary aims and ideals, strangely so little exploited by students of the Romance (we shall have many occasions to refer to it here!) prefixed by Scudéry to her *Ibrahim* one finds the more immediate source frankly stated, with ample eulogy. "And in this occasion I propose no other example, than the great and incomparable Urfé; certainly it must be acknowledged that he hath merited his reputation; that the love which all the earth beares him is just; and that so many different Nations which have translated his Books into their tongues had reason to doe it: as for me, I confess openly, that I am his adorer; these twenty years I have loved him; he is indeed admirable over all; he is fertile in his inventions, and in inventio[n]s reasonable; every thing in him is mervailous, every thing in him is excellent; and that which is most important, everything in him is naturall, and truly resembling: But amongst so many rare matters, that which I most esteem of is, that he knows how to touch the passions so delicately, that he may be called the Painter of the Soul; hee goes searching out in the bottom of hearts the most secret though[t]es; and in the diversity of natures, which he represents, every one findes his own pourtrait . . ." Again she says in a Preface to her *Grand Cyrus* (apparently not included in the English edition) "I will tell you that I have taken and that I shall take always for my chief models, the immortal Heliodorus and the grand Urfé. They are the sole masters that I imitate and the only ones worth imitating . . ." It is certain that the writer of the *Astrea* moulded the work of those who followed; he struck several notes which were new. He raised women to an elevated plane, he recognized love as the central theme of his story — as the great motivating force of life, to which battles and nat-

¹ *The English Novel*, Lon. 1913 (36 & 37).

ters of state were merely incidental, a practice more and more emphasized by the later writers. In the *Astrea* are also to be found the numerous "histories" of subsidiary characters typical of the later heroic type, and the same richness of verbiage.

Although not mentioned by Mlle de Scudéry certainly the *Amadis* is not to be overlooked as an antecedent force. Those well versed in romance will see in the true affection of Amadis and Oriana, which reaches its final consummation in marriage, despite the numerous obstacles that bar the way (chronicled, by the by, in a high flown style presaging that of the heroic romance) more than a suggestion of the oft-tried valor of Scudéry's Cyrus and the unswerving constancy of her Mandana. The ultimate source of material and style, however, seems to have been the classics. In the preface to *Ibrahim* already mentioned, Scudéry justifies her manner of relating the tale, with its interpolated histories (the method, in general, of the long romance) by referring to Greek authority. "I have beleaved, that for the laying the ground-plot of the work, we are to consult with the Grecians, who have been our first Masters, persue the course which they have held, & labour in imitating them to arrive at the same end, which those great men propounded to themselves. I have seen in the famous Romanzes of antiquity, that in imitation of the Epique Poem there is a principall action whereunto all the rest, which raigh over all the work, are fastned, and which makes them that they are not imployed, but for the conducting of it to its perfection . . . Thus the marriage of my Justiniano and his Isabella, being the object which I have proposed unto myself, I have imployed all my care so to doe, that all the parts of my work may tend to that conclusion." Heliodorus she has already mentioned; according to her own statement, this same lady found much of her material for the *Grand Cyrus* in Herodotus and in Xenophon, both of whom in translation were well known to French and English alike; nor was she ignorant of such lesser figures as Diodorus Siculus.² Calprenède in "The Author to Cassandra" prefatory to the third part of the romance of that

² See "To the Reader", prefatory to vol. V. *Grand Cyrus*. Wurzbach comments p. 260 " . . . nennt die Verfasserin Xenophon und Herodot als ihre Gewährsmänner, aber was hat sie aus der Antike gemacht!"

name remarks: ". . . having kept myself hitherto within probability, I take a little liberty in the description of some actions, and . . . instead of following the manner of writing used by Plutarch, Quintus Curtius, Justin and other Authors from whom I have taken the foundations of your History, I make my Heroes march into the fight in a way somewhat like that of Homer, Virgil, Tasso and other writers of that nature who have beautified the truth with some ornaments rather more pleasing than confined to a strict and regular likelihood . . ." Certainly the influence of the former three is all too evident; Koerting finds many passages which reflect Curtius and Plutarch in particular.³ Hill,⁴ obviously following his lead, cites Darius' exhortation to his soldiers (*Cassandra*, Pt. I, Bk. 4, 70), an excellent example of what amounts to a practically literal translation of Curtius, Bk. 4, ch. XIV. Longus is also to be mentioned as an antecedent force, as are Tacitus, Florus, Suetonius, and Achilles Tatius; but chief of all these is Heliodorus. The Greek writer last mentioned was extremely popular, his works, according to Morgan, going through ten editions in England between 1587 and 1700. The literary world was quite alive to the beauty to be found in Classic Sources. A. Loveday writes to his "Dear Brother"

"Could I with Pencil copy so,
As thou with Pen hast drawn this Piece,
The famed Masters I should out do
Of both the Empires, Rome and Greece!"

while (more appropriately to the particular Greek writer here under discussion) John Chapperline writes in his "Thoughts on this Translation of *Love's Master-Piece*" (prefixed with the previous poem and several others to Vol. I of *Cleopatra*)

"Greek Heliodorus with Mellifluous Stile,
In th' Ethiopick Story did compile
Idaeas, which might regularly move
To conugal Affections, and pure Love.
Loveday, thy Gallik Author doth advance
Such with new Art and Splendors to his France;"

³ Koerting, I, 282-286.

⁴ Hill, 45-50.

One searches less for parallels here;⁵ the resemblance is rather in the type of episode, the manner of constructing the whole. The method of interspersing "histories" of other lesser princes and princesses in the main plot, causing suspense and allowing a greater variety of scenic action while still maintaining the essential unity, is readily seen to have its genesis here, without the statement of Mlle de Scudéry to that effect. The "cut-back", rather too ingeniously used by writers of romance, whereby things begin *in medias res* and gradually unfold backward (by means of "récits") and forward by means of further action, is credited by some to Heliodorus. It is at least to be traced back to the Greeks.

Thus, the reader finds these romances, at first appearance so sprawling, actually managed with the greatest precision. A conscious effort has been made to observe unities of time and place. "Now those great Geniusses of antiquity," continues Madeleine "from who I borrow my light, knowing that well-ordering is one of the principall parts of a piece, have given so excellent a one to their Speaking pictures, that it would be as much stupiditie, as pride, not to imitate them. They have not done like those Painters, who present in one and the same cloth a Prince in the Cradle, upon the Throne, & in the Tombe, perplexing, by this so little judicious a confusion, him, that considers their work; but with an incomparable address they begin their History in the middle, so as to give some suspense to the Reader, even from the first opening of the book; and confining themselves within reasonable bounds they have made the History (as I likewise have done after them) not to last above a year, the rest being delivered by narration. Thus all things being ingeniously placed, and of a just greatness, no doubt but pleasure will redound from thence to him that beholds them, and glory to him that hath done them." (*Ibrahim*, Preface). As one makes his way through the formidable volumes

⁵ Koerting (I, 228) points out an interesting borrowing from Heliodorus in *Polexander*, despite its close affinity to the chivalric. "Directly derived from Heliodorus is the incident (Pt. I, Bk. 1) of the delivery of a white child by a negro princess, who conceals the birth and exposes the infant to prevent the suspicion of her husband. The subsequent fate of the child recalls that of Chariclea, and the restlessness and roving adventures of the book remind us of Greek romance." The several instances of our heroes and heroines being nursed by wild animals also suggest classic story.

of Calprenède (who, being a dramatist, plots his work most skillfully of all these writers) he finds that though the story has carried him to far countries and over a considerable span of years, the events directly portrayed have required but a short time. Thus the action of *Cassandra* all takes place in the space of six weeks; although in *Cleopatra* and *Pharamond* somewhat more time elapses, yet a definite unity is observed. Because of the length and number of the histories, most of which are utilized to relate anterior events, this is likely to escape observation at first. Gomberville gets his Polexander over a large part of the earth's surface in an amazingly short period, but he does not have the same feeling for unity of time. Calprenède is especially careful to limit his scene also. In the concluding paragraph of *Cassandra* he remarks,

"I should perhaps say more of every one, if all famous Historians did not amply relate their Actions; particularly Justin and Plutarch in the Lives of Pyrrhus, Demetrius, and Eumenes; if I were not out of my Scene, which I have limited within the Confines of Babylon, and if it were not just that after so tedious a work, I myself should seek that repose which I now have given others."

Gomberville stands here as he does in the matter of the sister unity of time.

One likewise notes that the treatment of history is the same, that much of the action occurs on the sea, that encounters with pirates historical and fictitious are to be found in every one of these French romances without exception, that the heroes are often in disguise (their "quality" sometimes unknown even to themselves), that omens and oracles are frequently called upon to advance the plot.⁶ Here also, as later in Richardson, one finds virtue and moral rectitude stressed in a way typical of the great Greek writer of Romances.

Other sources French and Italian seem to have been utilized at times. Segrais mentions a rare book of his youth—*L'Histoire Negropontique de Monsieur de Boissat*—as the fount of the principal incidents in *Cassandra*.⁷ Scudéry goes to contemporary Italy on occasion, a fact which indicates the steady advance of this

⁶ See the amusing composite romance created by Hill (58-61) of stock situations in Calprenède.

⁷ *Works Diverse of Mr. Segrais*, Amsterdam 1723, I, 191.

fiction toward realism. "Reader, ingenuity being a matter necessary for a man of Honour, and the theft of glory being the basest that may be committed, I must confess here for fear of being accused of it, that the History of the Count of Lavagna, which you shall see in my Book, is partly a Paraphrase of Mascardies; this Adventure falling out in the time whilst I was writing, I judged it too excellent not to set it down, and too well indited for to undertake to do it better; so that regard not this place but as a Translation of that famous Italian, and except the matters, which concern my History, attribute all to that great man, whose Interpreter only I am." (*Ibrahim*, Preface).

Récits OR

HISTORIES

When one comes to study the individual peculiarities of the Heroic Romance he is immediately, perforce, staggered at the more than formidable proportions of the various tomes. (Certainly the young ladies who could handle these great folios were not nearly so delicate as they pretended to be.) The English translations appeared, for the most part, in one or more volumes folio, to be later published in several volumes duodecimo. At first sight, their bulk is stunning; *Ibrahim*, *Polexander*,⁸ and *Almahide*⁹ each occupies one thick volume folio, *Pharamond*¹⁰ runs to 1173 pages folio, *Cleopatra*, 958 double column pages folio (3395 pages duodecimo), the *Grand Cyrus*, styled "the longest novel in the world", fills, in the original French edition, ten volumes octavo, comprising the amazing total of 6679 pages, and in the English, is bound in one great folio volume weighing eight pounds, two ounces, and comprising 1744 pages. This prolongation is achieved by subdivision into parts and the parts into books, or vice versa, the general rule being to devote approximately a book to each minor "history." Although the average romance contains a number of these, yet the unities are as we have mentioned, in the main, scrupulously observed. Says Sir Walter Raleigh, "The stories are arranged one within another, as if they had swallowed one an-

⁸ *Polexander*: references are to edition of 1647.

⁹ *Almahide*: references are to edition of 1677.

¹⁰ *Pharamond*: references are to edition of 1662.

other, in quick succession, and it is not until they are successively disgorged that the reader can get back to the enveloping story, which after all may disappoint him by proving itself to be the merest covering with no particular structure or object of its own."¹¹ The latter statement seems a bit unfair, for in no one of these romances does the unhurried reader actually find the main theme "the merest covering, with no particular structure or object of its own." He is thrown suddenly into the midst of some bit of rapid and stirring action: Aronces is separated from his beloved on the eve of their marriage by a tremendous earthquake, or Cyrus appears before Sinope in search of his beloved Mandana. The Stationer feels it incumbent upon himself to tell the Reader of *Artamenes or the Grand Cyrus*: "Some may possibly quarrel with the Beginning as too Sudden and abrupt, rushing on Sinope as all on fire without any Introduction. But such may know our Author professedly did it on purpose." In nothing is careful planning more obvious. From this point, we are carried skillfully backward and all the antecedent action filled in, or again forward, much after the fashion of many modern novels, the numerous histories being introduced in the course of the narrative and all the strings drawn together at the end of the last part and book where the main theme or history has its finis.

The temptation to tell his story is one that the average character in romance seems unable to avoid, nor could he if he wished, for his new-found friends, whether they be preparing for battle, faint from many wounds newly received, or staggered by the cruelty of their own destinies, are all eagerness to give ear to his words. At times, overcome by a very proper (if somewhat unusual) modesty a noble person may delegate the relation to a squire or a hand-maiden. Our eighteenth century Arabella, brought up on this sort of thing is unable to understand the reticence of a young lady of quality she has picked up in her coach — "The Reserve, which the Daughter-in-Law of the Duke of _____ still continued to maintain, notwithstanding the repeated Expressions of Friendship Arabella used to her, increased her Curiosity to know her Adventures [purely a figment of Arabella's imagination] which she

¹¹ Op. cit., p. 91.

was extremely surprised, she had never offered to relate."¹² The damosels whom she had met in her favorite books permitted no such opportunity to explain themselves, to pass. Prince Philadelph, one of the lesser heroes of *Cleopatra*, is indeed the exception when he informs the fair Artemisa (p. 265): "I will acquaint you without dissimulation, both with my Name and Birth, but the relation of my adventures, if you desire it should be anything large, it may possibly be of too tedious a length for you, and I fear I shall put you to some inconvenience . . ." and later (on p. 299) after being begged for his history, "I will not entertain you with the Particulars of my Journeys nor of the Complaints which eternally proceeded out of my Mouth; the Relation would be endless." Most of our minor heroines and heroes are not so thoughtful; in fact the lengthy narratives into which they are precipitated on the slightest provocation frequently require several days' continuous effort, with intermissions only for food and sleep.

The pastoral *Astrea*¹³ had set the French fashion with, in addition to the two main episodes, a bewildering number of minor importance in the course of its five volumes; the less courtly *Ariana*¹⁴ numbers ten in the course of its 328 pages. *Polexander* contains nine such complete units in addition to numerous brief, fragmentary and interlocking bits, *Cleopatra* twenty-two, *Ibrahim* fifteen, *Pharamond* a total of twenty, *Clelia* fifteen, the *Grand Cyrus* thirty-two including the four little ones praised by Dorothy Osborne, *Almahide* but five. That one may better understand the method, let us list such a series comprising a single romance. That weighty folio *Pharamond, or the History of France*, deals primarily with the love of Pharamond, prince of Gaul, for Rosamond, whom he eventually wins after an orgy of battle which brings in most of the countries and princes of the time. In the course of the complicated plot he kills first her betrothed, then her brother (presumably; he is later proved an imposter), arousing the ire of her father, the king, who offers her hand to any prince among her admirers who shall bring him Pharamond's head. He

¹² *Female Quixote*, I, 101 & 102.

¹³ *Astrea*: references are to edition of 1632-3 (Paris).

¹⁴ *Ariana*: references are to edition of 1636.

is compelled, at one point in the story, to fight against an army led by Rosamond herself, before they can be happily united and a reign of peace established. In the natural course of events we meet with: "The History of Constance" (Pt. I, Bks. 1-4); "The History of Pharamond" (Pt. II, Bks. 1-4); "The History of Marcomire" (Pt. III, Bk. 1); "The History of the Emperor Honorius, of Belamira, and of Artabure" (Pt. III, Bk. 2); "The History of Varanez Prince of Persia" (Pt. III, Bks. 3-4); "The History of Balamir" (Pt. IV, Bks. 2-3); "Continuation of the History of Varanez" (Pt. IV, Bk. 4); "The History of Viridomar" (Pt. V, Bks. 1-2); "The History of Amalazontha" (Pt. V, Bk. 3); "The History of Melisinthia" (Pt. VI, Bks. 2-3); "The History of Martian" (Pt. VII, Bks. 1-2); "The History of Theodosius the Great, of Stilicon and of Ruffinus" (Pt. VII, Bks. 3-4, Pt. VIII, Bk. 1); "The History of Constantine" (Pt. VIII, Bks. 1-4); "The History of Taxander" (Pt. IX, Bks. 2-3); "The History of Agelmond" (Pt. IX, Bk. 4, Pt. X, Bks. 1-2); "The History of Wallia" (Pt. X, Bk. 3, Pt. XI, Bk. 2); "The History of Ambiomar" (Pt. X, Bk. 4); "The History of Hunnimonda" (Pt. XI, Bk. 1); "The History of Gunderic" (Pt. XI, Bk. 4, Pt. XII, Bk. 1); "The History of the King of the Sarmatians" (Pt. XII, Bk. 3). In like manner before we can finally complete "The History of Aronces and Clelia", with which the romance, *Clelia*, opens we have to wind our way through the mazes of fourteen other histories: "The History of Tarquin the Proud" (Pt. I, Bk. 2); "The History of Artaxander" (Pt. I, Bk. 3) (which is the history of the disguised Amilcar); "The History of Lucius Junius Brutus" (Pt. II, Bk. 1); "The History of Artemidorus" (Pt. II, Bk. 2); "The History of Caesonia" (Pt. II, Bk. 3); "The History of Herminius and Valeria" (Pt. III, Bk. 1); "The History of Themistus and the Princess Lindamira" (Pt. III, Bk. 2); "The History of Artelisa, Melicrates, Lisidas, Caliantes, and Alcimedes" (Pt. III, Bk. 3); "The History of the Princesse Elismonda" (Pt. IV, Bk. 1); "The History of Hesioda" (Pt. IV, Bk. 2); "The History of Aurelisa and Terentia" (Pt. IV, Bk. 3); "The History of Princess Lysimena" (Pt. V, Bk. 1); "The History of Cloransbes and Lysonica" (Pt. V, Bk. 2); "The History of Plotina".

Once their request for one of these long narratives has been granted, the hearers retire discreetly into the background, seldom interrupting the long monologue, to reappear at the end with appreciative or philosophical comment. The memories of the narrators are phenomenally keen, so that no detail is forgotten; conversations are related at length and the elaborate diction of polite missives exchanged between the despairing lover and the persecuted but still loyal heroine are reproduced verbatim. Thus we find Arsaces, "He said a great deal more . . . and after that, Oroon dates, with the other Princes, and Queen Thalestris had seconded him with the like Discourses the whole Company retir'd, to leave the Night to Arsaces, who probably stood in the need of it, having spent the greatest part of the Day in this Narration." (*Cassandra*, p. 453). In Ibrahim, which so naively satirizes the very frailties of which it is composed, the French Marquis (a real creation in the satiric) prepares elaborately after the conventional manner to tell the delighted company the story of his many loves ("The Third History of the French Marquis", Pt. II, Bk. 4, p. 73) and then dismisses the matter in a single sentence. "The whole company then broke out into such a laughter, to see that his attention, his silence, and the preparation which he had brought to the hearing of a long adventure had been paid with so short a Narration, as they thought they should never have given over. 'It must be acknowledged', said Leonida at length, 'that if they which write our Romanzes, did make them deliver their Relations in this sort, we should not admire, as we do, the wonderfule memories of their Heroes, who make narrations, which cause them to pass whole days without eating and nights without sleeping.'"

The author of the English *Cloria and Narcissus*¹⁵ deplores these rather lengthy recitals in his preface "To the Reader". He remarks feelingly, ". . . Notwithstanding many and divers Stories are in the Book of several natures, yet there is not one of them related, but in some sort or other appertains to the main design; not brought in (as I may say) by the head and shoulders, as is frequently used now adayes: and as they are all digested into de-

¹⁵ *Cloria and Narcissus*: references are to edition of 1653-4 folio.

terminable Periods within themselves, so are they of no more length, then is convenient for any moderate Communication . . . ; when as in other Romances, they are oftentimes continued for five or six hours together, without intermission, which to my apprehension appears ridiculous, in that people would be altogether tired, either with hearing or making such relations." Yet, despite this, the histories seem to have found much favor with English as well as French readers.

One sees in the various groups of princes and princesses thrown together by the decree of fate, as they listen to one of these long *récits* by the latest addition to their band, simply a reflection of such circles as the Hôtel de Rambouillet, where similar stories were told for the amusement and edification of those present, to be followed almost invariably (as in the romances) by considerable discussion as to the cruelty, the virtue, the perfections of the fair maiden involved, the discretion and bravery of the lover, whether it were better to marry a fair or a virtuous woman. Young gentlemen or ladies who read the romances recommended this or that history from *Clelia*, or the *Grand Cyrus*, seemingly regarding them as complete units in themselves (which, indeed, they are), much after the fashion of short stories or, as they are designated in *The Mock Clelia*, a burlesque which was translated into English in 1678, novels.¹⁶ Dorothy Osborne writes to Sir William Temple, "You will meet with a story in these parts of Cléopâtre that pleased me more than any that ever I read in my life; 'tis of one Délie, pray give me your opinion of her and her prince." (Letter XIII, p. 58). On another occasion, she writes, in the same fashion, "My Lady sends me word that she has received those parts of *Cyrus* I lent you. Here is another for you [Pt. III, of which see Bk. 1] which when you have read you know how to dispose. There are four pretty stories in it, "*L'Amant Absent*", "*L'Amant non Aimé*", "*L'Amant Jaloux*", et "*L'Amant*

¹⁶ It is interesting that the English Arabella had her French equivalent in Juliette d'Arvianne, the heroine of this tale, who became somewhat daft from reading *Clelia*, which, in its general outline seemed to parallel the events of her own life, and which she took as prophetic of her future.

Note also in connection with the use of the term "novel" for "history" Mrs. Jane Barker's little romance, *Exilius*, treated in Part VI.

dont la Maitresse est Morte". Tell me which you have most compassion for, when you have read what every one says for himself. Perhaps you will not think it so easy to decide which is the most unhappy, as you may think by the titles their stories bear. Only let me desire you not to pity the jealous one, for I remember I could do nothing but laugh at him, as one that sought his own vexation." (Letter XXXI, p. 139). Far from being deplored as interrupting the main story, complicating the plot, adding numerous unnecessary characters, the Histories seem as a rule to have been considered one of the chief embellishments of the romance, to be eagerly devoured and discussed at length with one's friends. A scanning of publishers' lists reveals that these were on occasion independently translated and printed as, for instance, *The History of Philoxipes and Policrite, taken out of Artamenes, or the Grand Cyrus, made English by an Honourable Anti-Socordist*, octavo, 1652. Considering the limitations imposed by form and material, these numerous minor episodes are remarkable for their variety and freshness. While pirates and shipwrecks, battles and beautiful unknowns occur with, to some, distressing frequency, one feels moved to praise the writers for the ingenuity shown rather than to lightly damn.

DISCOURSES

The Histories, furthermore, abound in conversations or discourses on such matters as were discussed in Dorothy Osborne's "four pretty stories", in the manner of the old courts of love. That perpetual fount, the Preface to *Ibrahim* informs us that "Certainly there is nothing more important in this kind of composition, than strongly to imprint the Idea, or (to say better) the image of the Heroes in the minde of the Reader, but in such sort, as if they were known to them; for that it is which interesteth him in their adventures, & from thence his delight cometh; now to make them to be known perfectly, it is not sufficient to say how many times they have suffered shipwreck, and how many times they have incountred robbers, but their inclinations must be made to appear by their discourse: otherwise we may rightly apply to these dumb Heroes that excellent motto of Antiquity, 'Speake

that I may see thee.'” Here are discussed whether it be wiser to love a melancholy or a jovial man, whether fair or dark mistresses be most true, how one may best make the voyage from Amity to Tenderness, etc. Limiting ourselves for the time being to our French exemplars, we find in *Almahide* (Pt. I, Bk. 3, p. 181 et seq.) a debate as to which quality “is to be esteemed the most amiable: the Beauty of the Body, the Beauty of the Mind, the Excellency of Wit, or the Charms of a Voice”; (Pt. II, Bk. 1, p. 21 et seq.) a discussion of a definition of LOVE — “what belongs to love, after what fashion it is born, after what manner it increases, how it lasts, how it wears away, and at last after what way it hath an intire end: for the definition of things is that which makes them known . . . of its causes, of the diversity of Lovers . . . of the way which is to be followed in making Love”; (Pt. II, Bk. 1, p. 48 et seq.) a discussion concerning colors: “Which may merit justly the title of the finest of colors”; (Pt. II, Bk. 2, p. 152 et seq.) a discussion as to “which was the most ancient, Love or Beauty”; (Pt. II, Bk. 2, p. 162 et seq.) a discussion as to “which should have preëminence in a lady’s love a valiant or a learned man” (This is an interesting point; in the older romances there could have been no debate); (Pt. III, Bk. 1, p. 25 et seq.) “Which of the two heightens the passion of Love, a lady’s favors or her moderate disdain.” In *Clelia*, the narrative is frequently held in abeyance while the company considers such matters as (Pt. I, Bk. 3, p. 83 et seq.) “whether a fair and merry mistress be more amiable than a fair and melancholy, or a fair, proud and capricious mistress; . . . which is the more fit to cause love”; (Pt. II, Bk. 2, p. 20) “whether a man be more unhappy as a prisoner of love or of war”; (Pt. III, Bk. 2, p. 119 et seq.) proving “that Compliance is the best, the most acceptable, the most convenient and the most necessary quality that a man can have.” Particularly amusing in this romance is the little “wishing party” (Pt. V, Bk. 3, p. 101) wherein the princes, princesses and noble Romans are required each to note on a slip of paper that which each most desires. The wishes are then listed and read: as they are typical of what the salon stood for, it might be of interest to list them here—

Wishes of the Ladies

To be the handsomest person in the world
 To be extremely lov'd, and not love at all, or very little
 To be always with persons one loves, and to converse with no others
 To see what is in the hearts of all the world
 To be invisible
 To be an accomplisht man instead of an accomplisht woman
 To be immortal
 To be able to live without sleep

Wishes of the Men

To be a King
 To be as rich as one would
 To be always in health
 To be a subduer of monsters like Hercules, and a Deliverer of Kingdoms and ravish'd ladies
 To be sensible of all pleasures without exception
 To desire nothing
 To be the best Wit in the world
 Not to be amorous
 To be always in love
 To be the most valiant man in the world
 To be the most eloquent
 To be the author of ingenious compositions which may descend to posterity
 To have no Enviars
 To be very Learned
 To be loved by whom we love
 To be a wise Law-giver

More serious matters occupy the company at times — how one may best express one's thoughts in an epistle on varied occasions (*Clelia*, Pt. II, Bk. 3, p. 88 et seq.), whether one is ever justified in opening a missive directed to another. Often the discussions of a group of our illustrissimi are little essays on polite behavior. Writes "Bluidy MacKenzie", in the "Apology" prefixed to his *Aretina*,¹⁷ an unfinished English romance in the heroic manner — "Albeit Essays be the choicest pearls in the Jewel house of Moral Philosophy, yet I ever thought that they were set off to the best advantage, and appeared with the greatest lustre, when they were laced upon a Romance." This seems to have been the idea of French writers and readers alike; those English imitations which we shall shortly discuss followed the mode eagerly enough. To

¹⁷ *Aretina*: references are to edition of 1660 octavo.

consider the romances in turn would be simply to multiply examples beyond all need or reason; one has but to read twenty pages in any one to come upon something of the sort.

LETTERS

It might be appropriate here to remark the importance evidently ascribed by the authors to letters and letter writing. He who would win a maiden's love, charting his course up "The River of Inclination" from "New Friendship" to "Tender upon Esteem" by Scudéry's famous "Map of the Country of Tender" prefixed to her *Clelia* — the measure of his progress the leagues of friendship in the Scale appended — finds that after "Great Spirit", the first three towns to be won are "Pleasing Verses", "A Gallant Letter" and "An amorus Letter". As a guide in correspondence the romances offer examples literally by the thousand. Lovers are so often parted, through misunderstanding, evil machinations, or misfortune, it is so often necessary for them to exchange missives, that the reader who wished might find examples to hand for the expression of almost any thought or passion that might be his at the moment. The heroes and heroines themselves had remarkable memories for the exact phrasing of these highly rhetorical epistles, reciting them verbatim in the course of a history (and hardly a history without a half dozen). The French Marquis (who seems almost the spirit of realism making its way through the flowery meads of Romance) says mockingly in the course of one of his own humorous récits:

" . . . I could not chuse but take great pleasure in it, and much desire to read the note that was written to me. If I had as happy a memory as a Romanzes Heros, I would recite it unto you without changing a Sillable, but since I have not, it shall suffice that I tell you in general how Aurelia intreated me . . . to set her mind at rest." (*Ibrahim*, Pt. II, Bk. 2, p. 29). That many worthy gentlemen and ladies had such memories — if not for the actual details certainly for the manner and the figures of speech they found there — is attested by the numerous letters written on English terrain couched in the vein *précieuse*, elaborate in verbiage and signed with names taken from or worthy of the

characters of romance.¹⁸ One example of their style and content chosen from Scudéry's *Grand Cyrus* (Pt. X, Bk. 3, p. 199) should suffice —

Madam,

Since my death hath been very indifferent unto you, I doubt not but my life will be so also: and I am confident you will be as backward in your joys, that I am living, as you were forward in comforting your selfe after you thought me dead. I must ingenuously confesse unto you, that it is more to be revenged upon your infidelity than for any other reason that I acquaint you, *Cyrus* is not dead as you believed. The truth is, his life is no happinesse, unto him. For having seen you smile that day you changed your Tent, Death will be much more sweet unto him, then a life in which he lives not in your heart. For Madam, one is not so soon comforted after the losse of a person whom one loved: and the little thought which you had of my death makes me so sensible and sad, that doubtlesse I shall ere long give you an occasion to rejoyce the second time at my Ruine. Yet I will do what I can to live, that I may hinder my Rivall from triumphing over my misfortune, and thriving by your inconstancy; and doubtlesse I shall do all this by rendring you into the hands of the King your Father. When this is done Madam, my only businesse is to dye; for I have no reason to believe, that a man whose death is so indifferent unto you, can ever give you any satisfaction. Yet I will keep my respect & my Love unto the last of my days, and I will be revenged of your ingratitude only upon my Rivall, and your Enemies. These Madam are the resolutions of the revived *Cyrus*, who I thinke did merit to be longer lamented by her, of whom he ever had such tender thoughts, and to whom (as unjust and perfidious as she is) he alwayes paid the whole devotion of his heart.

Cyrus.

Particularly interesting is the rather Richardsonian discourse on the proper types of letter for certain occasions found in *Clelia* (Pt. II, Bk. 3, p. 89)

"I resolve amiable *Plotina* (added *Amilcar*) never to write any letters of consolation but such as be short; not to disturb Morality or Eloquence on these occasions; to make no more those long exaggerations against the cruelty of death, as some do; as also not to study high commendations or

¹⁸ Examples of this will be found in almost any collection of letters of the period 1650-1700. Note in particular *Letters of Orinda to Poliarchus*, edited by Lintot; *Familiar Letters*, London, 1705.

spin out long Panegyricks and, in a word, absolutely to conform my self to your directions. I shall not trouble you to tell me, how a man ought to behave himself in congratulating anothers good fortune, tis an Art I am absolute Master of, and I can furnish you with ten or a dozen beginnings of letters of that kind, abating those that start out thus: I *congratulate your . . . I conceive myself so much concerned in your . . .* and the like, which are too low for Persons who would be thought masters of Wit. But I should take it as a transcendent courtesie, if you would shew me how I might acquit my self wel of those Letters of *Recommendation*, which are given unseal'd to those whom one thinks fit to commend . . .

"For my part (repli'd *Plotina*) when I recommend a business which relates to such as for whom I have no great esteem, I write a short dry Letter, yet not wanting as to Civility, nay you shall find it in the word *Intreat*, but it stands so alone, that it is not fastned to anything. On the contrary, when I effectually desire a thing might be done, I first make it appear that what I desire is just, I give a good character of the person whom I recommend; I expresse what friendship or esteem I have for him, I put the obligation is done in his favour upon my own account: I engage the person to whom I write in point of honour to do him some good office, and to make all secure, I write by some other hand, whereby I confirm all I had written before

"But, amiable *Plotina* [continues *Amilcar*] make your obligation absolute, and tell us precisely how you would have *Love Letters* written."

— which *Plotina* graciously does, while the gallants and ladies of the salon, applauding, make mental note of the too finely wrought figures and the hopelessly artificial sentiment, for future use.

SOCIAL DIGNITY

One needs not the lofty tone of these missives to convince him, quite early it becomes apparent that this is no democratic fiction: its content is addressed only to those who, as Caxton said, "do feel in love, in feats of arms, and in noble chivalry." The path that leads to "Forgetfulness" in the "Map of the Country of Tenderness" is by way of "Inequality" and "Lukewarmness." The genealogy of our heroes is always given with the greatest completeness, and our lovely unknowns seldom begin their histories without stating to their enraptured hearers — "As for my quality, it is sufficient enough . . ." The noble princes and princesses are

meticulous in this matter to the point of snobbishness. Britomarus, excelling in a great tournament, is ordered to receive his reward at the hands of the lovely Candace, whereupon Prince Cleomedon, who has come off second best, asserting in no humble terms his superior "quality", demands and receives, that honor from the king who then bids Candace's maids attend to Britomarus (*Cleopatra*, Pt. III, Bk. 1, pp. 50 & 51). When, in the same romance, Cleopatra discovers that Candace is actually Queen of Ethiopia she asks her pardon, "in case, through ignorance of her quality, she had been awanting as to point of civility towards her." (Pt. X, Bk. 3, p. 293). We learn here too, that, on the field of battle, "quality" should have power to halt in mid air the impious sword. "The young prince [Caesario] cut him [Hydaspes] a large passage, at the infinite expence of Nubian Blood, through a numerous press of his Enemies, whose blind swords would have made no distinction betwixt his and Common Lives." (Pt. IX, Bk. 1 — printer's error for III, I — p. 151). Examples are as numerous in the work of Vaumorière and Gomberville — and, although Madeline's circle and her sympathies were more of the bourgeoisie, exceedingly frequent in Scudéry.

LOVE

The chief motivating force behind the romances is, of course, love. Aronces' version of Sappho's verses (*Clelia*, Pt. I, Bk. 1, p. 43) presented to Clelia with "four bushels of Flowers to make Garlands" (this latter in all seriousness) states the matter very aptly —

Love is a pleasing Malady
For which my heart no cure can find:
Yet if I could get Remedy,
I'll rather dye than cure my mind.

The knightly code of chivalric days has been highly refined and merged with the platonic; reflecting the *précieuse* note of the Salon, it has in a way reached its decadence. Nevertheless, it is still the divine passion which drives our heroes on, which steels them to try the strength of their arms against overwhelming opposition; to face perils and storms by sea, to bear their wounds with a

stoicism unsurpassed. And, as we have said before, it is love, not cold steel, which is mortal. Tyridates, being brought news by one of the numerous princes and princesses whom fate and the sea have thrust upon his solitude, of the death of his own beloved Mariamne expires immediately (*Cleopatra* Pt. V, Bk. 4, pp. 180-1)

"He stopt at these Words, and recollected himself to receive the favourable Death which he desired, and whereof he already felt the Approaches, whilst *Marcellus* endeavoured to divert his Grief. *Tyridates* had no more Ears for his Discourse, nor Eyes for the Objects which presented themselves before him, nor Thoughts for things of this World. Never possibly did Love produce a more excellent and more marvellous Effect, than it wrought in this Prince; and by the Means of his Love alone, his Grief served him instead of a Sword, Poison, Precipices; and without requiring any external help, Death which was desired by him, and is to be wished for, by unfortunate Men like him, offered itself to his Assistance, and presented itself to him at a Time when he received it with a Joy, which in Appearance could have no residence in his Soul."

Much has been said anent the excesses of these people's passions, but is not this example preferable to, say, the death of Little Nell? Its brevity, certainly, is in its favor; it seems likewise to be in better taste. And be it noted, those who give death can also assure life; *Lysimachus*, as many other heroes of romance, (the device is so frequent that one might almost say *all* others) despairing for love of *Parisatis* receives in her well known hand a letter (*Cassandra*, Pt. II, Bk. 2, p. 142) which reads—

"The Princess *Parisatis* to Prince *Lysimachus*—

I Should never have believed that *Lysimachus* could hate a Life which hath been, and is yet very dear to me; I conjure him by all affection he hath *born* me, to preserve it; and if I have still any power with him, I forbid him to end it, but by the will of the Gods, and of *Parisatis*."

What else is possible, after this, but a rapid restoration to health and vigor? Naturally this sort of thing lent itself admirably to burlesque. It is to a similar letter bidding him live that our 18th century English heroine, the innocent, countrified *Arabella*, believes her cousin *Glanville* owes his recovery from a serious illness. When he proposes in the matter of fact fashion of the average mortal, the same young lady's thoughts revert to her romances and she is highly insulted — "'I don't know', answered *Arabella*,

'what sort of Ladies they are who allow such unbecoming Liberties, but I am certain, that Statira, Parisatis, Clelia, Mandana, and all the illustrious Heroines of Antiquity, whom it is a Glory to resemble, would never admit of such Discourses . . .'¹⁹ She misses the extremely formal deportment of the favored heroes of her youthful reading. It is not thus abruptly that Oroondates first broaches his love for Statira (*Cassandra*, Pt. I, Bk. 2, p. 26), for whose sake he has deserted parents and country alike. The occasion is his temporary departure with her brother; the words—

"Artaxerxes, to oblige my Master went out of the Closet, and going into the Chamber, pass'd the time with his Sister's women, while Oroondates kneeling upon a cushion which was at his Princess's feet, and taking her fair hands, whereon he passionately imprinted many lasting kisses: 'Madam, '(said he) you would do me wrong, if you were not most assured that your 'griefs are at least as sensible to me as to your self: but if in the unhappiness 'which separates me from you, I might yet hope for any good fortune, O 'Gods! how infinit a one would it be to me, if I could pretend to any share 'in the tears which I see you shed; and if the departure of a Brother, whom 'next to you I love above all the world, were not the sole occasion of them!' 'You were ungrateful (*answered the Princess*) if you should anyway doubt 'my friendship, after the proofs I have given you of it, and but dim-sighted 'if you did not perceive that your going away does very sensibly afflict me: ' . . . Ah! *Orontes*, or rather now *Oroondates*, how much more reason 'have I to fear that absence will wipe these light ideas out of your memory, 'and make you repent the pains you have taken for one whom you had only 'seen by night, and in a sudden passage; and in whom since, time and long 'frequentation have made you observe defects, which that darkness had concealed from you.' 'There is so little probability in that (*answered he 'coldly*) that I will not make you any new protestations, to put you out of 'an opinion, which I am confident you are very far from believing: and 'then having paused awhile, 'Well, Madam, (*continued he*) since your fair 'mouth assures me of a happiness, which I never ought to have hoped for, 'I beseech the Gods to keep you still in the same mind, and that they would 'never open your eyes, to let you find how little I deserve so great a 'blessing.' 'And I (*added the Princess*) beseech them to preserve you from 'all dangers; and command you with all the power I have, not to hazard 'that, but to very good purpose, which is no longer yours, unless you will

¹⁹ *Female Quixote*, I, 63.

'revoke the gift you made me of it; and if you love my life have so much 'care of your own, that you may be able to give me an account of it when 'I please'

Love is a force of epidemic proportions which sways the world; It is the one motive for all man's actions, hence the picture is basically false. We learn that many events which the historians chronicle, and leave unexplained, were really (so say the clair-voyant pens of Vaumorière, Calprenède, and Scudéry) attributable to the grand passion. The early semi-heroic *Ariana* (Pt. I, Bk. 4) goes so far as to make it clear to us that the wicked Nero actually burned Rome in trying to smoke out of her home our heroine whom he would possess. Thousands are killed, empires overthrown "all for the love of a lady." Ladies being so surpassing fair, it is hardly to be expected that they should give rise to other than lofty passions; consider the chaste Polixena—

". . . With the fairest and most lively complexion that Nature did ever form, she has two black eyes and her locks of no less sable hue. The color of her hair with the more than snowy whiteness of her complexion, produce an admirable effect of wonder; but her eyes create another far superior: besides that they are well adorn'd, and of the most exact form in the world they cast a lustre not easily supported, and a fire replete with a spirit more than natural: yet they want no sweetness when she is pleased to be complaisant, and at those times that sweetness is the most charming in the world: but ordinarily a fierceness predominates over all her other qualities, but such a fierceness which much differing from anything rude or proud, there is nothing but it attracts, touches, and insensibly engages tho' this effect be not ordinary, but to sweetness and complacency. Nothing so fair and beautiful as the form of her lips, nothing more white than her teeth. Her visage is oval, but little, as her stature and person is indeed delicate, tho noble and free, and her breasts and her hands more fair if possible than all the rest of her person." (*Pharamond*, Pt. II, Bk. 3, p. 184.)

And so, noble princes like Varanes, a truly exemplary young man—

"Nor did the natural qualities of his Soul give less satisfaction to the King his Father than what his education might have yielded him. All his inclinations did naturally carry him to virtue, nor is he capable of any thoughts may absent it: He hath an emulation for great men an horror for the wicked, and a compassion for the miserable: And in summ all those marks can be required from a Soul truly noble and truly great. But . . . this greatness of spirit is possibly to such an excess as might receive some

moderation, and that as it makes him despise all things for glory and labor with an eternal desire to acquire a reputation by noble actions, and to surpass those of the greatest men, which he proposes to himself for examples, so it gives him a fierceness which almost mounts to a Pride that cannot suffer any comparison or measure, and which makes him look upon all others as much below himself" (*Pharamond*, Pt. III, Bk. 3, p. 283).

— "full of amorous inquietude", pine and sigh and ogle, and their passion boils and bubbles. They lament the cruelty of their fair mistresses in lengthy monologues (which device we now regard with the utmost disdain even in the drama), cry in impassioned periods to the gods who decree their sufferings must be so great, go through many verbal heroics, but remain constant (as the object of their adoration remains chaste) until the end of time. Comparatively seldom do they show the self control of the illustrious Lucius and Thomira (*Grand Scipio*, Pt. I Bk. 1, p. 47)

"Lucius beheld Thomira, and Thomira Lucius, while both these illustrious persons expressed their afflictions by their tears, being not able to do it with their tongues. The fair eyes of Thomira issued forth a stream of liquid chrystal, and those of Lucius melted into drops accompanied with deep fetch'd sighes . . . "

It is in the palpable artificiality of such exhibitions that the romances are perhaps most unfortunate. We smile broadly at Arabella's naive question anent Glanville (*Quixote*, I, p. 165) in fear that her new gardener, after the manner of the heroes in her favorite romances, is a suitor in disguise who plans her abduction, and at the matter of fact answer of her maid — "What! interrupted Arabella: 'And didst thou not observe the Tears trickle from his Eyes which, haply he strove to conceal? Did he not strike his Bosom with the Vehemence of his Grief; and cast his accusing and despairing Eyes to Heaven, which had permitted such a misfortune to befall me?'

" 'Indeed, Madam, I did not', resumed Lucy; 'but he seemed to be very sorry; and said, He would go and look for your Ladyship.' "

Other loves there are — Love of Country, Love of Parents, Love of Honor, but these are always secondary to the love of man for woman. Frequently the conflict between this latter and one, or

all of the former loves, provides the chief complication of the long and involved plot. *Ibrahim* gives us the age old situation (and in Italy, too, reminding us of *Romeo and Juliet*) of the lovers between whose parents exists a feud. The hero is of the house of Justiniano, the heroine of the Grimaldis; a further complication is his duty to Soliman, Sultan of Turkey, who has rescued him from slavery and made him a powerful Bassa. Cyrus (as Artamenes) falls in love with Mandana at the very moment when her father and she are occupied in giving devout thanks in a temple to the gods who have brought about his supposed drowning! In *Cleopatra* and *Cassandra* the situation is practically identical, the hero having to overcome the power of a rival at court and on the battlefield, as well as the machinations of a woman jealous for love of him. In *Clelia*, Aronces must fight against a lack of knowledge of his "quality", the prejudice of the noble Roman Clelius who will marry his daughter only to a Roman, the stubbornness of his own father, who incidentally owes his freedom to him, and the active opposition of Horatius of the Bridge, not to forget that of the Emperor himself. Pharamond is compelled to overcome the enmity of Rosamond's father, and her own active opposition in war as a result of a vow imposed upon her by her dying parent. In *Almahide*, Ponce de Leon finds his love greatly complicated by the fact that its object is a Moor. Polexander has but to overcome a woman's antipathy — which, in this, as in most cases, is matter enough! When a decision must be made, country, parents, even honor play second fiddle. Oroondates enlists among the Persians, enemies of his country, for his love of Statira, Aronces deserts his own for Clelia. Parents, however, are all exacting in the case of young ladies, who no matter how great their love nor how intense their abhorrence of the lover chosen for them will not run counter to their wishes. To the despair of lover princes, if father or mother so wills it, Princesses must marry another — though they vow eternally to cherish no other image than that of their true love. Eventually, of course, despite the obstacles that beset the path of true love, our hero and heroine, as well as most of their companions of the minor histories, are united in a fashion to please the most humble devotée of the silver screen. These pon-

derous folios end in a perfect orgy of marriages. For example, list the unions with which *Pharamond* concludes —

1. Pharamond and Rosamond who reigned over the Gauls
2. Theobald and Belamira who reigned over Bohemia
3. Viridomar and Polyxena who reigned over Suevia
4. Constance and Placidia who reigned with Honorius
5. Wallia and Theodolinda who reigned over Aquitaine and Catalonia
6. Constantine and Octavia who united the two Britains
7. Balamir and Agione who reigned over Hungary
8. Varanez and Sydemiris who reigned over Persia
9. Martian and Pulcheria who reigned in the East
10. Agelmond and Gilismene who reigned in Lombardy
11. Marcomire and Albisinda who reigned in Franconia and Turingia
12. Aldemar and Melasintha who reigned in Saxony

Perhaps "orgy" is not the proper word, for our illustrious lovers are still at the consummation of their hopes "persons full of discretion", "well versed in all the rules of chivalry"—

"Never had the God of Love been present at so solemn a Festival, and in all the Sacrifices that had been offer'd to him at *Paphos*, or at *Cytherea*, he never had receiv'd such honour as he did that night in *Babylon*. But I am afraid to say too much of it, and to go beyond the bounds of respect and modesty with my Princes, who exceeded them a little, that night of liberty. They without all question thought it a great deal too short, and one might perchance have doubted in what Employments they had pass'd it, if the Blushes that appear'd next morning in the cheeks of *Berenice*, *Thalestris*, and *Deidamia*, had not given the company great suspicions. Yet did they pardon their Lovers the Offences they had committed, by the example of their Companions, who had born them with more moderation. Those constant fires were not extinguish'd of many years, and the love of those virtuous persons was placed upon too sure Foundations, to find any thing in Possession that could abate it; on the contrary it grew far more ardent by a more perfect knowledge of those beauties and rare qualities that had given it birth; and Time, which ruins all things, had never power to slacken the first violence of their flames." (*Cassandra*, Pt. V, Bk. 6, p. 574).

PROPRIETY

The perfect sense of propriety of the characters, the didactic intent of all the romances, are no more to be overlooked in such a discussion as this, than they can fail to be noted in the folios

themselves, for the high moral tone of the books was considered one of their chief recommendations. To the literature of their age, they aimed to be what the Salon of the virtuous Mme de Rambouillet was to the licentious society of her time. It is to be presumed that they succeeded. Huet tells us very definitely in his "Letter to Segrais" (ii), "The chief Design of a Romance, and which the Writer ought in the first place to have in View, is the Instruction of the Reader, before whom he is to represent the Reward of Virtue, and Chastisement of Vice; . . ." A later authority, M. Roederer²⁰ says of them, "It would be as unjust and also as frivolous as these writers whose observation doesn't carry them past the ridicule of the *Précieuses* to fail to recognize that they had their estimable side and contributed in no small degree to the progress of society. One has no right to remark their bad taste without remarking also that they were a school of good manners in a time of inveterate depravity; that if they had the fault of making love a delirium of the imagination, they had also the merit of lifting spirits and souls above the love of instinct . . ." The sentiments here portrayed are truly noble; with the exception of *Ariana*, which we must rather consider in the transitional stage and hence excuse for its crudities, never does a romance permit an unedifying thought or deed. The righteous only are rewarded, the wicked punished; despite many false alarms, no fair maiden, with the single historic exception of Lucretia, is permitted to be ravished; the style is most polished and polite. In addition, as already noted, numerous philosophical discourses are interwoven, which may, if one wishes, serve as guides in moments of spiritual indecision. The thoroughly proper Mlle Scudéry is careful to set at ease the mind of the prospective reader of *Ibrahim*, "Neither have I put any thing into my Book which the Ladies may not read with out blushing. And if you see not my Hero persecuted with Love by Women, it is not because he was not amiable, and that he could not be loved, but because it would clash with civility in the persons of Ladies, and

²⁰ *Histoire de la Société Polie*, p. 95. Quoted in Rathery et Boutron, 97.

with true resemblance in that of men, who rarely show themselves cruell unto them, nor in doing it could have any good grace."

Mrs. Jane Barker in the preface to her quaint little English romance, *Exilius, or the Banish'd Roman* obviously patterned after the heroic fashion at a time when the *Romans de longue haleine* were not yet out of fashion (1715) is lavish in her praise of their exemplary value. ". . . the Study of these Books helps to open the understanding of young Readers, to distinguish between real Worth and superficial Appearances, whereby they discern that it is not a laced Coat, or a large Wig, that makes a Caesar or a Scipio; nor all the utensils of the Toilet can make a compleat Heroine, but true Virtue and Honour: . . . 'tis to be hoped that a View of those worthy Characters which Romances represent, might assist [the young] to avoid such dangerous [marital] naufrages, and fix their Affections where Duty and Merit require: and not only so, but even in a regular Affection, they may find Assistance from these Kind of Writings, to demean themselves gracefully . . . Besides these Love-Lectures the young Readers may also reap many Handfuls of good Morality, and likewise gather some Gleanings of History, and acquaintance with the ancient Poets. In short, I think I may say of Romances, as Mr. Herbert says of Poetry, and hope, that a pleasant Story may find him who flies a serious Lecture." Translators and booksellers in England were quick to take advantage of this quality. The pastoral *Astrea* made its bow thus recommended, as did the works of Calprenède, Scudéry and the rest which followed in rapid succession. The Stationer, Humphrey Moseley, assures Lady Anne Lucas in dedicating Part III of the *Grand Cyrus* ". . . But all the judicious Witts I have met with, so assure me the Grand Cyrus is a noble useful Work", a thought which he reiterates for the reader's benefit, prefatory to Parts VII and VIII," . . . our Language cannot boast of any Romance so large, so material, so useful as the Grand Cyrus." G. H[avers], translator of Vaumorière's *Grand Scipio*, affirms in the Epistle Dedicatory, ". . . Delight is the least advantage redounding from such compositions. For, not

to say anything concerning the Groundwork, which is generally some excellent piece of Ancient History, accurately collected out of the Records of the most eminent Writers of old, the knowledge of which is not to be mispris'd; the incident discourses so handsome, free, and fitted for the improvement of conversation (which is not undeservedly accounted of greatest importance to the contentment of humane life) *the descriptions of the passions so lively & naturally set forth*; yea, the Idea of Virtue, generosity, and all the qualifications requisite to accomplish great persons, so exquisitely delineated, that I cannot content my self with giving the French that ordinary commendation of having freed this kind of Writings from the incongruous Chimerical mixture of extravagancies and impossibilities; but I must also speak it . . . that they have approv'd themselves the best Teachers of a noble and generous Morality that are to be met with . . ." It has been shown that proper ladies and gentlemen conned these volumes with a critical eye, discussed among themselves (as did Dorothy Osborne and her friends, and Mrs. Philips and her circle) the virtues of the various characters, the nobility of their actions. Doubtless many like Biddy Tipkin of Steele's *Tender Husband* and our by this time close friend Arabella, were influenced in their behavior by the models here set before them, "For Heaven's sake, Cousin, resumed Arabella laughing, how have you spent your Time; and to what studies have you devoted all your Hours, that you could find none to spare for the Perusal of Books from which all useful Knowledge may be drawn; which give us the most shining Examples of Generosity, Courage, Virtue and Love; which regulate our Actions, form our Manners, and inspire us with a noble desire of emulating those great, heroic, and virtuous Actions, which made those Persons so glorious in their Age, and so worthy of imitation in ours." (*Quixote*, I, 69). This insistence on purity of motive, exactness of behavior, formality in deportment is recognized, of course, as a reflection of the *précieuse* note of the salon.

CONTEMPORANEOUS ALLUSION

Not only are the amusements in which our Mandana, Parisatis, Princess of the Leontines, indulge undeniably of the salon, their deportment is likewise so. The ladies frequently receive in their closets, or in bed, where is much fine discourse and the most chaste and circumspect behavior. Never do we have the hint of scandal. The sexes meet and talk on terms of strict equality and perfect fraternity. So much has been said already of the *Grand Cyrus* in this respect that there is hardly reason to repeat it here. M. Victor Cousin has found in the ten tomes of this longest of romances a sufficient reflection of the social life of the time to give rise to two very interesting volumes.²¹ Here one finds the people, the circles, the amusements of the time all interpreted in terms of Mlle Scudéry's romance. Of Tome VII in particular M. Cousin says, it is "the most faithful, the most complete, as well as the most agreeable description which had appeared, up until our time, from this sanctuary of good company in the seventeenth century."²² *Clelia*, despite its noble Romans, Greeks, Syracusans and its familiar episodes is entirely — shockingly so to Cousin, who feels the material too well known for such treatment — of the salon. The Princess of the Leontines forms the center of this genteel gathering. Here histories are related by the members and discussed, much of the material being extremely trivial and rather out of keeping, one feels, with the serious purpose which animates the group, the overthrow of Tarquin. Witness in this respect the History of Artaxander and his petty amours (Pt. I, Bk. 3) and the History of Caesonia, who would prove her powers by making a true man fickle, a fickle true. In (Pt. IV, Bk. 2) the company gathered at Rome retire to a garden where they discover Clidamira and Berelisa, come to consult the lots to see who shall possess the love of Artemidorus. There is much jollity, all indulge in many games of the "Heavy, heavy what hangs over" variety so dear to our childhood (apparently the polite amusement of the more ma-

²¹ *La Société Française au XVIIe siècle . . . etc.*

²² *Ibid.*, I, 245.

ture in those days).²³ Anacreon then reads, as a forfeit the tragic history of Hesiod and Clymene. *Almahide* gives us a further insight into the amusements of the time with a magnificent hunting party (also mentioned as a "promenade" and "cavalcade") (Pt. II, Bk. 1) and a great ball staged by the king in truly lavish fashion, in the midst of which is described a most colorful and elaborate "Masquerade" or "Masque" there presented entitled "The Three Arabias". In the Assembly at Genoa, of which the French Marquis, Count of Lavagna and Doria are centers (*Ibrahim*, Pt. II, Bk. 4) it is forbid to talk of aught but art, and poetry, and love. A noble and princely company comporting itself after the fashion of the Salon surrounds Scipio's beloved Emilia at Capua (*Grand Scipio*, Pt. II, Bk. 1 & 3). Calprenède gives us similar pictures in both *Cassandra* and *Cleopatra*, but particularly in the latter where is depicted less of military matters and more of the social graces. A hunt is described in some detail (Pt. VI, Bk. 2) with Candace and Eliza enjoying the affair from a chariot, amid "the shrill noise of Horns and the Cry of the Dogs, and the Voices of the Hunters", while particularly colorful is the naval show on the Tiber for Antonia. An unknown lover provides for her and her company a golden barge "which for Invention and Magnificence proved the Miracle of the Divertisement" the complete description of which requires five pages (Pt. IX, Bk. 2).

²³ See also in the semi-heroic *Tarsis and Zelie*, already mentioned, the game of advices (p. 153) and the game of slips (p. 154) with the inevitable forfeits. "In that Play, every one speaking softly in the ear of that Person near to whom he was, asked him or her an Advice; the other gave the most convenient that he could to the Person that demanded it, after that the other demanded one for him or her self, his Companion in like manner gave him or her the most convenient he could choose, and so consequently round till the turn was made and finished; Every one repeated aloud the Advice which to him had bin given, by the means of this Advice, they often said the very real Thing sporting and laughing, and without making any semblance of any thing, sometimes they made a profitable Advertisement of the Sport, but that wherein there was most Pleasure and Delight, was that in the Repetition aloud of all Advices received, you ordinarily saw one obliged even himself to publish his own Defaults and Frailties."

* * * * *

"Every one wrote three or four words in a Ticket such as seemed him best, and pleased his own Fancy; afterwards they mingled these Tickets in a Hat, then having drawn one out accidentally, it belonged to all that were in Company each one to make a small particular historical Narration or Discourse upon the Subject of what was written on the Ticket drawn."

The rowers are twelve cupids with bows and arrows, clad in gold "where they are required to be covered", the whole lighted by gold tapers and "a Heart hanging down . . . out of which, by some strange Artifice there visibly issued flames ascending towards the Stars". This is about the most lavish description in all of *Calprenède*.

PORTRAITS

Not only do we find the ideals, the amusements, of the assemblies here set forth, but many of the leaders among the *précieuses* are pictured. Chronicling incidents actual and fictitious set in times long past and lands far distant, the authors are actually often very near home. Cyrus is not Cyrus, Clelia is other than she seems. Cousin tells us (I, 2) 'In fact the *Cyrus* is nothing other than an allegorical romance to which we have lost the key, where under Persian, Greek, Armenian, and other names are represented people that today we do not recognize, but who, under Louis XIII and under the regency of Anne of Austria, occupied the foreground and were the subjects of conversation of France.' This fashion is attributable to d'Urfé who, in the pastoral *Astrea* set "sur les bords du Lignon" in his beloved region of Forez, unfolded to some extent his own history and pictured the Court of Henry the Great. There seems doubt in some points, but the statement is usually made that Diana de Châteaumorand, is both Diana and *Astrea* of the romance. Wife of his elder brother, Anne, she was loved and later married by Honoré, soon filling his cup with unhappiness. He appears as both Celadon and Sylvander; others may be likewise identified.²⁴ Barclay's *Argenis*²⁵ is frankly allegorical, cloaking under the names of Meleander, Poliarchus, etc. the personalities of Henry II, Henry IV and others of the illustrious of the time, frequently, after the manner of d'Urfé, dividing the attributes of one actual person between several fictitious characters. *Polexander* apparently has a key interest also, although, the author affirms in each separate volume the pattern for his hero

²⁴ For further treatment see Koerting, I, 122 & 123, and Dunlop, 379-390.

²⁵ *Argenis*: references are to edition of 1636.

to have been a different person.²⁶ Thus the features of Cyrus, Horatius, Candace and Alcadiana are carefully scrutinized by the eager reader to see if they do not reveal something of a favorite of the cabal, and places in the portrait galleries of these romances are eagerly sought. Crane²⁷ points out the interesting fact that the great popularity of these portraits was largely a result of a caprice of Mlle de Montpensier (to whom the romance writer Segrais was secretary) who set the fashion by exchanging with many of her friends. Cousin (II, 122) assures us that, "Women of the highest rank and of irreproachable virtue didn't hesitate to draw their own physical and moral portraits, and to limn the principal beauties of their person, not only for their intimate society but for the public." And, of course, the reader remembers the ecstasies of the fair Madelon in Molières *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, (1659) who cries, "I have a fanatical love for portraits."

Scudéry affords us the largest collection. Her *Ibrahim* and *Almahide* appear to be without disguised characters, yet such things as Soliman's great portrait gallery so fully described in the former (Pt. I, Bk. 3) suggest that this is so only because no one has been sufficiently interested to attempt the identifications. Not so the *Grand Cyrus* and *Clelia*. Having convinced himself that such a thing existed, the indefatigable Cousin eventually discovered in the back of the last volume of *Cyrus* in the Library of the Arsenal a printed key to the characters such as Tallement des Réaux and others had mentioned. This he gives in the Appendix (I, Note Première) to *La Société Française* . . . Cyrus is far removed from the picture presented by Xenophon and other classic authorities in word, in look, in deed; actually he is the great Condé, who is here glorified (Pt. III, Bk. 2, p. 87).

"This Prince was of a very aspiring and advantageous talness, and also most exactly made; his head was most admirable handsome; all the art which Medceans used to their hair, was not comparable unto that becomingness which nature only used unto his; the colour, which was as lovely brown as ever eye beheld, it was wreathed with a hundred thousand pleasing

²⁶ In Vol. I, the hero is Louis XIV, in Vol. II, Richelieu; in Vol. III, Chancellor Séguier; in Vol. IV, Marshal Schoenberg; in Vol. V, Roger de Liencourt.

²⁷ Op. cit. pp. 124-25.

and delightful curls, negligently hanging down, and lying upon his shoulders; his complexion was most pure and clear, his sprightly eyes were black, full of sweetness, and Majesty, his mouth was delicious and smiling, his nose something like an Eagle, the Cimetry of his whole face was of a most admirable composure, his countenance most noble and all his features so high and gallant, that certainly it may be truly said, never man upon earth was in every Particular by them selves, and all parts together, better composed than Cyrus."

Phaon is Scudéry's great friend Pellison (also pictured as Herminius in *Clelia*), Aristheus is Chapelain, Elisa "at fourteen years of age . . . the most exact Beauty that ever was seen in Phenicia", who "had seen Kings and Princes at her feet" is recognized as Mlle Angélique Paulet (the key adds that almost all of her history is actual); Philomeda (exactly described in Pt. VII, Bk. 1, pp. 75 & 76) proves to be the famous Julie d'Angennes, daughter of Mme de Rambouillet. Callicrates is none other than Voiture. The key itself may be referred to directly by the reader. According to Messieurs Rathery et Boutron (p. 58) one may count in *Clelia* the portraits of sixty-three known persons.²⁸ Nor are the characters all that may be recognized. Here also readers of the time found described in rich fashion the withdrawing rooms of the leaders of society; here likewise they saw in the Eastern battles military exploits of the West. The Siege of Cumes in *Cyrus* is that of Dunkirk, the battle of the Massagetes that at Rocroy, the battle of Thybarra, Lens. The opposition by Charaxes, brother of Sapho, (*Cyrus*, Pt. X, Bk. 2) to his sister's affair with Phaon is said to depict the actual opposition of Georges to Pellison who hadn't put him in his History of the Academy.²⁹

²⁸ There was also a key to this romance, mentioned in *Bibliothèque Universelle des Romans*.

Koerting lists among others the following identities as definitely established, I, 438-439:

Amilcar—Sarrasin
 Arricidia—Mlle Scudéry
 Clelia—Mme de Longueville
 Cleominus—Fouquet
 Herminius—Pellison
 Liriana—Scarron's wife
 Scaurus—Scarron

²⁹ Rathery et Boutron, 51.

In England it is doubtful if many of these people were recognized. The romances were popular without such knowledge, though the fact that the characters were drawn from contemporary figures was not wholly overlooked. The Stationer informs the English readers of the *Grand Cyrus*, "If you should ask why this should have any Precedence before other Romances, 'tis soon answer'd, that our Author in this hath so laid his Sceans, as to touch upon the greatest Affairs of our Times: for, Designs of War and Peace are better hinted and cut open by a Romance, than by down-right Histories; which, being barefac'd, are forc'd to be often too modest and sparing; when these disguised Discourses, freely personating every man and no man, have liberty to speak out. And though this hath so many Turns and Changes (which is its peculiar Beauty) yet thereby it is not made dark and Cloudy, but is every where Cyrus, that is, a bright Sun, for so the word signifies in the Persian tongue, as well as in Hebrew. Perhaps you would know what Cyrus this is, whether the first Great Cyrus who founded the Persian Empire (whose life you have in Herodotus, Solinus, & Justin) or that other second Cyrus, whose Institution and Expedition is so well writ of by Xenophon. Be pleas'd to know, 'tis neither of them and yet both; for our Author hath drained all the Excellencies of both these Two to fill and accomplish this his Grand Cyrus . . ." Prior to Pt. IX he says: "There are (men of no vulgar Genius, and such as are no Strangers to the Author) can lend a Clavis to most of this Story; can tell where 'tis Personall, and where Morall: they know what Prince, the Author mean's by Cyrus fighting midd'st a wood . . . [In part] Mandana is no Woman, but the Empire it self, and so (I am told) the Word signifies in the language of that Country." When the fashion for writing similar romances arose in England, Englishmen did not hesitate to follow the Gallic mode in this: either with frank political allegory as in *Cloria and Narcissus* and *Bentivolio and Urania* or in a more modified form as set forth by the author of *Parthenissa*.

CHARACTER DRAWING

The tomes being long, countries visited many, and the interpolated histories frequent — a fair average being one per book — the opportunities for character sketches are naturally numerous. These are highly recommended to the English reader by G. H[avers], translator of Scudéry's *Clelia*, who reminds the "Right Worshipful, The Lady Mary S. Quintin", prefatory to Bk. 4 that "Those [Histories] we have received from Antiquity, give us scarce more than Pourtraits halfe drawn; perhaps they represent to us a Consul, or some other great person in the Field, and possibly give us a little taste of his abilities in the Senate, but afford us very little knowledge, how generous his deportment was in conversation; and amongst his Friends, how nobly he loved or hated, and how tender a relation, or faithful friend, he shewed himself in all the diversities of adventures! All which, no question, are of great importance to the Reader's improvement and pleasure, to be handsomely described." The exacting Miss Osborne commended several of these portraits for their astute reading of character. She writes to her lover, "Since you are at leisure to consider the moon, you may be enough to read *Cléopâtre*, therefore I have sent you three tomes: when you have done with those you shall have the rest, and I believe they will please. There is a story of Artemise that I will recommend to you; her disposition I like extremely, it has a great deal of gratitude in't; and if you meet with one Britomart, pray send me word how you like him." (Letter X, 42). And again, "I sent you a part of *Cyrus* last week, where you will meet with one Doralise in the story of Abradate and Panthée. The whole story is very good: but her humour makes the best part of it. I am of her opinion in most things that she says, in her character of *L'honnête homme* that she is in search of, and her resolution of receiving no heart that had been offered to anybody else. Pray, tell me how you like her, and what fault you find in my Lady Car[lisle]'s letter?" (Letter XXXVII, 164-165) Discounting mere nonentities we note no less than one hundred and thirty-one characters of importance in *Pharamond* — friends, enemies and friends of friends of the bold King of the Franks. *Polexandre*

has no less than eighty-nine while *Almahide*, relatively short in comparison to these, shows eighty-one, twenty-six of the total being beloved of that maritally optimistic governor of Granada, Abindarrays. How the little French lady herself kept track of the whole army of actors in the *Grand Cyrus* which surpasses all in this respect will ever be a mystery, yet there one finds them all fitting nicely into their respective histories and never for a moment confused. We do not meet any of these folk in haphazard fashion; often we are introduced to them in the flesh or by name long before they actually play a part in the action. Frequently in these romances historic characters appear and make their bows: Scipio, Hannibal, Alexander, Cyrus, Darius; Virgil, Ovid, Tarquin, Brutus; Montezuma, Columbus, and Ponce de Leon; Herod and Salome. Others are purely fictitious, conventional heroes and heroines whose valor or whose pallor is of a variety appropriate to their condition. Such beauty as Elisa's (*Cleopatra*, Pt. IX, Bk. 1, V. 2, pp. 139 & 140)⁸⁰ is found often enough in all romances, but particularly in those of Calprenède and Gomberville.

"The new fall'n Snow was tanned, in Comparison of the refined Purity of that white that was the ground of her Complexion, and if Sorrow had gathered the Carnations of her Cheeks, sham'd to see her self surpriz'd half naked, though by Persons of her own Sex, had replanted of hers there, with such fresh advantages, as any weaker Eye than Candace's would have shrunk at the Brightness of that mingled Lustre; her mouth (as well for shape as Complexion) shamed the imitation of the best Pensils, and the liveliest Colours; and though some petty intervals of joy wanted the Smiles that grief had sequestred, yet she never opened it, but like the East at the Birth of a beautiful Day, and then discovered Treasures, whose excelling Whiteness made the Price inestimable; all the features of her Face had so near a kindred of proportion and Symetry, as the severest Master of *Apelles's* Art might have called it his Glory to have copied Beauties from her, as the best of Models. The Circumference of her Visage, shewed the extrems of an imperfect Circle, and almost formed it to a perfect Oval, and this Abridgment of Marvels was taper'd by a pair of the brightest Stars that ever were lighted up by the Hand of Nature: As their Lustre might justly claim the Title of Celestial, so their Colour was the same as Heavens; there was a spherical Harmony in their motion, and that mingled with a

⁸⁰ Printer's error for Pt. III, Bk 1.

Vivacity so penetrating, as neither the firmest Eye, nor the strongest Soul could arm themselves with a resistance of proof against those pointed glories, their very languishing Dejection darted more Charms through the Clouds of Grievs, that darkned their brightest Glory, than all others could boast in their clearest Sunshine; nor were they ever so dim'd with Woe, but they had still Vigour enough left to open themselves a passage to Hearts defended with the greatest insensibility. Her Head was Crowned with a prodigious quantity of fair long Hair, whereof the Colour as fitly suited the beauty of her Eyes, as Imagination could make it. To these marvels of Face were joined the rest of her Neck, Hands and shape, and there seemed a Contest betwixt the form and Whiteness of the two former, which had the larger Commission from Nature to work Wonders; and if she was not so tall of stature as *Candace*, in revenge of that she was far more slender, and her Face much less than the fair Queen of *Aethiopia's*. In fine, her Beauty was miraculous . . ."

Of similar charm is Gilismene —

"For you must know that all the lineaments of the Sarmatian Princess are regular to the very exactness of proportion, that her complexion is beyond imagination, being adorned with that whiteness, that vivacity, that freshness and that flower of youth which is usually the soul of beauty. Admirable was the proportion that opened her vermillion Lips, and certain Tears that flowed thither and there stopped, seemed to me as if they there sought to terminate their course with honour, having taken their source from two fountains altogether celestial. For in short, never was seen anything more beautiful than Gilismene's eyes, their colour blue, and though sweet, large and fairly distanced, yet they sparkle and are full of vigour. The flames which they darted forth even in that time of sadness, instead of being quenched by her Tears, brake through these precious clouds and received a brighter Lustre from their Eclipse." (*Pharamond*, Pt. IX, Bk 4, p. 472).

Such perfect demoiselles go their carefree way, paying but little heed to the practical things of this world, sleeping in the grateful shade of the trees as their predecessors, the shepherdesses, were accustomed, relating their histories, finding champions ever at hand to protect their oft threatened virtue.

It must not be thought, however, that our heroines are all of tinted marble, our heroes austere and forbidding. Probably the people of Mlle de Scudéry are most near to us though the passions by which they are moved are almost as exaggerated as ever. The

writer's *Ibrahim*, in fact, delivers us of princes and princesses to a considerable degree, substituting Italians of rank who, in their arrogance and pride of family remind us strikingly of Marion Crawford's illustissimi. The volatile, affable French Marquis is a real creation.³¹ Says the quiet little sister of the blustering Georges in her introduction "And if you find something not very serious in the Histories of a certain French Marquis which I have interlaced in my Book, remember, if you please, that a Romanze ought to have images of all natures . . ." We have here, and in many other instances a real attempt at character analysis. Over against such extremely conventionalized, "set" descriptions as those but recently quoted, let us put one of a type which abounds but is not frequently exhibited because it offers much less opportunity for the witty pen of the critic, a description of two noble Greeks found in *Clelia* (Pt. II, Bk. 2, p. 2) :

"Artemidorus was well made, he had a judging Spirit, and a grandeur in his Soul; but he so equally possessed all good qualities, that though he was a complete man he was just one of those which make a particular character and which resemble not any person, though many would willingly resemble him; for Zenocrates he was tall, of a fair proportion, and good deportment, white teeth, a lively tincture, brown hayrs, a most agreeable smiling, and a pleasant countenance which gave delight to all; but he had a certain languishing indifferency to which his temper carryed him; it gave him sometimes a stupidity of Spirit, which made him appear as though he were in an idle dotage, and obliged him to keep in certain occasions a kind of melancholy silence, that he could not suffer without some slight reluctance when he knew he might if he would speak more agreeably then the most part of those to whom he gave such a peaceable audience; but for all this amiable dullness the gallantries of his Spirit and ingenuity appear'd when he writ either in Verse or Prose; and I can assure you that if he had an heart more susceptible of love's impressions, it had been very fit to make illustrious conquests: for Zenocrates was (as I have already told you) fair, and of a good deportment, he had much Spirit, he was both discreet and wise, he had a charming affability; all his inclinations were

³¹ See especially "The Adventure of the Feigned Astrologer" (Pt. II, Bk 2) in which the Marquis and his man gull the people of Genoa. The incident of the man who, coming to him for a magic journey home, is put upon a fence rail blindfolded and convinced he is traveling through the air, is pure *Don Quixote*. Note also "The False Painter and the Musician" (Pt. II, Bk 3) and "The History of the too Good Slave" (Pt. IV, Bk 2).

noble, he was modest, respectful, and faithful to his friends; but a languishing melancholy so possessed his Spirits, that though he was an accomplished gallant, he could not affect any one person though adorned with all the excelling features . . .”

Here, in the midst of a great deal confessedly unrealistic, is the essence of satisfactory character delineation, nor does it stop here, for Scudéry in particular further develops her portraits through action and through conversation and quite frequently through self-communion. To some extent all these writers of the Heroic Romance attempt to probe the thoughts of their characters:

“‘Ah Statira [sighed Oroondates to himself] how unseasonable your ‘repentance comes! And how much too late are you undeceived! Why do ‘you acknowledge me for innocent, when you will no longer acknowledge ‘me for yours? And why do you cease to hate me, now you cannot love ‘me without a crime; since you ceas’d to love me, when without a crime you ‘could not hate me? Why do you kindle those flames again, which you will ‘never be able to extinguish while you live? And why do you force me ‘to love you still; since out of duty, you force yourself to love me no ‘more?’” (*Cassandra*, Pt. I, Bk 6, p. 97).

This example is perhaps more than usually stilted, and yet we must see in it an effort to get beneath mere outward things. As for Mlle de Scudéry: let us not be content merely with actions, says she, “Certain Authors, after they have described an adventure, a daring design, or some surprising event, able to possess one of the bravest apprehensions in the world, are contented to assure us, that such a HEROS thought of very gallant things, without telling us what they are; and this is that alone which I desire to know: For how can I tell, whether in these events fortune hath not done as much as he? whether his valor be not brutish valor? and whether he hath not born the misfortunes that arrived unto him, as a worthy man should doe? it is not by things without him, it is not by the caprichioes of destinie, that I will judge of him; it is by the motions of his soul, and by that which he speaketh.” (*Ibrahim*, Preface).

LOCALE

Our heroes and heroines, our villains, our lovely unknowns, are of many lands; in fact to read but one long romance is a liberal education in geography. One finds himself in Persia, Turkey,

Macedon, Thessaly, Rome; in African kingdoms ruled over by princes who are white, or at most a becoming shade of buff; in Scythia or Parthia (particularly favored by our authors): in short, one is whirled through countries real and imaginary, with sometimes bewildering speed. The lands favored of romance are almost without exception far and strange countries, preferably in Africa or Asia Minor; if we are brought to Europe, it is to such a continent as the cartographer would hardly recognize. Distances and natural barriers are surmounted in an amazingly short time. 'What Sir', exclaimed Arabella³² [who, we must remember, was unfortunately brought up to look upon *Cassandra* as not only a model in manners and deportment but as a perfectly practical geography], 'will you contradict a Fact attested by the greatest Historians that ever were? You may well pretend to say, there were never such persons as Oroondates or Juba, as dispute the Existence of the famous Thalestris.'

" 'Why, pray, Madam,' said Sir Charles, 'who were those?'

" 'One of them', replied Arabella, 'was the great King of Scythia; and the other Prince of the two Mauritanias.'

" 'Ods-heart!' interrupted Sir Charles, 'I believe their Kingdoms are in the Moon! I never heard of Scythia, or the two Mauritanias, before.'

" 'And yet, Sir,' replied Arabella, 'those Kingdoms are doubtless as well known, as France or England; and there is no question, but the Descendents of the great Oroondates and the Valiant Juba, sway the Sceptres of them to this day.' "

Scudéry's *Ibrahim* transfers us from Turkey to Italy, and to Monaco; Calprenède likes to observe the unities of place by centering his action at a 'Tyridates' house, a spot on the banks of the Euphrates, but the histories related there carry us often far afield: it is in Gomberville's *Polexander*, however, that we find this passion for strange, varied and exotic scenes carried to the greatest extreme. Polexander himself is prince of the Canary Isles, although his early history is French, he having been brought up under the great Charles. His later history, as he searches for "The Inaccessible Isle" of Alcidiana, is one long wandering, his travels

³² *Female Quixote*, II, 44.

leading him into Portugal, Spain, the Hesperides, Algier, Thombut, Ghenoa (which, strange to relate, is on the Niger), Tunis and Barbary. In addition the histories of his brother and friends take us to Turkey, Morocco, Senega, Mexico and even the Empire of the Incas. One could hardly wish for more variety then this!

VERISIMILITUDE³³

The worthy Pepys tells us that "Sir Edward Walker, among other things did much inveigh against the writing of romances, that five hundred years hence, being wrote of matters in general, as the romance of *Cleopatra*, the world will not know which is the true and which the false."³⁴ There would seem to be some foundation for his fears, for despite the passion for unknown and non-existent countries, and princes to rule them, there is enough solid fact woven in with the writer's nimble fancy to give an appearance of truth. The method, in general, is that of Sir Walter Scott and his lesser brethren in the field of the historical romance — the ingenious blending of fact and fiction. Loveday tells "The Reader" of his translation of *Cleopatra* ". . . Thou wilt here find History enamelled with Fiction, and Truth Drest like a May-Lady, who through the gay Disguise of her Flowry Ornaments, does often shew her own Simplicity. If thou be'st an Historian, thou wilt trace his Ingenious Pen through Tacitus, Florus, Suetonius, and others that wrote Augustus's Life, and find with what skilful Method he hath culled such Flowers from each of their Gardens, as was fittest to beautify his Garland." It is not for us to say him nay. The author himself confides "To the Reader", prefatory to volume II of *Cassandra* ". . . I think nevertheless, though other beauties be wanting in it, one shall at least find a few things that thwart either probability or decency; nay, to that degree, that I find most difficulty to accomodate those passages to a likelihood, which are really in the History. Methinks it does not ill mingled with Romance, and of those accidents that are feign'd, there are not many in which I could be contradicted, if I would make them

³³ This is, of course, the important doctrine of *vraisemblance* so carefully elaborated in the early salons and the new Academy.

³⁴ *The Diary & Correspondence of Samuel Pepys*, ed. Richard Braybrooke, additional notes by Rev. M. Bright, N. Y., 1885, IV, pp. 273-274.

pass for true." One finds improbabilities (as did the Irish priest upon reading *Gulliver's Travels*) in the earlier *Ariana* and *Polexander*, hangovers from the old romance of chivalry — witness in the latter story the fierce giant whom the Inca, Zelmatida, conquers (Pt. I, Bk. 2); and the incident of the finding of the magic spear by Zelmatida, assisted by Alisma, Garruca, and the Amazons, in the cave of the strange and repulsive Quitonians (Pt. I, Bk. 4). Incidentally, this same Zelmatida in classic fashion has been nursed by Leopards until adopted by King Quasmaz in fulfillment of a prophecy. But in the later romances, whatever one may say of motives and the often perfectly absurd actions to which certain characters are driven by an ingrown sense of honor, not forgetting the slaughter which the nobly born heroes accomplish on occasion (Sir Walter Scott estimated that Cyrus killed 100,000 men single handed in the course of his adventures), this is not generally so. Scudéry is very punctilious in this matter of verisimilitude (we quote again from the preface of *Ibrahim*) "But amongst all the rules which are to be observed in the composition of these workes, that of true resemblance is without question the most necessary; it is, as it were, the fundamentall stone of this building, and but upon which it cannot subsist; without it nothing can move, without it, nothing can please: and if this charming deceiver doth not beguile the mind in Romanzes, this kind of reading disgusts, instead of intertaining it: I have labored then never to eloigne myself from it, and to that purpose I have observed the manners, customs, Religions, and inclinations of people: And to give a more true resemblance to things, I have made the foundations of my work Historicall, my principall personages such as are marked out in the true History for Illustrious persons, and the warres effective. This is the way doubtless, whereby one may arrive at his end; for when as falshood and truth are confounded by a dextrus hand, wit hath much adoe to disentangle them." She remarks further, anent the tendency of her school to at times contradict the facts of History. "Now for fear it may be objected unto me, that I have approached some incidents nearer than the History hath shewed them to be, great Virgil shall be my warrant, who in his divine *Aeneads* hath made

Dido appear four Ages after her own; wherefore I have believed I might do of some moneths, what he hath done of so many years, and that I was not to be afraid of erring, as long as I followed so good a guide." *Clelia*, *Almahide*, and the *Grand Cyrus* are put together in the same quasi-historical fashion. It is the artificiality of the style as much as anything, perhaps, which tends to obscure the many realistic touches. Edmé Boursault, prefixes to his short romance *The Prince of Condé* "made English" in 1675 a passage which explains the procedure general in the longer efforts "All the Passages of War, and Occurences thereupon, are seriously true; but as to Love, and those Mystical Intrigues, I cannot secure you. To speak properly, it is a new kind of Romance carried on under illustrious Names, to make it the more acceptable: For people have naturally more compassion for a Prince of their own knowledge, than for a Heroe, they never heard of before." Certainly the average reader is able to read the romances without too greatly burdening his soul with thoughts of their untruth or exaggeration. What matters it, if in the words of the venerable cleric at the bedside of the repentant Arabella who has but recently attempted to swim the Thames as Clelia did the Tiber,³⁵ ". . . You will not only find innumerable Names of which no mention was ever made before, but Persons who lived in different Ages, engaged as the Friends or Rivals of each other. You will perceive that your Authors have parcelled out the World at Discretion, erected Palaces, and established Monarchies wherever the Conveniency of their Narrative required them, and set Kings and Queens over imaginary Nations. Nor have they considered themselves as invested with less Authority over the Works of Nature, than the Institutions of Men; for they have distributed Mountains and Desarts, Gulphs and Rocks wherever they wanted them, and wherever the Course of their Story required an Expedient . . ." All that one requires, as in the case of the later historical novel, is that the end shall justify the means.

³⁵ *Female Quixote*, II, 313.

MARTIAL DETAILS

Historic battles, in particular, are graphically described, love and war being the principal occupation of our knightly heroes. Humphrey Moseley stoutly asserts in dedicating Part IX of *Artamenes*: "Did Annalists and Chroniclers draw up Battails with that accurate skill this Author does here, History would prove lesse tedious, more usefull, and freer from Contradictions." Jousts, tournaments and individual duels are frequent. The authoress of *Clelia* tells us (Pt. I, Bk. 3, p. 125) "However, men of great Souls when they see others fighting, have but two ways to chuse, either to part them or to take side." This being so, those mystic lands Parthia, Scythia and their neighbors being so often in turmoil, the seas infested with pirates, women being without exception fair and would-be ravishers many, it is to be expected that our heroes will have plenty to occupy their time. Our stories or the individual histories of which they are composed, commonly open with an unknown knight compelled to leave the shelter of the trees 'neath which he reclines, or to give over a more active occupation, to espouse the cause of another equally unknown but beset by many;³⁶ as often as not, he proves in the end to have fought against his own better interests (one remembers that Oroondates, co-hero of *Cassandra*, saves the life of the ravisher Perdiccas in just such fashion) but a true knight cannot stop for explanations at such a time. Plains and forest clearings resound continuously to the sound of sword on buckler while the ground is strewn with broken rivets and joints of armor. Blood flows in streams, and we are amazed at the comparative indestructability of Cyrus, Lysimachus, Polexander or Aronces. Though blood gush forth from many wounds and "chirurgions" oft despair, it is seldom to the sword that a hero prince succumbs but to the dangerous fevers which follow the cruelty or coldness of one's mistress.

These hand to hand struggles are an every day affair, and that they shall be against overwhelming odds is to be expected. Hannibal (*Grand Scipio*, Pt. I, Bk. 3) courteously leading the wounded

³⁶ *Cassandra*, Pt. I, Bk 1; *Grand Scipio*, Pt. I, Bk 3, references are to edition of 1660 folio; *Almahide*, Pt. I, Bk 1; *Ibrahim*, Pt. I, Bk 2; etc.

king Masanissa back into Roman territory, is set upon by a whole troop of Roman knights, ultimately dispersing them with the help of an unknown, who proves his chief enemy, the chivalrous young Scipio, unable to see him meet foul play. Hannibal, after proper formalities, including due thanks, then would fight his preserver in single combat, but is prevented by the wounded king. In the same way, Aronces (*Clelia*, Pt. I, Bk. 1) saves King Mezentius of Perugia from the just wrath of his would-be assassins, at the same time receiving a grievous wound which prevents his following the ravished Clelia, whom, with her father, he has rescued sometime previous in a stirring affair with a pirate. Pol-exander engages in several fierce single combats in addition to his many naval and military actions, notably that with Prince Abdelmelec of Morocco and with the doughty Phelismond, Prince of Denmark, unsought champion of Alcidiana, whom he chastizes at her request. Lysimachus, Oroondates and their fellows are often called upon to show their prowess with the sword and javelin, Arsaces twice driving madly into an opposing army, unsupported. The acme of ingenuity is reached by Calprenède, however, when, in *Cleopatra* (Pt. VIII, Bk. 3) Alcamenes arranges to fight himself as the champion of two contending armies!

Jousts and tourneys still have much of the color, if less of the rude vigor, of the older romance of chivalry. When more active excitements fail, our princes are always ready to mount their steeds and break a lance or two in honor of a lady's beauty. Usually the description is quite sumptuous and the action rapid and vigorous. One recalls the splendid Eastern tournament in Scott's *Talisman* which Saladin prepares to iron out the difficulties that lie in the way of Sir Kenneth of Scotland's suit for the hand of the fair Edith Plantagenet and, recalling it, in all its color, is not ashamed of these. When it comes to descriptions of surpassing richness, extravagant in detail, these writers of romance are thoroughly at home; they do not ordinarily receive the credit due them. King, Queen and Princesses sit above the lists, there is a fanfare of trumpets, two knightly riders enter on capering steeds, their golden armor ablaze with jewels, their plumes waving proudly. The signal given, they meet in full career with a

terrific shock and splintering of lances. Lusty blows are given and taken and, if a grudge enters, sword or poignard eventually finds a fault in the cuirass. The vanquished dies gallantly, with his lady's name on his lips. Such an occasion is the tournament decreed by the Prince of Morocco (*Polexander*, Pt. II, Bk. 2) who sends his heralds far and wide to proclaim it and challenge all knights to the lists, but particularly him who has bereft him of the shield bearing the likeness of the divine Alcidiana. The scene is truly gorgeous, as any who will take the trouble to turn to the passage may see for his pains. Polexander, possessor of the shield, makes his way hither, the fighting waxes hot — until the illustrious slave of Alcidiana, loaded with golden chains, bids the contestants cease in fear of her displeasure. In *Almahide* (Pt. I, Bk. 1) is another such, decreed by the King of the Moors in Granada to put a period to civil strife. Again we have the same elaborate setting. Each knight champions the effigy of his lady as most fair — until an unknown appears, arresting all by his noble bearing, champions Queen Almahide, and holds her glory above defeat by prodigies of valor. *Clelia* (Pt. IV, Bk. 1) gives us a picture of the Olympic games, in which Hortensius overthrows the challenger, Attalus. None the less stirring though acted on the field of battle in surroundings less colorful is the fierce duel between two hundred champions picked by the King of Pont and two hundred heroic Cappadocians from the ranks of King Ciaxeres who, in neutral territory, attempt to settle an issue which the contending armies have fought to no decision (*Grand Cyrus*, Pt. I, Bk. 2, 67-70). In the midst of this free-for-all

“*Artamenes* looking about, and perceiving that maugre his fury, the number of the *Cappadocians* did diminish, he fell into a strange rage, and acted such things as indeed can neither be imagined nor credited; and it might justly be said, that the event of Combate did absolutely depend upon him; he was not satisfied with offending his Enemy, and defending himself, but he also defended every one of his Companions, and received the blows which were aimed at his next fellow. In short, he did such Heroique acts, and wrought so many wonders as he was an absolute miracle of valour.”

Eventually the Cappadocians find themselves out-numbered forty to ten, but Cyrus, undaunted, fights on until, after three hours of

combat he stands alone, against three enemies, and then opposed only by the valiant Pharnaces.

"They fought yet a long time: *Pharnaces* wounded *Artamenes* in four places: *Artamenes* him in six: Their strength began to fail, and their bodies to reel, so that to finish the Combat sooner, they step nearer one another: Thrusting is all their play, not using their Bucklers, which they were hardly able to lift: They passed at one another both together, but hit differently; for *Artamenes* ran *Pharnaces* through the heart; and *Pharnaces* ran *Artamenes* through his thigh; and left his Sword in it. So that my Master, yet holding his Sword in his hand, and courageously drawing his enemies out of his thigh, holding both Swords in his hands, he cried out, I have got the victory: and presently after, being very weak, he fell: . . ."

The craven Pontian Artanus, despairing of his life, has meanwhile fled the fray and hidden, but upon seeing the issue of the battle goes boldly to claim the victory. Cyrus, however, comes out of his swoon.

" . . . After this he looked round, but saw none; so that not knowing what to do, and verily beleeving he should die before any could know of his conquest; he began gently to draw unto him as many Javelins, Swords, Helmets and Bucklers as he could reach, and piled all these Arms one upon another, as if he would build a Trophie; then he took a great silver Buckler, which once cal'd the valiant *Pharnaces* Master, and dipping his finger in his own blood, which by reason of his motion began to run again, he writ upon it these vermilion Letters,

TO JUPITER, THE GUARDIAN OF TROPHIES.

And plac'd it upon the top of this Glorious Pile of Arms, which he had erected neer him. After which, weak and weary as he was with this Triumphant Labour, he did lie down a little, his left arm leaning upon his own Buckler, and holding his Sword in his right, as if he would defend the monument of victory he had compiled: . . ."

Of course he lives to give the lie to the false Pontian.

Not often is the detailed description of a hand to hand encounter too much for the writer's genius; though he may apostrophize his pen and faint in mock despair, he yet comes up with an added flourish at the end — (*Cassandra*, Pt. II, Bk. 5, p. 205)

"O my Pen! in this place thou must confess thy disability, and that thou feelest thyself too weak to represent this dreadful combat, the description whereof passes both my speech and my imagination: but to give some

slight knowledge thereof, it will suffice thee to say, that the most violent of all passions, animated the most valiant of all men, and with it fortune conspired, to make whatever was greatest, and most to be redoubted in the whole world, dispute a matchless victory on that small piece of earth. The studs of their arms beaten out in many places, pieces of mail lay scattered in the dust and the blood ran down from divers parts of their bodies; and yet their choler was not at all abated, nor did their forces seem at all diminished; on the contrary, their wrath was the more inflamed by the sight of their blood, and their Animositie was redoubled by resistance. 'Twas in that season of the year when the dayes were at the longest, and yet the sun began to decline before one could observe any advantage or decrease of strength on either side. The desolate Bernice, spectatress of that combat, poured forth a deluge of tears at the foot of a tree where she waited trembling for the success of it, and begged of the gods, with most fervent prayers, accompanied with two torrents gushing from her eyes, that either they would grant her brother the victorie or send some charitable persons to separate them."

In graphic fashion Scudéry's *Clelia* (Pt. III, Bk. 3) describes that historic slaughter when Brutus and the Romans fought the forces of the cruel Tarquin (in which battle, of course, our hero Aronces saved the day) both armies being decimated, Tarquin's forces fleeing next morning at the sound of a weird voice from the hillside crying "The Romans are victorious, for their enemies have lost one more man than they." The *Grand Scipio* relates (Pt. I, Bk. 2) the march of Hannibal over the Alps in true soldierly phrase. It is Calprenède's *Cassandra*, however, which stands supreme for the battles it depicts. Having as its background the fall of Persia under Darius and the triumphs of the young Alexander, this could hardly be otherwise. The author, a military man, writes from his own knowledge and experience. There are lengthy descriptions of the arrangement of troops and divisions; the horse and foot are counted to a man, the order of battle is given complete (viz. Pt. III, Bk. 3, pp. 277-279). The description of Darius' ill fated troops in review (Pt. I, Bk. 3, pp. 41 & 42) is extremely rich, with a careful enumeration of the various bodies making up the army, the flash and shimmer of armor, the gleam of gems in the chariots of the Princesses. Pictures of the fighting run to that exaggeration typical of the style affected by romance writers in general, but there is a certain forcefulness to be found despite that.

"Then it was that the faint light of the day, of itself very gloomy, was even 'darkened with a cloud of arrows shot from both Armies, and the earth became covered with an infinite number of dead and wounded Men, by whose fall the first ranks grew thin already. But that fighting at a distance not satisfying the eagerness of those who were most fiery, they laid aside their Bows; and the first bodies joining close together, began to fight terribly at handy-blows. This first shock was given with so much fury, that it quickly made the earth change colour, and the Scythian and Persian squadrons mingled together pell-mell, which discover'd a horrible face of cruelty, disorder and confusion."

Equally vivid is the description of military operations set forth in the latter pages of Part IV and all of Part V. Here is described at length, with all its minor battles and forays, the siege of the great walled city of Babylon by the princes who would free the lovely Princess Statira and her sister Parisatis from the power of cruel Perdiccas and Roxana. Here are excellently pictured the great camp into which are gathered the most virtuous princes of the world, the alarums and minor conflicts, the preparations for battle. A bridge of boats is thrown across the Euphrates in the face of tremendous opposition from the city's defenders, occasioning a stirring major conflict in small boats. Later one reads of the storming of the city walls, with machines of various types, the filling of the ditch with faggots and the assault with the aid of scaling ladders. One may say what he will of the artificiality of diction and motive but he finds himself soon engrossed in the details of this great struggle, his interest firmly held until the victory is gained, largely by prodigies of valor by those within — Oroondates, the disaffected Seleucas, and Nearchus who, with a small body captures a gate, opens it to the army of the princes and displays the red flag upon the walls. What matter if the cruel Roxana, caught before she can drop from a palace window to her death, is given that forgiveness of which she is so richly undeserving; our heroes and heroines, united, need repine no more!

THE SEA

Polexander, that salt water romance, provides fighting of the more rough and tumble sort: the laying of ships aboard with grappling hooks, the pouring out of blood upon oaken decks. The naval

engagement in which Polexander's brother, Iphidimantus, is captured by the pirate Bajazet (Pt. I, Bk. 1) is told in particularly lively fashion, while Polexander's repelling of the Spaniards and fortification of the Canaries (Pt. IV, Bk. 2) and the pitched battle in which he drives off the thieves who would plunder the sacred Isle of the Sun (Pt. IV, Bk. 1) are no mean efforts. Pirates and shipwreck are common to all these stories; our heroes must have their sea legs, and swim a sturdy stroke: Mlle de Scudéry, indeed, apostle of realism, seems to consider shipwreck as basically unnatural. ". . . We have at other times seen Romanzes, which set before us monsters, in thinking to let us see Miracles; their Authors by adhering too much to wonders have made Grotesques, which have not a little of the visions of a burning Feaver; . . . As for me, I hold, that the more naturall adventures are, the more satisfaction they give; and the ordinary course of the Sun seemes more mervailous to me, than the strange and deadly rayes of Comets; for which reason it is also that I have not caused *so many shipwracks as there are in antient Romanzes* . . ." She then continues, "Howbeit, I pretend not hereby to banish Shipwracks from Romanzes, I approve of them in the workes of others, and make use of them in mine; I know, likewise, that the Sea is the Scene most proper to make great changes in, and that some have named it the Theatre of inconsistance; but as all excess is vicious, I have made use of it but moderately, for to conserve true resembling."³⁷ Despite which, it is practically a characteristic of the times that no boat lands its noble passengers at their destination; corsairs are continually to be feared and winds commonly adverse. It is with such an incident that *Cleopatra* opens, Tyridates seeing out near the horizon —

" . . . a great Fire, which raising it self from the waves, seem'd to climb Heaven, with no other design, than to seek a Refuge in its proper Centre, from the Enemies it fled; the Flames in some Places (mix'd with thick Smoak) roll'd themselves in great flashes towards the Stars, and shot their sparks upwards so fiercely, that they seem'd to contest for splendour with those Lights, wherewith the Firmament was then imbroider'd. Tyridates judg'd, with much Likelihood, that the Flames could not rise from the Ocean's Bosom, unless sustained in some burning vessel . . . "

³⁷ *Ibrahim*, Preface.

Further research discloses a man propelling two ladies shoreward on a spar —

"The principal of these Ladies resembled Venus newly sprung from Thetis' Womb, or something more fair, if possible, . . ."

It is thus that he meets Queen Candace, escaped from the pirate Zenodorus, whose ship she has fired and it is in some such fashion that our princes and princesses ordinarily chance upon one another. Not all our pirates are as wicked as this lustful corsair, however; many have been driven to roaming the sea through unrequited love, despair or injustice, as were Eurymedon in St. Sorlin's *Ariana*, Arsalon in *Ibrahim*, and Bajazet in *Polexander* and prove pleasant and courteous enough after they have captured one or been overcome in turn. Certainly Thrasybulus of the *Grand Cyrus* is as thoughtful and generous as one could wish. Almahide, heroine of Scudéry's shorter romance, sent to Africa because of a strange fate read in the stars, is captured by pirates, nurtured by them for many years, then shipwrecked, to be cast upon Spanish shores and sheltered by Don Pedro de Leon and Inez of Aragon, his wife (Pt. I, Bk. 1); Poliarchus, hero of the *Argenis* is shipwrecked in the course of his travels, overcomes pirates and restores the jewels of the Queen of Mauretania (Bk. 2); Melisinth and her father, the King of Jutland, fleeing Prince Gondemond by sea, fall in with pirates, to be rescued by an unknown knight (*Pharamond*, Pt. VI, Bk. 2).

It is in a storm at sea that Aronces and Clelia get mixed in their infancy, with the result that for sometime both are "unknowns" (*Clelia*, Pt. II, Bk. 2). The *Grand Cyrus* begins midst a welter of sea fighting and shipwreck. Mandana is saved from abduction by supposedly drowning (Pt. I, Bk. 1, pp. 12 & 13); Cyrus is driven ashore in Sinope, ruled over by the implacable King Ciaxeres, where he falls violently in love at first sight with the Princess Mandana (Pt. I, Bk. 2, pp. 48 & 49). Just previous to this latter escapade, Artamenes (it will be recalled that he and Cyrus are one; it's a poor hero who hasn't at least one alias) has been subdued in a remarkable battle by four ships of the gentlemanly pirate Corsaires, in which so fierce is the struggle that the two parties change ships twenty times, the culmination being Cyrus' hand to

hand conflict in the water with a sturdy Greek, in which element he swims in full armor and badly wounded, in a way that would have done credit to Beowulf himself, striking viciously at his adversary the while. (Pt. II, Bk. 2, pp. 45-47). An interesting nautical variant of the Pyramus and Thisbe story is found in *Polexander* (Pt. III, Bk. 3). Iphidimanta's ship is prey to fire and storm and she apparently lost. Her lover, the Prince of Scotland is cast up on a nearby island where he finds her burnt and bloody cloak. He kills himself in despair, she is later found alive — and deviates from the classic story to live and be loved by another. After reading such a maritime story as this latter, one is moved to regard the chief manner of getting from place to place as being "cast" there, preferably also passing through the hands of pirates en route.

Considering the period, the seafaring pictures are not bad. One could not quarrel greatly with the following (*Cleopatra*, Pt. VI, Bk. 2, pp. 400 & 401).

"We were but one days journey from the nearest Port to *Tharsus*, where the King of *Cilicia* makes his Residence, when, contrary to all appearances, the weather changed, the winds became impetuous, and all the Sea was agitated by a furious Tempest: Never was storm so sudden and so violent, and though our Mariners were very expert, and our Vessel in very good condition, the tossing of the Waves was so vehement, that within a few Moments, the Sailers, who had often been in the like dangers, cried out we were lost, and began to despair of our Safety. You may judge, fair Princesses, what my Fears were then, and if the Spirit of a young Maid, though already prepared for all manner of disasters, was slightly troubled at the approaches of a terrible death: I was afraid, I sent up my vows to Heaven with Prayers and Tears, and yet I could not repent my self, that I had thrown my self into this danger, to avoid that whereunto I was exposed in my Native Countrey. 'Tis hard, said I, in myself, 'tis a cruel thing for a Princess to lose her life among the Waves at such an Age as mine: . . .'

"In the meanwhile, as the Storm redoubled, our Mariners did all things possible to save us. They cut down the Masts of the Ship, discharging it of all their heaviest lading, and forgot nothing that their Experience in this Art could prompt them to put in Practice, possibly their care hindered us from perishing all among the Waves, but it could not hinder the loss of a Part of our Company; and after we had passed a dreadful night in the continual terrors of an approaching death, at the break of day we discovered

the main Land on one side, and on the other side part of those Rocks which rendered Navigation dangerous near the coast of *Cilicia*. We would have done our endeavours to reach the Land, which we looked upon with some remainder of hope: But the Winds were not onely contrary to this design, but our Vessel was no longer in a condition to be conducted by the Science of Men; and when it had resisted a little longer the impetuosity of the Waves, it was taken by a gust of Wind which with a Swiftness comparable to an Arrow out of a Bow, dashed it against the point of a Rock where it split into a thousand Pieces."

LOCAL COLOR

Calprenède was a military man; perhaps Scudéry's success in the battles by land and by sea which she chronicles, is attributable to the fact that, as has been suggested, her brother, Georges, swashbuckling Governor of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde, wrote or helped work out those parts of the story. At any rate, her romances are nowhere lacking in attention to background. Her picture of a Turkish triumph (*Ibrahim*, Pt. I, Bk. 1) has a great deal of what we choose to call local color. Here are the Mufti on camel-back bearing the Alcoran and surrounded by "all the Alfaquis, Calenders, and Dervis of the City of Constantinople"; all these religious men cry and howl "with a dreadful noise, and to accompany their voices, and their dance, they beat upon kettles and basons, and ring little bells"; then come Turkish, Christian and Jewish merchants bringing riches of the East for Soliman; after them are "above two thousand" jugglers doing "all, that the sleight of the hand, and all, that the address and force of the body could naturally permit men to do." And so matters proceed, ending with a grand sort of puppet show, in which slaves are utilized to act the various parts. The whole atmosphere of this book, in Fact, is convincingly real. Critics generally fail to observe that, despite their ornate quality, the descriptions of background frequently leave the conviction of reality, some of the interiors, in fact being taken from actual rooms of French coterie leaders. In the work just quoted occurs an excellent example of detail work, over-ornate though it be and not in the best taste (Pt. I, Bk. 3,

pp. 50-51). Even Doria is amazed by the splendor of his illustrious friend? Ibrahim's, palace as he steps into the marble court.

" . . . in the midst of it was a Fountain, whereof the bole was of Orientall Alabaster, transparent as Christall, and six foot Diameter, born up by a pillar of divers-coloured Marble; the out-side of the bole was enriched with little Sea-Monsters of half relieve, admirably well done. Round about the pillar were four Harpies of Brass, their paws reaching to the depth of the Cistern, and their backs turned opposite the one to the other to uphold the pillar; the tips of their wings extended also to the bottom of the Alabaster bole, as seeming to bear it up; they had womens faces, but Serpents writhen tails finishing in antick foliage, which met together on the top of the pillar just against the Center of the bole, whereunto likewise it served for an ornament: In the midst of this bole was a Vase reverst, made also of Orientall Alabaster, which on its foot sustained a round basis, whereupon were set the three Graces, almost quite naked, made of *Corinthian* metall; they stood back to back, ejecting water out of their breasts, and each of them holding a Cornucopia, which met all together a little above their heads; out of the flowers and fruits, which were represented there with suitable pieces, made of Agates, Onixes, Turqueises, Carnalines, Topazes, and Emeralds, issued six spouts of water, which fell down into the bole, and disgorged themselves into the Cistern through the muzzels of six Lions that were seen on the outside thereof. As for the six others, which issued from the breasts of the Graces, and that did not spin out, they fell just into the heads of six Dragons of brass, which were on the brim of the bole, and that rendred them again through their mouthes: These Dragons seemed to strive to get out of it, holding the brim with their tallons, the rest of their bodies, except their heads and the tips of their wings, seeming to be hidden therein; so that those twelve spouts of water, comming to cross one another, made so pleasing an object and murmure, as both sight and hearing found at one and the same time wherewithall to be satisfied."

Raising his eye to the facade he is "far more surprised" to behold midst "a abundance of Festons, Arabesques, Vases of Incense" and what not

" . . . four and twenty Columnes of Touch, which seemed to sustain the first Order, and which were placed by two and two in equall distance, between each window; the basis and capitalls of them were of white and red marble, in correspondence to the body of the building, which was wholly constructed thereof; . . . they were twyned about with the leaves of Achanthes of brass guilt, which yet was no hindrance, but that one might distinctly discern of what stone they were made, so as the beauty of them

might be admired for their prodigious greatness. Over the Entrata was a statue of *Soliman* on horseback in base relieve; and on each side between those Columnnes were Six Niches, filled with six great statues of women, habited a *L'antique*, and representing the divers Nations subjected to *Soliman*, who with one hand seemed to offer him their Crowns, and with the other leaned on the Scutcheons of the armes of the Kingdomes, which they represented . . .”

All in all, the complete description of Ibrahim's Palace and picture gallery extends over twelve pages, folio. It is interesting to note, too that both Calprenède and Scudéry very often fit the background to the mood of the character. Nature is becomingly melancholy as our heroine throws herself upon a little grassy knoll “to bathe the stricken verdure with the dew of those twin lamps of love”. For the gay assembly, what could be more appropriate than such an apartment as here described? (*Ibrahim*, Pt. II, Bk. 4, p. 71)

“The beauty of the place also added something to the beauty of the Assembly; for the more magnificence, and making of the better and more glorious show of their jewells, those dayes wherein the women decked and set forth themselves all the windows were shut up, and torches served to light the room, which this day *Leonora* caused to be sumptuously furnished, because the company was to be more than ordinary. The hangings were of Carnation Velvet, imbroidered all over with tears and spangles of gold and silver; the bed, chairs, and stools were of the same; and instead of a Persian Carpet, the floor was covered with a great piece of Gold, Silver, and Carnation Silk tinsell. This chamber was lighted with thirty Candlesticks, whereof the one half were of gilt Vermillion set with Stones, and the others of Christall ingraven, and garnished with gold. Round about this Chamber hung at an equall distance, great Plates of Gold-smiths work all set with precious stones, and upon a Cabinet of Nacre and Corall, a great vase of Agate, and two baskets of Gold ingraven full of artificiall Flowers. There were also between these Plates great myrrors, with the Pictures of all the Ladies of the Company; and the same placed in such sort, as opposite to every myrror hung the Picture of a Lady drawn in the habit of a Nymph or a Goddess. The beauty and magnificence of so many agreeable objects, did without doubt excite some more than ordinary joy in all the Assembly; and in so charming a place it had been very difficult for one not to have been wounded with love, which presents not it self but in the midst of pleasures and delights; . . . ”

It is rather strange that this lesson was not completely learned by the novelists until Walpole, Radcliffe and the School of Terror, in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

STYLE

It remains but to say something of the style of these works, and herein lies their most vulnerable spot. It is not that they are written without plan, for the reverse is true, our authors showing considerable ingenuity at handling a mass of material and a variety of incidents in orderly fashion; the weakness lies in the words themselves. Common things are metamorphosed, the simplest objects, actions and passions are described in the most ornate terms. Verbiage indeed grows rank; the mouths of suffering ones become "eternal thoroughfares for sighs", tears "streams of liquid crystal", despairing heroes dispute whether their brimming eyes or Triton of Milady's fountain do most contribute to fill its marble basin. The reader at once recognizes here in the ornateness of the diction, its professed refinement, its purposeful indirectness, a literary tradition comparable in a way to Euphuism, finding its immediate inspiration in *Astrea* and the *Amadis*. Here is the very breath, the very spirit of *Préciosité*.³⁸ Says the translator of *Clerio and Lozia*, "I am vers'd in Forraign tongues and subscribe to your opinion, that no Nation ever could glory in such Playes, as the most learned and incomperable Johnson, the copious Shakespear, or the ingenuous Fletcher compos'd; but I believe the French for amorous language, admirable invention, high atchievements, honorable Loves inimitable constancy, are not to be equalled: and that no Nation yields better arguments for Romance Playes (the onely Poëms now desired) then the French."³⁹ If the reader recalls the reiterated statements of Kirkman's fellow translators, he is aware that the English were not lacking in admiration of the "amorous language" here referred to. Although Mlle de Scudéry assures us that "a narrative stile ought not to be too much inflated, no more

³⁸ The skeptic is again referred to the quaint and interesting *Dictionnaire des Précieuses*, by Somaize.

³⁹ *The Loves and Adventures of Clerio and Lozia*, translated by F. Kirkman, 1652, Epistle Dedicatory to Wil. Beeston, Esq. pp. 2 & 3. This romance is also too brief to merit consideration in our present study.

than that of ordinary conversations; that the more facile it is, the more excellent it is; that it ought to glide along like Rivers, and not rebound up like Torrents; and that the less constraint it hath, the more perfection it hath; . . .” adding “I have endeavored then to observe a just mediocrity between vicious elevation, and creeping lowness; I have contained my self in narration, and without speaking as extravagants, and the vulgar, I have laboured to speak as worthy persons do.” Yet in the same place (the oft quoted preface to *Ibrahim*) she condemns romances “which doe nothing but heap adventure upon adventure, without ornament, and without stirring up passions by the artifices of Rhetorique [and hence] are irkesome, in thinking to be the more intertayning. This dry narration, and without art, hath more of an old Chronicle, than of a Romanze, which may very well be imbelished with those ornaments.” It is rather distressing to find the lady almost as great an offender as her fellows, although there is, possibly, a superior lightness and verve to the talk in her assemblies.

Let us consider an example of this amorous language so much affected not only in these and their English imitations but in independent works as well; let us see of what great heights the “artifices of rhetoric” are capable. The reader finds it difficult to view with equanimity such a passage as the following from Calprenède (*Cassandra*, Pt. II, Bk. 5, pp. 282-283)

“She cast her self upon him without moderation or regard, and stain’d her self with his Blood, as she washed him with her Tears; her beautiful Face, wherein Nature had carefully display’d her chiefest Rarities, and which in spite of her long Afflictions, shined like a fair Star but some few minutes before, was then the true Image of Desolation and Despair, or rather the very picture of her dying Brother; her Hands, which would have respected it in her ordinary lustre, knew it not in that condition, and were so sacreligious as to carry themselves insolently against it, and leave marks in it of the power which grief had over them. As soon as her Voice had forced the passage which her Sighs had long made good against it, Fortune (cried she) injurious Fortune, by what crimes have I so heinously incensed thee, and what advantage canst thou draw from thy merciless persecutions? Didst thou seem to be reconciled with me so lately, for no other end but to make me the more sensible of thy Cruelties? And didst thou restore me this dear Brother, only to take him from me again with

so much inhumanity? Dear Brother, (continued she, closely embracing him, and joining her face to his) the greatest and most lovely Prince in the whole World, must so brave a Life have so short a thread, and so deplorable an end? and have the Gods brought us together, after so long a separation, for nothing else but that I might close thine Eyes, and pay thee thine funeral Rites? Will you forsake me then in an unknown Country, where I had no other refuge but in you? And since you have liv'd for my Honour, will you not live still for my Happiness?"

It is useless to multiply examples of a thing so entirely obvious. Imitation of, and adaptation of episodes from, the Heroic Romance by English dramatic writers seems to have been responsible for much of the bombast of Dryden and his contemporaries; nor is the drama alone affected.

Sitting in final judgment one may not easily discount such weaknesses as are common to the type, yet be he critical as he will, he cannot overlook the fact that the later novelists found something of value in these French productions and their English imitations. That the lesser writers preceding Richardson knew them and to some extent reflected their peculiarities is frequently evident; to a lesser degree the early modern novelists including Richardson himself and, at a surprisingly late date, Sir Walter Scott, show certain of the characteristics here described.

PART IV.

ENGLISH ROMANCES OF HEROIC TYPE

Of English romances after the French Heroic fashion, Roger Boyle's *Parthenissa*, incomplete as it is, is probably the most satisfactory effort, yet there are several others less known which demand the reader's attention. We may pass over Emanuel Forde's *Ornatus and Artesia* and his hardy perennial *The History of Parismus and Parismenos*, despite the great popularity of the latter in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, as being heritages from the earlier chivalric fashion with its giants and miracles. The case is different with Barclay's *Argenis*, written originally on Italian soil, and in Latin, but translated some years before the arrival in England of Gomberville's heroic *Polexander*; it is undeniably in the mode, and its influence great. The book, of course, is hardly to be considered an English romance, but being by an Englishman or at least a Scotchman, is perhaps best treated at this point. Its author, John Barclay, was born at Pont-à-Mousson, France, of a French mother, his father, a devout Catholic, having left his native Scotland after the imprisonment of Mary Stuart. He also married a French woman and spent much of his time in France. However, when James I ascended the throne, Barclay returned to the English court, enjoying to some extent the patronage of that monarch; in 1616 he went to Rome, where he was so well received by the Pope that he settled there, to remain the five years preceding his death. His *Argenis* first appeared in 1621, but a fortnight before that occurrence, to be translated into French the following year and into English in 1625, or possibly even two years earlier.¹ Allegorical, it was well suited to

¹ *The Stationer's Register*, bears record of a License granted E. Blount for a translation by Ben Jonson, the date being Oct. 2, 1623 (*Stationer's Register* IV, 105). No copy of this, if printed, seems to have survived. Dr. Garnett (see *D.N.B.*) says that it was not.

the temper of the times, as testified by the popularity which it, and the next two similar efforts written on British soil, seem to have enjoyed. One finds Coleridge deploring men's ignorance of the romance in his day. "It absolutely distresses me when I reflect that this work, admired as it has been by great men of all ages, and lately, I hear, by the poet Cowper, should be only not unknown to general readers. It has been translated into English two or three times — how, I know not, wretchedly, I doubt not. It affords matter for thought that the last translation . . . was given under another name. What a mournful proof of the incelebrity of this great and amazing work among both the public and the people."² In its own time it was highly revered indeed.

Professor Koerting (I, 139-140) would have the *Argenis* designated political and sharply distinguished from the Heroic Romance in that the two are entirely different in their aim, the love scenes and the adventures such as are found in the work of Gomberville, Calprenède and Scudéry being here merely incidental, a means to an end, that end being the satirizing of existing governments and political and religious institutions. This is, in a measure, true, but the reader may be in complete ignorance of events of the time and still derive ample entertainment. In other words, the romance enjoys an existence independent of its allegorical content. When the book was retranslated in 1772, appearing under the title of *The Phoenix*, this fact seems to have impressed the unknown "editor" as Clara Reeve chose to designate herself, for she tells us in her preface: "Barclay's *Argenis* affords such variety of entertainment, that every kind of reader may find in it something suitable to his own taste and disposition: the statesman, the philosopher, the soldier, the lover, the citizen, the friend of mankind, each may gratify his favorite propensity; while the reader who comes for amusement only, will not go away disappointed."³

Barclay's general aim is that of the Heroic authors. One is told in "The Key to Unlock the *Argenis*", that ". . . this Booke is

² Coleridge, *Works*, edited by T. Ashe, "Miscellanies, Aesthetic and Literary", pp. 294 & 295.

³ *Monthly Review*; XLV, 503 & 504.

all full of a Regall and Heroicall Spirit; there is nothing in it either base or meane; but all things excellent, aspiring to the highest pitch of a super-eminent Majestie." Of the "key interest" itself, one may simply say that here the procedure in general is that of the later French writers; however, instead of finding our princes and princesses to be members of a cabal or salon we discover them to be often kings and queens in their own right. The difference between Barclay's character sketches, and, for example, Scudéry's portraits lies not so much in method as in ulterior purpose: the latter were to flatter and delight, those of Barclay to instruct. In both, the contemporary application is similar. Identities are fully established in the key from which quotation has been made. ". . . It is this Author's purpose to make an institution or ordering both of a King and his Kingdome, but especially the French. Hitherto, tend all his precepts; hitherto, bend all his examples . . . His Epistle dedicated to the King, and those things which the Author divulgeth under the person of Nicopompus, concerning his purpose, doe easily prove thus much. That under the name of Sicily, the Kingdome of France is signified . . . ; of a Countrey lying over-against on a contrarie shore, and often in competition with Sicily for the preheminance and masterie, hee means England . . . The Countrey which was once ruled under one, but now by the rechlessness and impatience of her Ruler, is so distracted into diverse Princedomes . . . is Germanie; the Author calls it *Mergania*. That by *Aquilus* is Spaine; by *Usinulca, Calvinus*; by *Hyperephanii, Calvins* followers, (whom the French call Huguenots) and other things that be of that sort, are better Knowne than need be spoken of . . ." Meleander and Britomandes together represent Henry III (One recalls that this method of forming two characters from one is previously met in the *Astrea*); Poliarchus and Archombrotus, Henry IV of France; Argenis is the second place, next to the king. Hyanisbe is Queen Elizabeth of England, Aneroeustus, the later Pope Clement VIII, and Nicopompus, who has much to say on occasion, is none other than Barclay himself. The main theme is the love of Poliarchus for Argenis. One may identify incidents here with the troubles between the houses of Guise and Lorraine; he sees in the over-

throw of Radirobanes in Africk actually the defeat of the Spanish Armada: in all, the key, a ponderous one, occupies twenty-seven pages. The point that I would make, is that a knowledge of these matters is in no wise necessary to the enjoyment of the story. The Rev. W. Begley, translator of the sister romance *Nova Solyma*, (of which more shortly) after bestowing his meed of praise, laments this same key interest. "Even 'Argenis', though it has been translated into eight or nine languages, including Hungarian and Icelandic, and though it has been called the indispensable link in the chain which unites classical with modern fiction, seems clear gone forever. Strange to say, this absolutely defunct book has equally pleased men of action and men of letters . . . I believe the style adopted was that of Petronius, elevated by study of more dignified models, and not free from Gallicisms here and there. But the plot and characters are so confused, perplexing, and so far the reverse of stimulating, that I must confess that it is almost unreadable nowadays."⁴ For myself I find it otherwise. Actually, in its directness, its relative lack of complicating episodes, this is one of the most readable of long romances.

Histories are almost non-existent in this romance: Selenissa's narrative, occupying chapters 7-10 and chapters 16-19 of Bk. 3, is practically one, but is not so designated; in Bk. 4, chapter 8, the reader meets the "History of Astioristes", but these are all. Consequently, the number of characters is correspondingly less, there being not more than forty of importance. In form it is somewhat different from the later romances, the five books of which it is composed being divided into short chapters of five or six pages each (the average about twenty-two to the Book). As the title informs us, *Argenis* is "spiced with numerous discourses . . .". These differ from those in the later heroic type only in being more serious in content and application. Instead of discussing where one may best place his heart, the characters here deal with weightier things, as: (Bk. 2, ch. 5) "A discourse of the Sects of Hyperephanians . . .", (Bk. 2, ch. 17) "A disputation between Nicopompus and a Mathematician; where there is a full discourse of judicial Astrologie, and of predictions at the Nativity

⁴ *Nova Solyma*, I, 15-16; references are to edition of 1902.

of Man.", and (Bk. 3, Ch. 14) "A discourse of Dunalbius of the flattery of Poets, by which they corrupt the minds of Princes . . ." In addition, the expectant reader meets the sort of long and flowery monologue also to be found in the later romances (witness that of Archombrotus, pp. 142-144, on the occasion of his falling in love with his friend Poliarchus' beloved Argenis), but they are rather less frequent.

Our hero, following the usual rule of the romances, eventually (as far along as ch. 13 of Bk. 5, p. 661, in fact) discovers his quality and assumes his proper position in the world.

"Poliarchus, in few words, tels her the whole story: How in his infancy he was taken Prisoner by Theeves, and carryed to Anerostus his Court, who then reigned over divers parts about the Alpes; and there so brought up by the good Kings care, as in that estate, and at those yeeres, hee had all usage worthy the dignity of a king . . . "

Here are the inevitable pirates and shipwreck (Bk. 2, ch. 10), battles and duels. Fights of large bodies of men are often vividly described (as for example, on p. 265), the pictures comparable in their length and vigor to those in *Calprenède*.

"This said, hee issues forth, where the Trench was broken downe by Lycogenes, and the souldiers with shouting followed their Leader! . . . The Troups in their turnes did retire and advance, the Colours were scattered heere and there, being no Vangard, no Reare, no wings or body of Battel. Heapes of dead men lay everywhere, and the living fought through the wounds of the dead . . . "

Especially stirring, but unfortunately of a length which renders it unquotable, is the battle between Radiobanes and the Mauritanians, with elephants stampeding through the dismayed armies and utter rout resulting. Character descriptions are full and colorful but rather set than lifelike; here is no careful sketching of one's friends of the Salon but personification of the abstract and necessary disguisement of the actual.

". . . Poliarchus had on a Cassocke of his Contrey fashion, of divers colours, & wore a mantle almost hid with Jewels. His Chaîne of Gold hung upon his necke, down by his left side, wherein he wore his Sword in an Ivory Scabbard, with Buttons of Diamonds. Upon his armes, that were part bare, he had Bracelets of refined gold. His head, that with his long and bright kembered locks, without other decking, shewed well enough,

he had bound about with a garland of Gold-wrought Purple. Above all this, the comeliness of his countenance, his brave sweet grace and behavior made every motion, every gesture of his, pleasing." (Bk. 5, ch. 17, p. 696).

The style in general, however, is pleasantly direct.

One would rather agree with Drummond's friend, William, Earl of Stirling, than with many later authorities who have discussed this very readable work. "I have lately seen my Country-Man Barclay's *Argenis*, printed at Rome, though the Last in this kind, yet no way inferior to the First; he doth only meddle with Matters of State, War and Love, all chief Persons being Princes; which, in my Judgment, he doth discharge with a great Dexterity, and where he doth represent some things, which either are Passages of this Time, or at least, as having great Conformity therewith, may be easily apply'd to the same, he doth it so finely, as if he found such Purposes in his Way, and went not astray with a Search too curiously elaborated: And if any Part of his Work distaste the Reader, it will be the extreme affecting of Policy, by clogging his Muse with too long and serious Discourses, which, though they be full of Wit and Judgment, will seem tedious to some; But this Work, whether judged of in the Whole, or parted in Pieces, will be found to be a Body strong in Substance, and full of Sinews in every Member."⁵

A similar production, originating on English soil and written in so presentable a Latin as to be attributed by a later editor to John Milton,⁶ made its appearance in London, in 1648. *Nova Solyma, The Ideal City, or Jerusalem Regained*, first translated in 1902, is a rambling, slow moving story, strongly didactic, its purpose largely the portrayal of an ideal commonwealth. Its content is a strange hodge podge showing none of the skillful planning of the French works and without anything like the story appeal of Barclay's *Argenis*. The editor tells us I, xii-xiv, "There are gems from the Psalmist and other sweet Singers of Israel . . . There are

⁵ William, Earl of Stirling, "Anacrisis, or a Censure of Some Poets Ancient and Modern" in William Drummond of Hawthornden, *Works*, Edinburgh, 1711, p. 162.

⁶ Its author has since been identified from a publisher's list as Samuel Gott (see Esdaile, p. 231). See also "Nova Solyma; a romance attributed to John Milton", in *Modern Philology*, April 1924, and article of S. K. Jones in *The Library*, July 1910, ser. 3, I, p. 225 et seq.

also original lyrical odes and hymns, short epics from Job, and a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon . . . The Romance has also much to say on the Philosophy of Religion, on Conversion, Salvation, the Beginning and End of the World, the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, of Almsgiving, of Self-control, of Angels and the Fall of Man, and Man's Eternal Fate . . . All who care for such Mental and Spiritual provender can, in this part of the book, enjoy a rich feast."

"Then there is a lighter vein of adventure — tales of brigands and pirates, robbers' dens and dreadful sea-fights . . . Next there is an account of college quads and college lectures, these latter given in full; a long and strange relation of a man possessed by the devil; two accounts of the annual pageant through the streets of Nova Solyma; and, omitting many other curious items, there is the very striking and lively allegory of Philomela's Kingdom of Pleasure . . ." The turning of a few pages, to the work itself, convinces us of the truth of this; there is obviously no need for us to pause longer here.

An original production in English, *Cloria and Narcissus, or the Royal Romance*, "Imbellished with divers Political Notions, and Singular Remarks of Modern Transactions, containing the Story of Most Part of Europe, for many Years last past. written by a person of Honour", at once identifies itself in type with the two preceding. The first two parts appeared in 1653 and 54, the whole in five parts in the folio of 1661, well after the introduction of the French heroic in translation. The ulterior motive is explained "To the Reader" in the very beginning. ". . . By no other way, almost, could the multiplicity of strange Actions of the Times be exprest, that exceeded all belief and went beyond every example in the doing . . . [The key interest of] the Story is no way difficult to be understood by any, who have been but indifferently versed in the Affairs of *Europe*; and for others of the more vulgar sort, a bare *Romance* of Love and Chivalry, such as this may be esteemed to be at the worst, will prove entertainment enough for their leasure. . . . The Princess *Cloria*, is not onely to be taken for the King's Daughter, but also sometimes for his National Honor . . . who for that purpose bears the chief Title of the Book, and so

personally with some Decorum, ends every Part by it self, which hath not been observed by other Modern Writers, that scarce mention the Parties most concerned in the whole Story, as if rather accident set down their Names, then conveniently required their Actions." Composed "in the worst of times; that is to say, under the tyrannical government of Cromwell" the romance quite obviously chronicles current happenings. In a hand not far from contemporary may be found on the fly leaf of the British Museum copy of the 1665 edition (837. L. 13 *The Princess Cloria*) a key which a careful reading proves to be in the main correct.

PERSONS

PLACES

Cassianus—Prince Frederick of the Rhine
 Euarchus—King Charles I (James has been inserted later)
 Elizana—Queen of Bohemia
 Tygranes, Duke of Colchis—Duke of Bavaria
 Artaxes, King of Armenia—Emperor of Germany
 Orsames—King of France
 Cloria—Princess of Orange, Daughter to James I of England
 Polinex—Earl of Strafford
 Dimogoras—Earl of Essex
 Zoroaster, King of Egypt—King of Spain
 Erethenia—Daughter of Prince of Orange, Grand Daughter of James I of England
 Anaxia—Queen Dowager of France
 Osiris—Prince of Asturias, Son of King of Spain
 Phyllostros—Richelieu
 Hyacintha—Queen of England
 Thyasmus—Prince Rupert to whom Palatinate Belong'd
 Daedalus—Duke of Ormond, Governor of Dublin
 Arch Flamin of Delphos—The Pope
 Late Queen of Lydia—Elizabeth who Shook off Popery
 Grt. King of Egypt—Philip of Spain who caused Spanish Armada
 Hercrombrotus—Cromwell

Sardis—London
 Lydia—England
 Iberia—The Palatinate
 Delphos—Rome
 Asia—Europe
 Mesopotamia—Bohemia
 Syria—France
 Pactoleus—River Thames
 Cyprus—Netherlands
 Corinth—Florence
 Myssia—Scotland
 Salamine—Amsterdam
 Carias?—Kent
 Crete—Ireland
 Pergame—Dublin
 Egypt—Spain

Discourses of the more serious sort as found in the *Argenis* occur frequently, on such topics as the relative virtues of monarchy and

commonwealth, the story petering out dreadfully in Parts IV and V, which consist largely of endless discussions of national policy and religion. The romance is most unique in that the hero and heroine marry at the end of Part III and the heroine dies in Part IV; the writer seems to have been ignorant as was the revered author of *Pamela* of the precept that interest in such a story will not, ordinarily, survive the banns. The author betrays his knowledge of the French works to which he appears to owe much by informing "The Reader," "The tediousness of repartees and impertinent discourses, commonly used in inventions of this kind, are for the most part omitted, that oftentimes not onely weary Readers with expectation but make them cast away Books before they are half read." Yet here are pages of speeches and disputations of Senators, and Ambassadors (witness pages 293-299). In view of such double dealing one is less prepared to believe the writer's further claim to be an apostle of truth. "Nevertheless concerning the truth in the general, I must say, that there are no remarkable Passages, that have been agitated in Christendom for some years past, but may be found sufficiently set down in this Writing, how they hapned, and with what Decorum they were Performed . . ."

Histories, although they are not so titled, occur with great frequency, interrupting the main story as do those in our French exemplars. They differ, however, in being short, from two to five pages in length. Here, in addition, is much of the paraphernalia common to the long romance. Narcissus assumes the disguise of a country maid in Part I, Brisania proves to be the typical lovely lady who is other than she seems. Although the Senate and the common people of necessity have some say, there is still much anent the privileges of "quality", as, for instance, when Narcissus is freed after being convicted of stabbing Artemisa (who, incidentally, is of the type of Roxana in *Cassandra*) upon revealing his true station. The inevitable pirates carry off our heroine, Cloria, (Pt. I), from whose hands she falls into those of King Osiris, who imprisons her, determined to possess her. Rescued by Narcissus, she is again separated from her lover by a storm at sea. Ascanius is later (Pt. III) captured on that element, as is Cloria in the same part by the Lydian fleet. In this romance too occurs

at least one of the amusements typical of the salon — the composition of much verse extempore (see pp. 108-111). There is a strange mixture of *bourgeoise* and *précieuse* in such a description as that of our heroine at a ball, to be found on page 58.

“ . . . He might see the Princess Cloria taken out to daunce, which she performed with so spiritual a modesty, that her frequent blushes, did no more than adde grace, to those skilfull paces she was to tread; which being finished, with a courteous smile she appeared to congratulate the youthfull Master, that had enjoyed the honour of her person in the pastime, whilst her dignity commanded him with humility, again to place her in her seat, according to the custom; where her Princely grandmother receiving her in her armes, with many kisses, sealed both her approbation and affection, whispering also something in her eare, that caused Cloria to cast down her Diamond eyes upon the ground, with so bashfull an innocency, that all the company might easily judge something was spoken to her apprehension, that she did not very well like or understand.”

The character sketches, without exception, are stiff and unnatural. One is not vastly impressed by the reality with which our Cloria faints, some pages later (Pt. II, p. 74)

“ . . . at last conquered by the very depth of her desperate imagination, she became exceeding pale, and scarce was so for any time before a more earthly colour, by little and little seemed to change that yet lovely white, which death it selfe a great while had no power to overcome. But alas the procession was too wifull, for not long after her dainty, though weake legs not being able to support the weight of her fair body, since her pure soule could contribute no assistance, she sunke downe to the ground, like a rich marble statue built upon snowy bases.”

Scenes of pageantry are managed in more lively fashion, although prolix and rhetorical. Typical are the Prince of Arabia's tournament without the walls of the city (pp. 245-251) and the exceedingly elaborate description of the arrival of Hesperiana as wife of Orestes of Syria into his kingdom. In the matter of the style, which has just been dubbed rhetorical, the reader is referred to the very first page:

“Beautiful Aurora had newly drest the pearly morning with a ruby coronet to entertain her lover, who began already to mount his golden Chariot for the daies Triumph, when unfortunate Cassianus in the great Forrest, between the Mountaine Timolius and the City of Sardis, rose from his grassie

bed, under the large Canopy of a well spread Oake, where the night past he underwent an inconvenient lodging for want of better shelter; and being seated upon the root of a tree, that however had favourably contributed its best assistance towards his accommodating, with intention (according to his custome) to pay an early offering to his sorrow, whilst his Page saddled his horse that procured more bountifull entertainment than his master, since the time of the yeere had provided plentiful provision for his appetite; of a sudden his eare was saluted by a well tun'd cry of deep mouth'd hounds, that seemed to charm the ayre with a delightful harmony, which consequently gave the Prince some interruption to his resolutions: but long he had not contemplated the pleasingnesse of the Musick, with a certain strife inwardly notwithstanding, whether his complaints, or attentivenesse should receive more friendly welcome in his discontented bosome, before he might see a young Gentleman, in a hasty hand-gallop to approach the place where he rested, which obliged him, as he thought, to quit the seat, whereby he might receive information concerning his travels towards Euarchus Court, his absolute ignorance in the countrey having made him lose his way that should have conducted him to some Town that might have instructed his knowledge in the journey."

Thus, in one sentence, the book begins.

Richard Brathwait's *Panthalia*,⁷ or the *Royal Romance*. "A Discourse stored with infinite variety in relation to State-Government And Passages of matchless affection gracefully interveined And presented on a Theatre of Tragical and Comical State; in a successive continuation to these Times. Faithfully and ingenuously rendred" (1659), falls far short of the bulk required in our romances *de longue haleine*, containing but 312 pages octavo. It is again a combination of political satire, allegory and history, with what amounts to a Prophecy in conclusion. The interpolated "Pleasant Passages of Panthalia, the Pretty Pedlar", although it gives the name to the romance is actually the least part of it, rather taking the status of the Histories of the French originals, of which, incidentally, there are no others. The main interest is

⁷ In substantiation of this identification and for further information concerning this book see M. W. Black, *Richard Brathwait; an Account of his Life and Works*, University of Pennsylvania Thesis, Phila., 1928—pp. 86-89, and Rev. Thomas Corser, *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica* or a Bibliographical and Descriptive Catalogue of a Portion of a Collection of Early English Poetry, Pub'n of Chetham Soc'y. 1861. Pt. II, pp. 443-446.

References are to edition of 1659, octavo.

obviously the history of England ("Candy"), episodic and thinly disguised, starting with Elizabeth ("Belligeria") and Essex ("Clarentio"), carrying one on through the execution of Mary ("Mariana"), the rule of James ("Basilius"), the accession and marriage of Charles ("Rosicles"), the Commonwealth under Cromwell ("Climenes"), to the restoration of Charles II ("Charicles"). As Professor Black points out, there is little actual interpretation of character or event. The style alone appears at times in the manner of the Heroic Romance, the apostrophe of the noble Sophromo to the executioner's blade "This is a cure for all diseases; a receipt against all maladies" wakes memories of Scudéry, but the influence would seem to have been Italian rather than French.

The Reverend Nathaniel Ingelo's attempt at the "Long Romance", *Bentivolio and Urania* (1660) runs to somewhat nearer the required bulk but savors far more of Bunyan than of Scudéry. The characters, which are the virtues personified, thus having absolutely no roots in the soil, bear elaborate Greek and Hebrew names which are carefully explained in a "table" largely etymological (q.v.).⁸ Thus one learns that "*Bentivolio* here denotes *Good will*, from the Italian *Ben ti voglio*. It is us'd by them for a Proper name; and so it is here for the Brother of *Urania*, i.e. *Heavenly Light*, from "*Oupavos* Heaven. . . . By celestiaall Wisdome and true Love the Soul passeth through all states in this World to Immortal Perfections and Glories." One sees in "Achrestus, "*Αχρηστος* an *Unmerciful Cruel* man, *Bentivolio's* Jailour. *Good Will* is imprisoned in *hard Hearts*." Countries are named in the same way, each to be found in the table with a miniature moral essay attached. *Argentoria* is named from *Argento* and *Oro*, *Silver* and *Gold*. *Vanasembla* is "a *Vain Shew* . . . "The Title of the III Book, in which many things which are extoll'd in some places as eminent parts of Religion, are discover'd to be no such matters." This sort of thing is excellent scholarship but, as may be suspected, proves dreary reading.

⁸ References are to the edition of 1660 for Bks 1-4, to the edition of 1664 for Bks 5 and 6.

In addition to appending this key, the author expounds his views on romances in a lengthy preface, a part of which is worth quoting here. “. . . [Homer], as it may be said also of other Romancers, hath made the fabulous rind so thick, that few can see through it into the usefull sense . . . He hath so form'd the representations of Vertue and Vice, that it is hard to say, which is commended and which reprov'd . . . So one may perceive in some Romances of a later date, that the pictures of Heroes which they have drawn for exact patterns of the most rais'd vertue are often blotted with notorious defects, as Impatience, Revenge, and the like . . . But this sort of Book(s) is most to be blamed, because for the greater part, as I said before, their chief Design is to put fleshly Lust in long stories, and sometimes not without very unhandsome mixtures, tending onely to the service of brutish Concupiscence, the nourishment of dishonourable affections, and by exciting in the Readers muddy fancies, to indispose them for their attendance upon God by their better part . . . The other pieces, which fill up the intervals of the story and grace it with pleasing varieties, are commonly frivolous devices of wit in some contemptible matter, and serve but to some such slight purpose, as doth the writing of Verses in the form of an Egge or Hatchet, where the measures of words and sense are constrain'd to suite with the odde proportions of such figures. These are fine rareties of no use, the intertexture of the by-accidents being as triviall as the principall Design.

“Tis true some of these Authors written in divers Languages, are applauded for the Elegancy of each particular Tongue, and are here and there interspersed with good Sentences: but they are so deeply infected with noisome words, immodest Tales and Discourses, which do fatally corrupt the Manners of Youth, that I cannot but assent to the Opinion of many wise men, who judge them, for all that, well worthy of the fire.”

The narrative lacks Histories but is filled as might be expected with endless “discourses” on “the solid complacencies of virtue.”⁹ In some respects the fable anticipates that of *Pilgrim's Progress*,

⁹ See, on government, pp. 127-128; on various religions in England, p. 129 et seq, etc.

with Bentivolio discovering his brother and his sister Urania and an account of their travels and adventures through several countries, in the course of which the weaknesses of various religious and political systems are flayed. At times (as in Bk. III, pp. 121 & 122) the reader is reminded of Mandeville or of the yet unborn Gulliver —

"Their first stage was Pammelaena, which was plac'd in an obscure part of the suburbs; for the Pammelaenians were of no great esteem in Polyglotta. They were the lesse respected because of their black swarthy complexion; which was not caus'd by the heat of the Sun, for they were remov'd far enough from light, but rather by some infernal smoke which had tann'd them. They were consign'd to a place which fitted them, for the ground was low and continually sent forth a steam, which did so darken the Aire, that it was impossible to perceive any thing distinctly among them. At a good distance they took the People for Trees walking up and down; but when they came nearer to them, and heard them make a brutish noise, they thought they had been Beasts: but the shape of their Bodies repell'd that error, for they went upright, and so they concluded them to be Men; . . . They were much troubled with a disease call'd Hylotes; which though it permitted to them an indifferent good use of their more Bodily powers, by which means they could eat and drink, taste and feel; yet it did extremely dull their Wits, and sent such a thick rheume into their Eyes that they could scarce see that which lay just before them; and made them so hard of hearing, that it was a difficult matter to make them understand anything that was said to them. It produc'd one eminent quality, which was very observable in them all, which was call'd Dyspithea; by reason of this, though they held many ridiculous Opinions, yet no Reasons whatsoever could move them to an alteration of their mind . . ."

This is certainly not the stuff of which the Heroic Romance is made, although *Polexander* shows a slight touch of something similar in its Mexican episodes. True to his promise, Ingelo has given us no awkward, over-sentimentalized passages of Love, in fact he has given none at all; to make assurance doubly sure, our hero and heroine are brother and sister. Here are no lovelorn princes; abjuring ties of blood and country for despairing but beautiful unknowns, here are no gallant battles and no polite assemblages. It is true that Bentivolio arrives in rich Argentora by the customary storm and shipwreck, and that in the very first part he kills a tyrant, saves a young virgin and ably supports a valiant

gentleman set upon by three others; but he is no Cyrus, no Oroondates.

It is only in such an elaborate bit as the description of the voluptuous Queen Hedonia's gardens (Bk. II, p. 82) that one is particularly cognizant of the heroic influence. Here at once he is plunged into the midst of a formal artificiality that is familiar —

"Behind the Temple they perceived fair Walks fill'd with great companies of proud Peacocks with their Traines spread, and the boughs of the Trees loaden with salacious Sparrows. Upon one side was planted a large Vineyard, and in the midst was set a *Priapus*, which by the Manners of the owners, they guess'd to be the *Guardian* of the Vines. Upon the other was a spacious Garden adorn'd with all varieties of Flowers, and those put into such orderly plots, divided with smooth Walks, that they gave and receiv'd mutual Ornament from each other. In convenient shades they had pleasant Bathes: . . . Amongst other Rareties they observ'd a Grott, which had many Caverns furnish'd with rare waterworks; where the streams did not only show themselves in all variety of delectable forms, but convey'd melodious Tunes through several Pipes, and making a Combate of pleasure between the Eye and the Eare, put the Soul in a suspense to determine which had the superiority, which being not able to see and hear at once with due Intention to both, gave judgment for each by turns."

Character sketches ordinarily are of little value, the writer's purpose being, as has been said, to personify certain vices and virtues (the description sent out after the escaped Inganna, who is actually craft, is typical — a mere catalogue of artifices); hence, one finds grotesques, rather than an attempt at the realistic. The description of Catasarkus (Bk. III, p. 131) (wherein the Jewish religion is arraigned) will serve to illustrate the point —

". . . They were no sooner enter'd within the first borders of their Precinct, but they perceived a discontented fellow, whose name was Catasarkus [*Κατασάρκος* *Fleshly, Corpulent*. It signifies the *Jew* in the III. Book, because their Religion doth much consist in Bodily observances."] . . . His Habit was something strange: he had a great piece of a broken Yoke about his neck, which was gilded, but extremely heavy; yet the old Fool did so dote upon it, that he would often turn about his neck and kisse it as he went along. He was cloth'd with a long Garment, and about the Borders of it he had fastened great Fringes with blue Ribbands; upon his Forehead and the wrist of his left Arme he had tyed broad Scrolls of Parchment which were fill'd with Hebrew Sentences: He intending a

signification of no small Sanctity by these Mystical Ornaments. He made a daily Lamentation for the destruction of Skiamelluses ["the Shadow of that which was to come"] though it happened above a thousand years before he was born; . . ."

Sir George Mackenzie's incomplete *Arctina or the Serious Romance* (1660), highly esteemed by Professor Raleigh, falls short of the heroic if for no other reason, in length alone, comprising but one volume octavo. No one will deny that it is easily more interesting than the political and religious allegories just considered, yet in the present writer's opinion it can in no way dispute the pre-eminence of Roger Boyle's *Parthenissa*. And there is abundance of political allegory in this work of Mackenzie's youth, which differs greatly in purpose from the merely incidental, unpointed "key interest" of Scudéry. Bk. 3 is almost in its entirety a thinly veiled history of the Civil Wars as related by Megistus: Lacedaemon is plainly England, Athens Scotland, Theopemptus may be recognized as Charles II, Oranthus as Montrose, Sophus as James VI of Scotland. The short tales interspersed, as distinguished from the longer histories of Gomberville et al are rather to be identified with the brief récits of *The Argenis*.

Andrew Lang is of the opinion that the young student at Bourges, preparing himself for the career which was to come "perhaps read as many romances as law books."¹⁰ Certainly our author takes up the cudgels for romance in his prefatory matter, asserting that the study of character is excuse enough for such reading and strongly stressing the value of such books as moral guides (which is, of course, no new claim with authors, translators and publishers). He was obviously quite familiar with the French productions, averring that he would follow Scudéry in style — which he succeeds in doing but indifferently well. The opening scene, in which two lovely ladies, persecuted by their unprincipled admirers to the extent of being chained one to the other, and imprisoned, are rescued as they wander forlornly in the woods and taken to the nearby retreat of the melancholy ex-chancellor of Egypt, Monanthropus, reminds one rather of Calprenède. Monan-

¹⁰ Andrew Lang, *Sir George Mackenzie . . . His Life and Times*, London, 1909.

thropus suggests strongly Tyridates of *Cleopatra*, although the latter gentleman, lamenting a fruitless love has, perforce, no lovely daughter such as Aretina, who causes the noble young Philarites to faint with joy at first sight of her. The setting in Babylon and Memphis, the numerous characters, the combats and tournaments, the necessary encounters with pirates, the rescue of fair unknowns, the disguise of Philarites who serves Aretina in a splendid suit of black armor, are true to the heroic type. Yet although the customary rivers of tears are shed on occasion and men and maids pass at least a bit of their time in extravagant discourse, the reader feels that they would find themselves lost in the refined atmosphere of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. It is often evident that the saccharine phrase and the light jest did not come naturally to this young Scotch barrister in the making — the verbiage is too consciously flowery, not "easy and naive like the French."

Turning from *Aretina* and its predecessors, we may dismiss *The Flower of Fidelitie*¹¹ that inflated romance by John Reynolds, with its wild adventures in the African forests, its three noble crusading heroes, its strange monsters. Despite its popularity in the eighteenth century this is of the old, not of the new polite-heroic, tradition. The book which next meets our eye is *Parthenissa*, already several times mentioned, of something like the length requisite (808 pages folio) and with what might be called the real epic sweep of the French Originals to which it has been made to conform closely in both material and style. Its author, Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery, (1621-1679) has been described as a strong Francophile; of excellent connections, he occupied a brilliant position in the social and literary circles of the time. He was, it will be remembered, a firm friend of Katherine Philips from the time of her coming to Ireland, introducing her to the best society of Dublin and being instrumental in encouraging her plays. He served Charles I in Ireland, planned to aid in the restoration of Charles II, was discovered and offered a post under the Commonwealth which he accepted, later to face about when sentiment flowed to Charles

¹¹ *The Flower of Fidelitie*. Displaying in a Continuate Historie, The various Adventures of Three Foreign Princes. 1650, octavo.

once more. Dryden saw Boyle as primarily a man of action and is authority for the fact that he only wrote during recurring attacks of gout. The very first page of *Parthenissa*¹² opens in the best manner —

“The Sun was already so far declin’d, that his heat was not offensive, when a Stranger richly Arm’d, and proportionably blest with all the gifts of Nature and Education, alighted at the Temple of Hierapolis in Syria, where the Queen of Love had settled an Oracle, as famous as the Deity, to whom it was Consecrated. The Stranger having disarm’d himself, and learnt the unusual silence of the Goddess, commanded his servant to enquire out some retir’d lodging for him, which whilst he was doing, his Master walked about that sacred place, without so much as considering the beauty, and rareness of the structure, and with so languishing and careless a pace, that those which consider’d it, easily judg’d, ’twas chiefly the distempers of his Mind, which had so strong an influence over his Body. Amongst many that were so employed, *Callimachus*, the Prince of that holy Society, was so ravisht with those charms, which in spite of fortunes cruelties, did yet inhabit his face and shape, and so strangely sympathiz’d in those crosses, whose effects were not more apparent, than their causes unknown; that he could not abstain from interrupting the strangers melancholy, by going to salute him, where after those civilities which he usually practis’d in such encounters, he invited him into a less frequented walk than that he had chosen: The stranger inform’d of his quality and profession, was unwilling to be uncivil to either, and therefore obeyed his invitation . . .”

It needs little knowledge of these books to realize that a history is to be shortly forthcoming. From this time on, the romance never swerves from the classic tradition, carrying us back to those lands so beloved of heroic authors — Parthia, Armenia, Cyprus, Rome. Everything that one has come to expect of such a story is here to be found; perhaps it is for this reason that Dorothy Osborne was somewhat disappointed — “. . . *Parthenissa* is now my company. My brother sent it down and I have almost read it. Tis handsome language: you would know it to be writ by a person of good quality though you were not told it; but in the whole I am not very much pleased with it. All the stories have too near a resemblance with those of other romances, there is nothing new or

¹² *Parthenissa*, That most Fam’d Romance; references are to edition of 1676, folio.

surprenant in them; the ladies are all so kind they make no sport, and I meet only with one that took me by doing a handsome thing of the kind. She was in a besieged town and persuaded all those of her sex to go out with her to the enemy (which were a barbarous people) and die by their swords, that the provision of the town might last the longer for such as were able to do service in defending it. But how angry was I to see him spoil this again by bringing out a letter this woman left behind her for the governor of the town, where she discovers a passion for him, and makes that the reason why she did it. I confess I have no patience for our *faiseurs de Romance* when they make women court . . . Another fault I find, too, in the stile — 'tis affected. *Ambitioned* is a great word with him, and *ignore; my concern, or of great concern*, is, it seems, properer than *concernment* and though he makes his people say fine handsome things to one another, yet they are not easy and *naïve* like the French, and there is a little harshness in most of the discourses that one would take to be the fault of a translator rather than of an author. But perhaps I like it the worse for having a piece of Cyrus by me that I am hugely pleased with . . .”¹⁸

The noble author, as did Scudéry, stresses the doctrine of *vraisemblance*. In the “Dedication” of Part VI, to Princess Henrietta Maria he writes — “When I had last the Honour to Wait on Your Royal Highness, You ordered me to write another Part of Parthenissa . . . I did once design to have Ended Her story in this Book; But the Vicissitudes of Her Fate were so many, and so various, that I could not confine it within so narrow a compass. Nor was I Over-much solicitous to do it; For since I limit my self in the main Events to the *Truth of the History*, I was Apprehensive, Madam, that the ill Result of Her Destiny might have given You as much trouble, as the Stile in which I should have related it.” In the early part of the narrative (Pt. I, Bk. 1, p. 8) Boyle causes Artabanès to say:

“But not to dress a true story in cloaths of a Romance, I will pass by the descriptions of our Arms, Devices, Motto’s, and all things of so low a nature: . . .”

¹⁸ Letter LI, pp 232-4.

Notwithstanding a half hint in his "Epistle Dedicatory to My Lady of Northumberland" that he would have pictured her charms in the person of Parthenissa, had his art been capable, it is extremely doubtful if he has gone so far toward the realistic as did the French authors, who selected as lay figures for their princes and princesses the members of their own coterie, and portrayed at times their very conversations as well as actual incidents from their lives. Miss Morgan (p. 35) points out that had the book contained a "key interest" Dorothy Osborne would certainly have known and made mention of the fact. The sketches of the various characters, of which there are one hundred and forty-three of major importance, enough to delight even the most prolific of the French writers, are to be looked upon, then, as almost purely fictitious. As described, they are of the usual hypersensitive, flawless mould, like our chief heroine, Parthenissa, described on page 3:

"... her Eyes had antipathy to the Liberties of our Sex, destroying all those that beheld them, her shape and motion had peculiar Charms, and she had a certain vivacity and air in her countenance, that assur'd me her wit was not inferior to her beauty, and yet one might easily perceive, that Time, which is the ruine of all other Faces, would but improve hers, she being not then above fifteen years old."

Princes and princesses they are and, as has been already observed, quite as particular in the matter of "quality" as their sisters. A further example of this is to be seen (Pt. V, Bk. 1) in the case of Ascanius, who claims the hand of Statira above Callimachus, not from superior valor or prior right — but because of his station; seldom is a history begun without the teller establishes his complete descent and family connections at the start. Highly born unknowns grace the narrative here and there; disguises likewise are as frequent as one might wish, Statira taking the name of "Mithridatia", Artabanus of "Spartacus", Artavasdes of "Pharasmanes."

As constituted, there are four main histories in the book — that of Parthenissa and Artabanus (the main story), of Artavasdes and Altezeera, of Izadora and Perolla, and of Callimachus and his Statira (names from other romances have a way of cropping up here; one imagines man's ingenuity was exhausted). These four

are constantly alternated, broken off to be later continued; only Perolla and his beloved actually come to the desired "happy ever after" for Boyle never completed his task. Their story, by the way, is built on the favorite theme of the children loving despite a vendetta extant between their families. The incidents in general — constant battles, attempted seduction and forced marriage, the conflict of love and duty to family or country — are not striking in their novelty, but are well carried. Lovers are continually in danger of death — as usual in these stories not more often from their wounds than from a mistress' cruelty or indifference. Letters of the particularly "purple" character noted in the continental efforts are being constantly exchanged between the equally constant lovers. A fair example is that of the stricken Artabanès to his cold beloved (Pt. I, Bk. I, p. 14) :

"ARTABANÈS to the Princess PARTHENISSA.

If by the loss of the greatest part of my Blood, I have discover'd a Passion, which offends the fair PARTHENISSA, I am ready to shed the residue of it to appease her; but before I obey a Sentence, I cannot more apprehend than I will readily execute; I must beg her to believe that the wounds I have received from her Beauty, are far more dangerous than those I have received for it; 'Tis, Madam, at the last extremity, that I make my pen assure you of a Truth which my fainting forc'd me to disclose; and which I confess, should rather be employ'd to implore your Pardon than repeat my Crime; But I am necessitated to extremes, and by so resolute a confession, induce you to Pardon a Passion whose greatness you cannot doubt, since I cannot conceal it: or else condemn the Possessor of it: if you chuse to put your Justice in practice, I am resolv'd to become its executioner by declining a recovery of these wounds Ambixules has given me, that the world may believe I dyed for the fair PARTHENISSA, and not by her. But if she elect to make use of her mercy, she will preserve a flame which has no fault, but the ambition of aspiring so high."

Discourses are not as frequent as, let us say, in *Clelia*; there is naturally less of a direct reflection of the salon, its customs and its amusements, for even "The Matchless Orinda" never achieved that tone which was the glory of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Self catechism and "asides" are numerous — but there are fewer discussions of the code of love, of morals and of manners, not that the reader may not find them on occasion: Zephalinda, Lindadory,

Parthenissa, Surena and their group, converse on constancy as a virtue in the repudiated lover (Pt. I, Bk. 3); Ventidius of Rome and Artavasdes of Armenia engage in a scholarly debate which is the nearest approach to the type found in the *Argenis* and its fellows as to the relative merits of commonwealths and monarchies (Pt. III, Bk. 3), citing a stunning number of examples from antiquity, classical and Biblical. Although dialogue and monologue are less frequent than in the French originals, the familiar speeches of leaders to inspire their troops are often given at some length, with much oratory as to honor and glory (Pt. I, Bk. 2, p. 59).

Again the pirates are on hand. Menas, once captured and freed by Pompey, seizes Artabanes and his squire, sending them to Pompey as slaves (Pt. I, Bk. 3); Sillaces is captured by pirates at the very moment he is in search of our hero (Pt. II Bk. 2). Books I and II of Part VI, in fact, have a real sea tang. Fighting on both sea and land is skillfully detailed, but not so colorfully or at such great length as in Calprenède, a page, on occasion, sufficing for two battles. Such affairs are managed with more science and, although the valor of the leaders is still supreme, the men count for more (a lesson first taught the English, it is to be presumed, by the success of their longbowmen at Agincourt). The author gives us more of stratagems and less open combat; battles are now being won by policy. Men of quality still receive extra consideration, however, and many courtesies are exchanged by opposing leaders. The Battle of Zama, in which Hannibal's horses are routed by his stampeding elephants and he defeated, is graphically pictured (Pt. II, Bk. 1), as is Pacorus' defense of the broken walls of Tygranocerta (Pt. III, Bk. 2). Equally gallant is the stand made by Perolla on the narrow staircase of the tower in which he and his beloved have sought refuge upon the taking of Salapia. What a lovely pair they are as Artabanes (now Spartacus) sees them (Pt. I, Bk. 3, p. 97):

" . . . I came to the place where the gallant Perolla stood, who appear'd to me to be less weary with conquering than our Soldiers were with assaulting him, and spight of that Bloud which endeavor'd to disfigure his Face, I perceiv'd a Countenance so Spiritual and so Lovely together, that I

knew not which most to admire, but my wonder was quickly rais'd to a higher pitch by the sight of a Lady, she possest the several Beauties of shape, stature, complexion, and features, in so inaccessional a degree, that an affection for her could not so properly be called Passion, as Reason."

Rather well done, also is the description of the battle in which two hundred young men, previously smuggled into the chief city of Armenia disguised as women, seize the gate and let in Artavasdes' small force to the rescue of Altezeera (Pt. III, Bk. 1). Tourneys and hand to hand encounters are not lacking. In the very first book we discover that a great tournament has been proclaimed, at which appears eventually the boastful Ambixules in much state, preceded by his minions each bearing a picture of a beautiful lady whose unfortunate champion on some other occasion dared avow that his mistress was as lovely as Ambixules' own dead Mizalinza and lost the picture with his life. In the midst of this colorful pageantry, Artabanus (who has conceived the grand passion for Parthenissa) enters the lists unknown in his armor, to uphold the fame of his lady, kills the boastful one, is grievously wounded, but wins the supreme favor of a visit from his coy lady and her command to live — which he thereupon proceeds to do. At another time he engages in a terrific duel with his rival, Surena, in the midst of battle. Starting on horseback, they eventually come to earth, where the struggle is renewed; both becoming so weak with their wounds that they are unable to stand, they continue on their knees until Surena falls, apparently wounded and Artabanus swoons for lack of blood and strength. In a struggle on shipboard, less prolonged, (Pt. V, Bk. 2, pp. 647-648) Callimachus is victorious over a ravisher:

"These words being finish'd, he pull'd down the sight of his Helmet and renewed the Combat with a rage, which I could not attribute to a less motive, than that which animated his; twice with two reverses he made me stagger, and made me owe my life to the faithfulness of my Armour; but at length I gave him so large a wound in his left side, that despairing of Victory, as of Life, he hastily abandon'd the Combat, and ran to the Stern Cabin, to which place I flew after, and just as he enter'd it, I past my Sword up to the hilts through his body, which he being less concern'd in than in not imploring a pardon from the Beauty he serv'd, he fell on his knees by her, and presenting her a handful of his Blood, he begged her, that that Oblation with the

loss of his life, might expiate a Crime, which he was much more troubled to have committed, than to have it thus punish'd: Then breathing a deep groan, and kissing her feet, he expir'd in that performance."

Descriptions, in general, are more elaborate than in the companion romances of English birth. The reader has but to note such an example as the temple of Venus and the rites performed there as depicted in Pt. IV, Bk. 2, or such a reflection of *préciosité* as that on page 50:

"One morning whilst the sun was yet but rising, I waited upon my Princess into a Garden of Pleasure, contiguous to the Palace, and adorn'd with all that Nature and Art was capable of; there the Company separating themselves to take that divertisement which was most agreeable to their fancies; Altezeera and I by degrees left those that waited on us, and entering to an earnest discourse, we engag'd ourselves unawares into a little Wilderness, in the centre whereof was a spring, whose water was receiv'd into a Cistern of Alabaster, which was held by a statue of a Nymph cut in white Marble; There we might perceive a Gentleman whose postures as well as actions expresst his troubles; and though we could not discover his face, yet we might his tears running down it into the Cistern, and in such abundance as if the Fountain and his eies strove which should most load the fair Nymphs Arms."

Structurally, Boyle has tried to achieve some such unity as distinguished the romances of Calprenède in particular, limiting the time actually elapsing in the narrative (not counting the antecedent action of the Histories) and securing unity of place by causing the characters to meet at the Temple of Hieropolus in Syria, of which Callimachus is chief priest, whither they have come to consult the oracle and there relate their stories. In the matter of diction, one finds again that "polite" use of words already made familiar in the translations for which the English at this period were so fanatically eager. Mago's death of a wound received at the hands of the heroic Perolla is thus described (Pt. II, Bk. I, p. 199):

"... he receiv'd the sad Commands of Carthage, without delay to return either, and rather employ his Bloud to preserve his own Countrey, than to Conquer his Enemies. This fatal Summons he obey'd in part, but his wound [in the thigh!] open'd so large a way for his Soul, that it flew out at that passage, as he was as far as Sardinia in his return.";

and thus (Pt. II, Bk. 2, p. 112) Perolla's grief for the fair Amazora :

" . . . and (whilst the seige continu'd) twice a day he constantly water' her urne with such abundant weepings, that had those Tears been inwardly imploy'd, they had doubtless extinguisht his Grief, his Flame, or his Life." Perhaps the conceit reaches its heights in the words of Altezeera, whose father has been saved twice and she the same in less than an hour, at tremendous risk, when her saviour inadvertently remarks of her charms,

"Ah Artavasdes, I have been too patient, and by my not supressing your first inconsiderateness, have thereby authoriz'd what you have since committed, yet I give this presumption to your services, but let me have no repetitions of it, least you force me against my inclination to become your Enemy . . ." (Pt I, Bk 2, p 39).

Here is a delicacy not surpassed by that of the Princess Parisatis herself! Indeed, he who has read the French productions with something more than tolerance will find this English long romance no mean entertainment.

John Bulteel's *Birinthea*,¹⁴ "a piece compose[d] in my greener youth, and most of it during the intervals of a sharp distemper" might easily be dismissed without further consideration for it is deficient in that length which is one of the most obvious marks of our type. However, despite its mere two hundred and twenty-five pages octavo, it is interesting as being the big thing in miniature. The author, a translator and miscellaneous writer, was probably the son of Jean Bulteel, a French protestant minister at Dover; it is to be supposed, therefore, that he was familiar at first hand with the French productions. His romance has a foundation in history and not only makes in its preface the usual professions as to truth, but actually bears witness of the irresistible trend toward realism — ". . . Such as can relish no Romance, that is, not forced with Extravagant Impossibilities (no less Ridiculous then improbable) will find little Gusto and cold entertainment here . . . for I have endued my Heroes with no greater strength or courage, then may reside in generous persons; nor do I fill their veins with streams of blood greater then those smal channels

¹⁴ *Birinthea*, a Romance: references are to edition of 1664, octavo.

should contain . . . But treating of a real History, for the most part, though it be controverted by some, I keep close to probability, and give him the Character of a Man who was indeed enriched with a more than vulgar Soul, but whose body was not above the Standar[d] of mortals . . . Romances should be no other then the fairest Pictures and just resemblances of Truth, from which it is blameable to deviate, as to add Tinctures to the Rose or Lilly, such aids being onely an ugly and gross paint, that instead of encreasing their beauty, blurs them with deformity . . . my designe, being not only to transcribe former Historians but to take my rise from thence for fresh inventions; I think them very pertinent and excusable, so long as they are within the compass of probability, and are not found impossibilities. In fine, it may suffice to tell you, that this is a Romance accomodated to History, to whose Text I have added those Auxiliary Embellishments rather to Illustrate, then Disguise or Corrupt it." The action begins in the accustomed way, in the midst of a great battle waged by Cyrus against the Assyrians. Then the antecedent action is brought in through the usual medium of histories, of which there are four: "The History of Merame," "the History of Cyrus and Birinthea," "the History of Tygranes and Artemisa," "The History of Gadate and Chryseide." The number of important characters rises to eighty, which is not bad for a book of this length — none of whom is described in a fashion entirely satisfactory, however. The main interest lies in the story of the famous Cyrus of Persia, whose beloved Birinthea is pursued and hidden by his uncle, Cyaxeres, King of the Medes. Eventually he is successful in saving her, finding her but ill defended by rustics from several knights whom he pursues into the enemy town where he is captured by the troops of Zorbas, the governor, who, however, looks upon him with regard, seeks out Birinthea, puts her in his arms and returns both to camp. In the slow fadeout, two of the attendant histories are left hanging in mid air. This Cyrus is far different from Mlle de Scudéry's heroic figure; in comparison he seems almost human.

Although there are here no disguises, no pirates, and the style is without the usual high flights of rhetoric, yet there are many char-

acteristics of the long romance. Battles and duels are not many, but several, exhortations of the leaders to their soldiers are printed in full, the letters of heroes and heroines follow the conventional model. Ruffianly ravishers there are, a fair lady constrained to forfeit love or honor, the persecuted high born slave Uneria, and Birinthea, the lady pursued by a passionate king who seizes and confines her. One misses the polite amusements, the discourses and the formal amours of groups of lovely princes and princesses, however; and he is a bit shocked to find that even such a villian as Vectorez, unable to come between Chryseide and Gadate, "by a most inhumane violence deprived him of the ability of ever being an able husband". Truly, chivalry is on the decline.¹⁵

Pandion and Amphigenia, or the Coy Lady of Thessalia (1665), early work of John Crowne, the dramatist, comprising but one volume octavo, in strong contrast to the preceding romance, will probably seldom be surpassed for its extremely florid diction. Although its author has been careful to disclaim any influence of the French, the elaborateness of his conceits, his devilish facility, at moments leave even the most hardened reader of Heroic fiction awestruck. Yet despite this fact, despite the interpolated stories, battles and alarm, valiant heroes and a heroine so coy that she is unable, like her more illustrious sisters, Cassandra, Cleopatra and Mandana, to bestow her hand upon her adorer, this loosely conceived story, so long in reaching the main episode, is hardly in the grand style. As Sir Walter Raleigh has been at some pains to demonstrate, it is, like *Tarsis and Zelic*, more of Arcadia than of Thessaly (where its main events take place), often closely paralleling in manner or episode Sir Philip Sidney's famous pastoral. The account of these two lovers never, alas, to be united, need hardly concern us longer.¹⁶

¹⁵ One finds it difficult to understand Miss Morgan's statement that in this short book the reader is "whirled through innumerable battles, duels, *shipwrecks*, and kidnappings, without discovering what it is all about." The "interwoven story of Arspe and Panthea" which she mentions is of the slightest importance, not even being deigned worthy by the author of being set off as a separate history.

¹⁶ For further information the reader is referred to the excellent treatment in both Raleigh (pp. 99-101) and Jusserand, 389-391.

Eromena, or the Noble Stranger (1683), a prose version of William Chamberlayne's *Pharonnida*, is even shorter — 70 pages octavo — but since it partakes of some of the peculiarities of its more formidable relatives and has been so little discussed the writer takes the liberty of considering it here. Although the story is more direct, and the love of our hero and heroine experiences relatively few obstacles in the course of its fruition, either imposed by more violent and less fortunate lovers, or by the author himself, in the form of incidental histories, the story itself runs as might one of the histories in the French type. Thesander, Spartan prince, is out hunting and sees pirates attack a Christian vessel. A storm comes up to their rescue and after it is over Horatio is seen fighting those that are left. Thesander succors him and carries him to his palace where is his beautiful daughter Eromena —

“ . . . a lady that Nature only created for Man to wonder at; and when created she broke her Mould, so that since she has not been able to produce her equal.”¹⁷

whose mother died at her birth. She administers justice in the court. Thesander is called away; and the next day while Horatio is walking he is alarmed by the screams of Floridella, who has been attacked by Almanzor, Captain of Eromena's guard, who offers her indignities and kills Menalcas who comes to her rescue. Horatio kills Almanzor, but is taken to the court where Almanzor's friends reveal him as the killer of Menalcas. He is pronounced guilty, but Thesander arrives at home almost immediately, demands a reprieve and finds Floridella, who sets things right. Horatio is freed and made Captain of Eromena's guard. Eromena has an elaborate and dreadful dream presaging evil. Next day orders come for her marriage with the Prince of Lacedaemonia. Upon this Horatio and she discover their love for one another (p. 36) —

“Her flames were not such as are kindled in every vulgar Breast, but the bright Stars of her Love sate inthron'd so high, that none but one endued with such Divine Beauty, could be endued with the like.”

¹⁷ p. 12. References are to edition of 1683.

— but he is destined to go as envoy to the Prince. They part in grief. After a long voyage he arrives at the Lacedaemonian Court, only to learn of the Prince's illness and death. Upon his return home the love of Horatio and Eromena is reported with malice to the king, who fortunately for them, recognizes Horatio's illustrious descent and princely virtues and makes them happy by joining them in marriage. The diction is exceedingly exalted and of cloying sweetness, despite which, the detailed picture of the storm, occupying pages 3 and 4 remains in one's memory. At the risk of dwelling too long on an interesting, though not entirely pertinent production, the reader may find the description with which the book opens worthy of attention.

"When the earth had long lain marbl'd up in Frosts and grown weary of the white Livery of Nature, began to invest itself with the more pleasing Enamel of the verdant Spring; when a young Spartan Lord, attended with a noble and magnificent Train, had almost spent the Morning in the Chase of a stately Stag which they had forc'd from the safer protection of the Forest, to the hazards and perils of a flow'ry Plain, till driven by his clamorous Persecutors to the horrid Ascent of a craggy Cliff; where as it were grown proud to fall a Sacrifice, he sinks weeping while the victorious shouts of his Hunters eccho the sad News of their Leader's Death to the distant Herds."

But one need proceed no farther; the day of the Heroic Romance writers is clearly past. In general, the reader will observe that the English productions which have here been considered fall lamentably short of the French originals. They become heavy, tedious, involved. He may find in them the same machinery, the same high deeds and words, but to offset these, lack of originality and incapacity for sustained effort. The tendency, too, is for the stolid Saxon to develop the key interest into pure allegory; religion and politics are drawn in by the forelock. Alas, *Parthenissa*, the one romance written in the isles which seems to this writer worthy to be compared with the continental productions, is ended (or rather, given over) by its noble author in despair, or perhaps merely for lack of further interest . . . Turning from these labored efforts, one has a sudden vision of the beloved Madeleine, tirelessly piling up volumes, filling the countless pages of her four

great romances with "characters", with *récits*, and perhaps with her brother's help with the more stirring scenes of tournament and battle! Nevertheless, the English stories played their part in the development of imaginative prose fiction.

PART V.

POPULARITY AND PREVALENCE OF THE ROMAN DE LONGUE HALEINE IN ENGLAND

To M. Cousin's query "Who reads the *Grand Cyrus* of Mlle Scudéry today? Who read it in the eighteenth century and even in the last years of Louis XIV?"¹ two of his countrymen, Messrs. Rathery and Boutron² return the proper answer. "In England, the French romances of the 17th century, translated . . . were read for a long time after their vogue had passed with us. The serious Lady Russell qualified *Clelia* 'a most improving book' and young Mary Wortley, later Lady Montagu, devoured the *Grand Cyrus* in her chamber as a young girl." They might have added to their proof the more sweeping statement of our own great English romanticist, Sir Walter Scott: "In England these romances continued to be read by our grandmothers during the Augustan Age of English, and while Addison was amusing the world with his wit, and Pope by his poetry, the ladies were reading *Clelia*, *Cleopatra*, and the *Grand Cyrus*. The fashion did not decay till about the reign of George I (1714-1727)."³ Bearing a letter from Sir Roger de Coverly genial Mr. Addison visits the fair Leonora (*Spectator*, #37, April 12, 1711) managing to steal a brief look at her library, and to list the books typical of the taste of young ladies of her class. Scattered hit or miss, among her most cherished volumes, which include "All the Classic Authors in wood" the *Arcadia*, a Book of Novels, *Culpepper's Midwifery*, and *The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony* the essayist finds D'Urfé's *Astrea* as well as his '*Tales in Verses* bound in red leather . . . and doubled down in several places", *Cassandra*, *Cleopatra*, "*The*

¹ Op. cit. I, 1.

² Op. cit. 83.

³ Scott, *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, Essay on Romance, VI, 215.

Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves" and "*Clelia*: which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower." Included is also "a dictionary for the explanation of hard words" (no doubt needed by this airy young reader of romances). Later (*Spectator*, #92) he again discusses this matter of the young lady's library, chronicling many additional suggestions coming to him from various classes of his correspondents — "I may reckon the ladies themselves as a third class among these my correspondents and privy-counsellors. In a letter from one of them, I am advised to place *Pharamond* at the head of my catalogue, and, if I think proper, to give the second to *Cassandra* . . . Plays of all sorts have their several advocates: *All for Love* is mentioned in above fifteen letters; *Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow*, in a dozen; *The Innocent Adultry* is likewise highly approved of . . ." Indeed Scott's date is somewhat premature, for devotion to these romances, in the feminine heart at least, did not cool nearly as early as many authorities would have us believe. In saying that by 1675 "the long French romances had run their course", Esdaile can only mean that no important new examples of the type appeared after that date. He lists a number of editions after it. In addition to two abridgments, there appear to have been at least four complete reissues of *Cassandra*, one as late as 1725, and one, dated 1737 in a current bookseller's catalogue, heretofore unrecorded. *Cleopatra* was reissued in 1674 and twice after; *Ibrahim* appeared in the same year, *The Grand Cyrus* a second time in 1691.⁴ Neither *Almahide* nor the complete *Pharamond* made its bow until 1677. There is ample evidence that the

⁴ It is particularly interesting that these new editions were not mere reprints, but often seen to have been carefully reworked, even to the epistles dedicatory. In substantiation, the reader is asked to compare the part of "The Author to *Cassandra*", prefatory to Part III of "The Third Edition [of that work] very much Corrected" (1725) appended below with the same passage from the edition of 1676 already cited on page 45.

" . . . having kept my self hitherto within the bounds of probability, I should now take a little liberty in the description of som actions, and instead of copying after Plutarch, Quintus Curtius, Justin, and other Authors, from whom I have taken the Ground work of your History, I make my Heroes march into the field in a manner somewhat like that of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and other writers of that sort, who have set off the truth with som ornaments, rather more pleasing than strictly probable"

romances were read well into the second quarter of the eighteenth century. Much contemporary comment exists as to the pleasure to be derived from, or the harm done through, the reading of such tomes; in fact, even after the midpoint of the eighteenth century is passed, one finds on occasion shorter works written after the old fashion, often being, or pretending to be, translations from the French.

How greatly they were once esteemed is indicated by the fact that as the old estates are being broken up and libraries sold, these fine old folios are coming to light in no inconsiderable numbers, usually worn, thumbled and badly torn, often with annotations or with painstaking corrections of the not infrequent typographical errors. Their vogue can hardly be over emphasized; in many ways, although conditions were somewhat different in the land of their adoption, they seem to have enjoyed a popularity comparable to that which was theirs at home. Passed from hand to hand, their various parts were eagerly received, their endless histories discussed, the actions of their heroes and heroines on nice points of honor forming, as already demonstrated, material for frequent exchanges of letters. The gallant Lysimachus, Artabanus, Artamenes, became patterns of manly valor which the young ladies of the time would have their lovers copy; sentimental maidens regulated their lives, conversations, amours as did Steele's Biddy Tipkin and Mrs. Lennox's Arabella by the example of Clelia or Statira. Correspondence in the honeyed words of the romances and under romantic pseudonyms became the proper mode, not only for platonic affairs, but for the addresses of the rakes of the time to their mistresses. It is true that all readers may not have been painstakingly thorough, as an interesting little volume *Discourses and Essays, Useful for the Vain Modish Ladies and their Gallants* . . . written by the Right Honourable Francis Lord Viscount Shannon (London, 1696) bears testimony, the "Tenth Discourse, Against Keeping of Misses" (p. 116) stating "But now for the new mode of protempore wives, called misses, they are generally looked upon by our Gallants, and keepers of them, as only Tenants at will, to Mens Persons, and Purses; being tied to them in no other manner, than we are to reading Romances, on

which we may begin when we will, and leave off when we please, for we are not obliged to read longer in them, than they suit our humor, and please our fancy." Yet some knowledge of these books our gallants would seem to have had. Even that realist among early "novelists", Aphra Behn, took unto herself the name "Astrea" and followed in the mode. Memoirs, diaries, references in the drama all reflect this.

The "Honourable Person" responsible for the native romance *Cloria and Narcissus* (1661) informs "the Reader" ". . . For many years past, not any one Romance hath been written in the English tongue; when as daily from other nations, so many of all sorts fly into the world to be seen." They seem to have been closely studied. Mary Boyle (1624-78) characterizes herself before marriage in her autobiography so quaintly titled *Some Specialities in the Life of M. Warwicke* (Publications of the Percy Society, 1848, XXII, 21) as having been "as vain, as idle and as inconsiderate a person as possible, minding nothing but curious dressing and fond and rich clothes and spending my precious time in nothing else but reading romances and in reading and seeing plays and in going to Court and Hide Park and Spring Garden . . .", a taste apparently fostered by Mistress Anne Killegrew, wife of her fourth brother, Francis Boyle, her chamber fellow while Francis, adjudged too young to live with his new wife, was traveling in France. She "brought me to be very vain and foolish, inticing me to spend (as she did) her time in seeing and reading plays and romances, and in exquisite and curious dressing."⁵ Lucy Apsley (Hutchinson), four years her senior, precocious as a child, studious as a girl, who by her proficiency in Latin won the love of her husband-to-be, tells us that despite his passion for learning he "made a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe."⁶ Evidently not quite all her reading was in the realm of pure scholarship. Dorothy Osborne, in her letters to Sir William Temple, during the years 1652-4 often mentions these books. "Have you read *Cléopâtre*?" she writes. "I have

⁵ Ibid., p. 4.

⁶ *Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson* . . . from the original Ms by Julius Hutchinson, Lon., 1854, p 62.

six tomes on't here that I can lend you if you have not: there are some stories in't you will like, I believe. But what an ass am I to think you can be idle enough at London to read Romances!"⁷ "I do not use to forget my old acquaintances. Almanzor is as fresh in my memory as if I had visited his tomb but yesterday, though it be at least seven year ago since. You will believe I had not been used to great affections, when I made his story such a one to me, as I cried an hour together for him, and was so angry with Alcidiana that for my life I could never love her after it."⁸ And on another occasion she writes her lover, "If you have done with the first part of *Cyrus*, I should be glad Mr. Hollingsworth had it, because I mentioned some such thing in my last to my Lady . . . I have a third tome here against you have done with the second; and to encourage you let me assure you that the more you read of them you will like them still better."⁹ She praises *Parthenissa* wildly and savagely attacks the translators of the French works. No less a figure than "The Famed Orinda" writes to "The Honorable Berenice" "I humbly thank your Ladiship for your promise of Mr. Boyle's Book [*Parthenissa*], which indeed merits a publick, not View only, but Universal Applause, if my Vote be considerable in things so much above me," On another occasion she beseeches the same lady, "Oh, Madam, I have abundance to tell you and ask you, and if you will not hasten to hear it you will be almost cruel as Arsaces; . . ."¹⁰ Among these noble ladies Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, is the exception when she writes, prefatory to her popular *Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's Pencil* (1656), ". . . Neither do I know the rule or method of Romancy writing; for I never read a Romancy book throughout in all my life. I mean such as I take to be Romances, wherein little is writ which ought to be practiced, but rather shunned as foolish amorosities and desperate follies, not noble love's discreet virtues and true valour. The most I ever read of

⁷ Op. cit. No. IX, 37.

⁸ Ibid., No. XI, 46 and 47.

⁹ Ibid., No. XXIV, 104.

¹⁰ *Familiar Letters*: written by the Right Honourable John, late Earl of Rochester . . . and other Letters by Persons of Honour and Quality, London, 1705, I, 138.

Romances was but part of three books, as the three parts of one and the half of two others. And if I thought those tales I call my Romancicall Tales, should or could neither benefit the life nor delight the mind of my readers, no more than those pieces of Romances did me, I would never suffer them to be printed."

Pepys, genial soul, seems to have been led into this sort of reading by his French wife, who was an avowed devotee. "Home and to bed," he writes, "leaving my wife reading in *Polixandre*"¹¹ or, "I fell a-reading *Fuller's History of Abbys* and my wife in *Great Cyrus* till twelve at night, and so to bed."¹² The result in this latter case seems to have been unfortunate, for a later entry reads "At noon, home, where I find my wife troubled still at my checking her last night in the coach in her long stories out of *Grand Cyrus*, which she would tell, though nothing to the purpose, nor in any good manner."¹³ Under date of Feb. 24, 1667-8 he records "At my bookseller's, and did buy "*L'illustre Bassa* in 4 volumes for my wife,"¹⁴ and in the fall of the same year, "I did call at Martin's, my bookseller's, and there bought *Cassandra* and some other French books for my wife's closet, and so home, having eat nothing but two penny-worths of oysters, opened for me by a woman in the Strand."¹⁵ He appears, however, to have entertained some qualms over time which he, himself, spent on several of the shorter sort, for he speaks from the heart when he says, "Feb. 10th (Lord's Day). Took physique all day, and, God forgive me, did spend it in reading of some little French romances."¹⁶

Others seem to have been more sharply critical, even alarmed. Frequent warnings were issued that these long romances were not safe guides for the young in matters of conduct; that time spent at reading them might be far more profitably employed. In *The Gentleman's Calling*, a quaint book of manners attributed to Richard Allestree, one finds the following criticism of the youth of the day "Nor have they much more to do in the Library, than the

¹¹*Diary*, I, 40 (Jan. 31, 1660).

¹²*Ibid.*, I, 292 (Dec. 7, 1660).

¹³*Ibid.*, VI, 26 (May 12, 1666).

¹⁴*Ibid.*, VIII, 201.

¹⁵*Ibid.*, IX, 75 (Nov. 16, 1668).

¹⁶*Ibid.*, I, 334 (Feb. 10, 1661).

Oratory, unless it be stored with Romances; any deeper sort of reading is as formidable to them, as the mines or Galleys; . . ."¹⁷ Nathaniel Ingelo complains in the preface to his pious romance, *Bentivolio and Urania* (1660, '64) that "it were a thing to be wondered at, that by many nothing is esteem'd witty, except Poetry and Romances, but that want of Judgment doth notoriously discover it self in those persons who are highly pleas'd with pittiful things. Divers of their admired Authors are so empty of true worth, that if the entire sense of their books were summ'd up, it would onely amount to some small matter as triviall as uselesse: and if most of them whether Antient or Modern were examined with a Judicious Eye, they would appear to be full of the grossest Indecorum's of Invention as odious misrepresentations of Divinity, unnaturall Descriptions of Humane Life, Improper and Prophane Allusions to Sacred Things, frequent and palpable Contradictions, Sottish stories, and in short, all the absurdities of wild Imagination."

The Ladies' Calling, also by Allestree, while stressing the evils of romance reading, at the same time attests the great popularity of these works during the period. Part two, section one is addressed particularly to Virgins, extolling chasteness of body, spirit and mind and enjoining them to be not idle "There is another thing [in addition to Gaming, Dress and Certain Entertainments] to which some devote a very considerable part of the time, and that is the reading of Romances, which seems now to be thought the peculiar and only becoming study of young Ladies. I confess their youth may a little adapt it to them when they were children, and I wish they were alwaies in their event as harmless; but I fear they often leave ill impressions behind them. Those amorous Passions, which 'tis their design to paint to the utmost Life, are apt to insinuate themselves into their unwary Readers, and by an unhappy inversion, a Copy shall produce an Original. When a poor young Creature shall read there of some triumphant Beauty, that has I know not how many captiv'd Knights prostrate at her feet, she will probably be temted to think it a fine thing; and may reflect how much she loses time, that has not yet subdu'd one heart: and then her business will be to spread her nets, lay

¹⁷ *Gentleman's Calling*, London, 1672, sec. VI, 97.

her toils to catch somebody who will more fatally ensnare her. And when she has once wound herself into an Amour, those Authors are subtil Casuists for all difficult cases that may occur in it, will instruct in the necessary Artifices of deluding Parents and Friends and put her ruine perfectly in her own power. And truly this seems to be so natural a consequent of this sort of study, that of all the divertisements that look so innocently, they can scarce fall upon any more hazardous."¹⁸ Thomas Shadwell portrays such a one of less tender years in the highflown, artificial Mistress Fantast in his play *Bury Fair* (1689). She rejoices at first in the adoration of the feather brained Mr. Trim, her Eugenius, who calls her Dorinda and whom she intends to keep as her platonic servant. Later she is delightfully taken in by a peruke maker masquerading as a French count. To a compliment from him anent her scholarship she replies deprecatingly, "No, no Assurement, pretty well read in the Classic Authors, or so. Monsieur Scudéry says very well: 'L'amour est une grande chose.'"¹⁹ In the same play the amorous Lord Bellamy, who courts in the language of this same Scudéry provokes the sensible Gertrude to reply, "'Tis all alike. 'Madam, your Beauties! Your excellent Accomplishments! Your extraordinary Merits! Divine, &c. The lustre of your Eyes! And the rest. The Honour to kiss your fair Hands &c.' All this we have in Romances, and Love and Honour-Plays. Trust me, my Lord, 'tis tedious."²⁰ Furthermore, in Charles (actually the lovely Philadelphia), acting as page to her beloved Bellamy, we have a familiar character and situation from the *Roman de longue haleine*. Miss Reynolds notes that Catchat, one of the three "female vertuosos" of Thomas Wright's play of that name,²¹ was brought up on the long romances, taking the *Grand Cyrus* in particular as her guide in manners and morals. Indeed so popular are these tomes that even those of lesser station have become devotees, for Sir Maurice complains "This Plague of Wit

¹⁸*The Ladies' Calling*, By the Author of the *Whole Duty of Man*, Oxford, dated on title page 1677, 164-5.

¹⁹*The Works of Thomas Shadwell Esq.*, Lon. 1722, IV, *Bury Fair*, Act III, Sc. I, 177.

²⁰*Ibid.*, Act III, Sc. I, 175.

²¹*Op. cit.*, 402. A copy of the play has not come to hand.

has infected all my Servants, even my little Boy, forsooth, can not turn the spit now without a *Pharamond* or a *Cassandra* in his hand." Lady Lurewell of Farquhar's *Constant Couple* (1700) professes to have been much influenced by such reading, "I was then just Fifteen, an age fatal to the Female Sex: Our Youth is tempting, our Innocence credulous, Romances moving, Love Powerful, and Men are — Villains."²² She confesses to her maid, Parley, "After supper I went to my Chamber and read *Cassandra*, then went to Bed and dreamt of him [her young love] all Night, rose in the Morning and made Verses, so fell desperately in Love." It is to be presumed that these plays mirror the thought and manners of their time.

On the threshold of the eighteenth century (c 1695) Mr. T. Brown, subscribing himself *Lysander*, writes to my Lady—, "I have a hundred times wished, That those unnatural Rogues, the Writers of Romances, had been all hanged (Montague before me did the same for the Statuaries) for giving you, Ladies such wrong Notions of things. By representing their Heroes so much beyond Nature, they put such extravagant Idea's into your Heads, that every Woman, unless she had a very despicable Opinion of her own Charms, which not one in a Million has, expects to find a Benefit Ticket, a *Pharamond*, or an *Oroondates*, to come up for her share, and nothing below such a Monster will content her . . . But Madam, don't believe a word, that those Romance Writers, or their Brethren in Iniquity, the Poets tell you."²³ As we cross the dividing line, we find increasing indications that readers are developing an interest in stories of present day life and manners. Shorter works are produced in great numbers, the main object being contemporary satire. "The Romances in France have for a long Time been the Diversion and Amusement of the whole world . . . but that Fury is very much abated . . . The Little Histories of this kind have taken the Place of Romances", writes Mrs. Manley, in the Preface to *The Secret History of Queen Zarah and the Zarasians* (1705), yet despite this, the vogue still seems strong. Indeed, in her *New Atalantis* Mrs. Manley makes several refer-

²² *Works of Mr. George Farquhar*, London, 1742, I, Act III, Sc. Last, 47.

²³ In *Familiar Letters*, I, 176-177.

ences to the romances. The unfortunate Charlot failed to profit by the advice of an elder woman in her love affair that she "bestow no more Favors, till he paid her Price; [even though her mentor] made her read the history of Roxalana [in Scudéry's *Ibrahim*,] who by her wise Address brought an imperious Sultan to divide with her the Royal Throne."²⁴ Vertue, counselling the proper bringing up of the young ladies says "We well have excluded from their Closet, Opera's, Romances, Books of Love."²⁵ We are told "The Vice-Roy of Peru's Lady has a more extensive Taste, her Circle admitting the Eminent of both sexes . . . She will leave nothing undiscover'd or unattempted in the *Map of Tenderness*."²⁶ [which, the reader recalls, is a part of *Clelia*].

In his play, *The Tender Husband* (1705) Richard Steele presents Biddy Tipkin, brought up, as was Mrs. Lennox's Arabella at an even later date, on French romances. "Alack-a-day, cousin Biddy," says her aunt, "these idle romances have quite turned your head." "How often", replies the niece, "must I desire you, madam, to lay aside that familiar name, Cousin Biddy . . . Did you ever meet with a heroine in those idle romances, as you call 'em, that was termed 'Biddy'? . . . No, the heroine has always something soft and engaging in her name; something that gives us a notion of the sweetness of her beauty and behaviour; a name that glides through half-a-dozen tender syllables, as Elismonda, Clidamira, Deidamia, that runs upon vowels off the tongue; not hissing though one's teeth . . ."²⁷ The young lady, as did Mrs. Blount in actuality, has adopted the name "Parthenissa"; as the fortune-hunting Captain Clerimont puts it, she "starts by rule and blushes by example"; her character is molded upon that of her favorite heroines. Steele causes her to refer not only to characters but passages of *Cassandra*, *Cleopatra*, *Clelia* and the *Grand Cyrus*, thus proving his own familiarity with the sources. Pounce, who acts as go-between, says ". . . the young lady, by being kept from the world, has made a world of her own. She has spent all her

²⁴ *Secret Memoirs and Manners etc.*, the 7th Edn., Lon. 1736, I, 73-74.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, II, 46.

²⁶ *Ibid.*, II, 59.

²⁷ *Dramatick Works*, Lon. 1723, Act II, Sc. 1, pp 114-115.

time in reading romances, her head is full of shepherds, knights, flowery meads, groves and streams, so that if you talk like a man of this world to her, you do nothing." "Well", answers Clerimont, ". . . I have been a great traveller in fairy-land myself, I know Oroondates; Cassandra, Astraea and Clelia are my intimate acquaintance."²⁸ Yet, when he would remind her that her condition is like that of the princess of the Leontines in *Clelia*, and have her flee with him, she replies, true to her models, although ravished by the beauty of his conversation, "How can we commit such a solecism against all rules? What, in the first leaf of our history to have the marriage? You know it cannot be."²⁹ Of similar simplicity is Polly Peachum's reply to Macheath's vow of his fondness for her in Gay's *Beggar's Opera* (1728). "Nay my dear! I have no reason to doubt you, for I find in the romance you lent me, none of the great heroes were ever false in love."³⁰ How does that gay young beau, the baron (Lord Petre) invoke the fates preparatory to performing his atrocious rape of Fair Belinda's Lock?

"For this, ere Phoebus rose, he had implored
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r adored,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
These lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire."³¹

Alexander Pope himself was certainly no stranger to these "romances neatly gilt", for one finds him writing to Martha Blount,³² who used the name "Parthenissa" in her correspondence, "It is usual with unfortunate young women to betake themselves to romances, and thereby feed and indulge that melancholy which is occasioned by the want of a lover . . . I presume it may be so far your present case, as to render the five volumes of the *Grand*

²⁸ Ibid., Act I, Sc. I, 205.

²⁹ Ibid., Act IV, Sc., 2, 246.

³⁰ *The Beggar's Opera* . . . written by Mr. Gay, London, 1777, Act I, Sc. XIII, 7.

³¹ *Works of Alexander Pope*, (Ed. Elwin and Courthope) Lon. 1886, II, 153-4. *Rape of the Lock*, Canto II, 1133-42.

³² Ibid. p. 8.

Cyrus no unreasonable present to you. My dear Madam, if you are disposed to wander upon adventures, suffer the unhappy Artamenes to be your companion. Great as he afterwards was, he would rather have chose to rule your heart than the empires of Persia and Media." and later anxiously inquiring "I hope you had the *Grand Cyrus* by the Reading coach above a week ago."³³ W. J. Courthope, in his life of the poet, asserts that Pope modeled his letters on Voiture when writing to women, reflecting the dying spirit of the Hôtel de Rambouillet.³⁴ Even so practical and worldly a man as Thomas Gent, printer of London and York, relates of his visit to his old home in Ireland (1715). ". . . but the most fond of me was my dear neice, Anne Standish, a perfect beauty. Often did we walk till late hours in the garden; she could tell me almost every passage in *Cassandra*, a celebrated romance that I had bought for her at London."³⁵ Oroondates, then, was not unknown in the provinces!

In the supplement to *The Gentleman Instructed in the Conduct of a Virtuous and Happy Life . . . To Which is Added a Word for the Ladies . . .* cited in another connection by Miss Reynolds,³⁶ there is a recurrence of the familiar plaint: "Let not Romances come within reach of a young Lady. They are the Poison of Youth and murder of Souls, as sure as Arsenick or Ratsbane kills Bodies . . . Alas, when a young Creature reads over flourish'd Descriptions of conquering Beauties, and captive Knights what a fine Landskip will they draw in her Head. How powerfully will they work upon her Tender Heart? What a tumult will they raise in her Breast?" While Dean Swift deplores a reading of books on other subjects than devotion or housewifery by young ladies, ". . . Plays, romances, novels and love poems are only proper to instruct them how to carry on an intrigue."³⁷ Yet apparently, young ladies continued to revel in these idle pleasures.

³³ Ibid., 271.

³⁴ Ibid., V. See particularly pp 136-140.

³⁵ *The Life of Mr. Thomas Gent, Printer of York*, written by himself; [Ed. Rev. Joseph Hunter], London, 1832, 49.

³⁶ Reynolds, *Learned Lady* . . ., 335. Her reference is to page 165 of the 8th edition, 1723.

³⁷ *The Works of Jonathan Swift* . . . ed. by Sir Walter Scott, Boston, 1883, IX, 262. "Of the Education of Ladies" (an unfinished essay).

Mary Wortley Montagu writes gaily of a great Cabinet minister's marriage, "What do you say to Pelham's marriage? There's flame! there's constancy! If I could not employ my time better I would write the history of their lives in twelve tomes: Lord Hervey should die in her arms like the poor King of Assyria, she should be sometimes carried off by the troops of Masques and at other times blocked up in the strong castles of the Bagnio but her honor should always remain inviolate by the strength of her own virtue, and the friendship of the enchantress, Mrs. Murray, till her happy nuptials with her faithful Cyrus: 'tis a thousand pities I have not time for those vivacities."³⁸ Furthermore, in the "Life of Mrs. Chapone Drawn up by her own Family" and prefixed to the *Works of Mrs. Chapone* one finds it stated (p. 13) that "Romances appear to have been the favorite reading of females at that period; and it is not to be wondered at that this young lady influenced by the examples of those around her, should have read with avidity works so alluring in their composition, tho' so little instructive in their tendency, or beneficial in their effects." However, useless as such a study might have been to the generality of youthful readers, it was not wholly unproductive of advantage to her, for at nine years old she composed a romance, called *The Loves of Amoret and Melissa*. The lady, herself, says of the matter "Indeed I am a little surprised that you, who are impatient with Mr. R's prolixity, should ever descend to the most tedious, as well as unedifying reading in the world, I mean a romance. I make no scruple to call romances the worst of all the species of writing: unnatural representations of the passions, false sentiments, false precepts, false wit, false honour, and false modesty, with a strange heap of improbable unnatural incidents mixed up with true history and fastened upon some of the great names of antiquity, make up the composition of a romance; at least of such as I have read which have been mostly French ones. Then the prolixity and poverty of the style is insupportable. I have (and yet I am still alive) drudged through *Le Grand Cyrus*, in twelve huge volumes, *Cleopatra*, in eight or ten, *Polexander*, *Ibrahim*, *Clélie*,

³⁸ *Works of the Rt. Honourable Lady Mary Wortley Montagu* . . . London, 1803, III, 167, 168.

and some others whose names as well as all the rest of them I have forgotten; but this was in the days when I did not choose my own books, for there was no part of my life in which I loved romances."³⁹ However, one must note this as the view of her age rather than of her youth. Lady Hervey is no more appreciative "I never read Harrington's [*Oceana*]; but, to say the truth, I think all those theoretic writers on a plane of perfection no better worth reading than Scuderi, or any other romance writer; nay, in my opinion, they both do a great deal of harm in their different ways . . ."⁴⁰ Eliza Haywood, "the Female Veteran", informs us in her Introduction to *Life's Progress Through the Passions* (1748) ". . . I shall farther declare that I am an enemy to all romances, novels, and whatever carries the air of them . . .", a statement which might be interpreted as dust in the reader's eye.

Indeed, despite her reverence for this type of writing, Mrs. Jane Barker, in the Preface to her *Exilius: or the Banish'd Roman* (1715) itself a heroic romance in little, makes the pronouncement that: "a Romance is like the Husband in the Fable, whose Young Wife pull'd out all his grey hairs, and his old one, the black. Thus it far'd with this kind of Heroic Love of late; it has been, as it were, rally'd out of practice, and its Professors laugh'd out of Countenance, while Interest and loose Gallantry have been set up in its Place, and monopolized all its Business and Effects."⁴¹ And so she turns her efforts to the reconciliation of novel and romance, as Galesia writing something of her own life and love into the *Amours of Bosvil and Galesia* which calls forth commendatory lines from G. Sewell prefixed to "The Second Edition Corrected" (1719) —

Condemn me not, Galesia, Fair unknown,
If I, to praise Thee, first my Error own;
A partial View and Prejudice of Fame
Slighted thy Pages for the *Novel's* Name:
Methought I scorn'd of Nymphs and Knights to dream,
And all the Trifles of a Love-Tale Scheme;

³⁹ *Works of Mrs. Chapone*, N. Y. 1818, I, Letter VI, 33, 34.

⁴⁰ *Letters of Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey*, with a Memoir and Illustrative Notes, London, 1821, Letter XLIX, Jan. 27, 1750, 168.

⁴¹ References are to the second edition of 1719.

Poor dry *Romances* of a tortur'd Brain,
Where we see none but the Composer's Pain

* * * * *

Who now can bear the stiff affected Vein,
Their *Loves*, their *Cupids*, and the idle Train
Which Fools are pleas'd with, and which Mad-Men feign?
When here we may with juster wonder view
The Charms of Nature, and those painted true
By what strange Springs our real Passions move
How vain are all Disguises when we love; . . .

This latter "novel" bears the subtitle "As related to Lucasia in St. Germain's Garden", the manner in vogue with Sapho, Rivella, and the illustrissimi of the romances. Lucasia will ring familiarly as the name of the chief ornament of Orinda's circle; Mrs. Barker herself seems to have been a member of a Cambridge group modelled on Mrs. Philip's earlier salon.

In the *Lady's Drawing Room* (1746) one is amused to find a picture of a friendly circle such as became the fashion in Orinda's time. One sees portrayed the doings of the little coterie of which the fair Ethelinda is the center, for the space of six days — the conversations anent love and great lovers, polite poetry making, and, above all, story telling. On each day a "history" is related or read to be later discussed at length by the members who, by the way, bear such classic names as Dorinthus, Philetas, Emilia, Melanthus and Bellimante — a history which might almost be out of any of the old romances. There is no doubt as to the influence of such books here — in the pompousness and ornateness of the prose, the method in which the histories are related, the form and content of the missives contained — even the very names. On the first day a member long absent, atones by relating "The History of Rodomond and the Beautiful Indian" (the setting of the tale, Bombay, the artificiality of it worthy of any of the hundreds of such which adorn the original French works); on the second day comes "The History of the Fair Unfortunate"; on the third "The True History of Henrietta de Bellgrave, a woman born only for Calamities; a distress'd Virgin, unhappy Wife, and most afflicted Mother", afterwards printed separately; on the fourth, the "Ad-

ventures of Marilla"; on the fifth, "The Story of Birinthia"; and on the sixth and last, "The History of Clyamon and Constantia". These are not the contemporary scandal stories but are in general in the old tradition. The Story of Marilla, however, is that of Biddy, and of Arabella (p. 143), "Unhappily, she was . . . too well acquainted with *Cassandra*, *Cleopatra*, *The Grand Cyrus*, *Pharamond*, and other fabulous Treatises, which poison'd her Way of Thinking, and gave her a certain Bent of Mind, to which ow'd all the Misfortunes of her future Life. Indeed, I think, there cannot be anything more pernicious to Youth, than the suffering them to read those idle and voluminous Adventures, which have no Foundation either in Truth, or good Sense, and I heartily wish, for the sake not only of the young Lady I am speaking of, but of many others whose Reason has been perverted by them, tho' perhaps not in an equal Degree, that the Government would forbid all such Books from being sold or printed." Furthermore, this so late interest in things romantic is not confined to such genteel company, by any means. George Anne Bellamy, one of the most notorious actresses of the Covent Garden of her time writes,⁴² "Lord Tyrawley having prohibited my reading *Cassandra*, the only romance in his library, and on which a girl of my age and lively disposition would naturally have first laid her hands, preferring poetry to history, I endeavoured to learn Pope's Homer by rote." Later on (Letter XXXIII, II, 30) she continues, speaking of her affair with Mr. Metham: "Indeed we carried our ideas of love to so romantic a height, that the correspondence, which by this time had commenced between us, partook more of the sentiments of *Cassandra* and *Oroondates*, than of persons on a level with the rest of mankind." Even the humble apprentice did not escape the spell, for Wingate remarks of the young man who is learning the trade of mixing potions and pills from Mr. Gargle, the apothecary, "What must be done? — a ridiculous numbskull with his damned *Cassandras* and *Cloppatras*, and trumpery, with

⁴² *An Apology for the Life of George Anne Bellamy*, Late of Covent Garden Theatre, written by Herself, The Third Edition, 1785, Letter VI, Oct. 28, 17—(I, 36). The date of her birth is uncertain; that of her death is 1788.

his Romances and his Odyssey Pope's . . . ; wearing stone buckles and cocking his hat!"⁴³

By far the most amusing treatment of a theme that we have seen employed several times before, the simple young girl brought up solely on romances, is discovered as we pass the middle of the century, in *The Female Quixote* (1752) by Mrs. Lennox, to which the reader has been already several times referred. The story of the escapades of the country-bred, romantic Arabella, and of the trials of her sensible guardian and her lover is exceedingly amusing. She makes herself, her guardian, Sir Charles, and his son Mr. Glanville, often ludicrous by her romantic notions drawn from her favorite reading. On occasion she recommends these volumes enthusiastically to the admiring Glanville (I, 70): "Arabella, making her Women place the Books upon a Table before her, opened them, one after another, with Eyes sparkling with Delight; while Glanville sat wrapt in Admiration at the Sight of so many huge Folios written, as he conceived, upon the most trifling Subjects imaginable. 'I have chosen out these few, said Arabella (not observing his Consternation) from a great many others which compose the most valuable Part of my Library; and, by what time you have gone thro' these, I imagine you will be considerably improved.'" Somewhat later, the young lady almost falls victim to the wily Sir George who covets her wealth (and whom she fortunately succeeds in having run through) because he pretends to fall in with her romantic notions; she makes a last grand gesture of swimming the Thames as did the noble Clelia the Tiber, to escape merely imaginary ravishers, recovering from the dangerous fever which results at last undeceived and eager to marry the patient and long suffering Mr. Glanville. Mrs. Lennox is able to single out the weakest parts of the romances for the barbed shafts of her satire; indeed she proves herself so adequately informed as to make it clear that at some time she was an omnivorous reader or a close student of that form. Referring to *Cassandra*, *Clelia*, *Cleopatra*, the *Grand Cyrus*, *Parthenissa*, and citing definite references to individual characters and situations from the various

⁴³ Arthur Murphy, *The Apprentice*, London, 1756; in Mrs. A. Inchbald, *A Collection of Farces*, III, Act I, Sc. I, 174.

histories contained in these lengthy tomes, she proves herself thoroughly conversant with them. Arabella after quoting (I, 71) word for word, a part of one of Oroondates' soliloquies, goes on to discuss the affairs of Statira, Oroondates, Orontes and Artaxerxes. Out of the innumerable specific references two may be quoted as examples of the author's precise and detailed knowledge of the subject: ". . . but if I cannot bring the Example of Orontes to influence you in the present Case, [says Arabella] I can mention those of other Persons, no less illustrious for their Birth and Courage than him. Did not the brave Memnon, when his Rival Oxyartes was sick, entreat the beautiful Barsina to favour him with a Visit? And the complaisant Husband of the divine Parisatis was not contented with barely desiring her to visit Lysimachus, who was dying with Despair at their Marriage, but would many times bring her himself to the Bed-side of this unfortunate Lover . . ." (II, 18). "The fair Arsinoe, Princess of Armenia [she continues] was constrained for a while to conceal her true Name and Quality, and pass for a simple Country-woman, under the Name of Delia; yet generous Philadelph, Prince of Cilicia, who saw and loved her under that Disguise, treated her with all the respect he would have done, had he known she was the Daughter of a King. In like manner, Prince Philoxipes, who fell in love with the beautiful Policrete, before he knew she was the Daughter of the great Solon . . ." (II, 61). It is true that the utter absurdity of the situations is almost sufficient to carry the story, but a "novel" of this sort, not only demands an intimate knowledge of the thing ridiculed, on the part of the author herself, but some familiarity with it on the part of the reader. In other words, the appearance of *The Female Quixote* in 1752, argues that these romances so popular a hundred years before lingered still strong in the memories of men. When Mrs. Barbauld reprinted the burlesque in *British Novelists* (1810), however, she remarked "The book has one disadvantage . . . namely that the satire has now no object."

Romances "in the old French taste" continued to be published for sometime after the advent of *Pamela* (1740) and of Mrs. Lennox's burlesque. These, however, although in the manner, were

lacking in the ponderous dignity of the old books whose offspring they seem to be. *The Monthly Review* during the "1750's" cites and reviews a number such, mostly in 12°, one or two volumes:

XVIII. "Angelina. Interspersed with the histories of donna Vittorina, dom. Matheo, and the chevalier de Riva Franca. Translated from the French. 12mo. 3s. Hinton."

"A romance in the old French taste; full of amorous stories and marvellous incidents."⁴⁴

Art. LXII. The Memoirs of the Countess of Berci. Taken from the French. By the Author of the Female Quixote. In 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Millar.

"As we are unacquainted with the original of these Memoirs, we know not whether, from the words *taken from the French*, we should regard them as a mere translation; but be this as it may, the work bears a strong resemblance to the *romantic Romances* of the last Century. The language however, is very passable . . ."

Art. 8. "The History of Cleanthes, an Englishman of the highest Quality, and Celemene, the illustrious Amazonian Princess: Interspersed with a variety of most entertaining Incidents, and surprising turns of Fortune; and a particular Account of that famous Island, so much talked of, but hitherto so little known. Written by a Person well acquainted with all the principal Characters from their Original. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Scott.

"By the title page some readers may be induced to search into this performance for hidden satire, or political allegory; but it contains nothing more than an harmless tale, loaded with uninteresting episodes, and professedly wrote in the manner and stile of the old Romances, equally improbable, indeed with the wildest of them, but falling far short of their glowing imagery, and strong colouring, which often captivate the fancy of young Readers especially, and please in spite of sense and reason."⁴⁵

In the *Ladies' Magazine* of May 1792 one finds the beginning of the romance *Gonzala de Cordoba, or Granada Recovered*, translated by Eliza M—— from the French of M. de Florian; in many ways of the tradition of *Polexander* and *Cassandra*. in 1795 it was still running.

⁴⁴ *Monthly Review*, VIII (May 1753), 394.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, XIV (June 1756), 516-520.

⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, XVI (June 1757), 567-568.

And meanwhile, in many of the novels written quite late in the century, the reader finds incidental allusions to the old Heroic Romances continuing. In the anonymous story of *Peggy and Patty* (Lon. 1783) — Those most unfortunate “Sisters of Ashdale” — are such incidental statements, quite casual in the give and take of ordinary conversation, as “. . . And, quite in the *delicate* style of ancient romance, proceeded to say — ‘only pronounce from those coral lips that you do not *hate* me.’ — (Pity, my Lucy, that my name was not Cleopatra, or Cassandra — plain Emma is very *uncouth*.)” (III, 26 & 27). “Does not that little romantic head of yours, child, fancy he is some wandering prince or knight in disguise? — But I should imagine the shooting season in Cumberland — on which account you say this *lovely unknown* (to speak in the language of *romance*) came into this country — is now pretty well over; therefore, we will drop the Arcadian *subject*, after I have most earnestly begged you, my dear Emma, not to indulge so simple and *visionary*, so hopeless and *idle a penchant*.” (II, 31 & 32). In the four volume *Celestina* (1791) by Charlotte Smith is something of the same sort (II, 247-248), “And seeing that Celestina wished to know more she said, smiling, ‘It is something like the personages with whom we are presented in old romances, and who meet in forests and among rocks and recount their adventures; but do you know, my dear Miss De Mornay, that I feel very much disposed to enact such a personage, and though it is but a painful subject, to relate to you my past life.’ ‘And do you know, dear Madam’, replied Celestina, ‘that no wandering lady in romance had ever more inclination to lose her own reflections in listening to the history of some friend who has by chance met her, lost in the thorny labyrinth of uneasy thoughts, than I have to listen to you.’” As late as 1796, that amiable Quaker, Robert Bage, paints the youthful Gregory Green as devoted to these old romances. Miss Brown, an early object of his passion, Gregory describes as beautiful to look upon, her mind “adorned with all the literature which this learned age has produced for the service of the ladies. To novels of the present day were added the Cassandras and Cleopatras, — the classics of a

century or two preceding:⁴⁷—"I was allowed to read the sublime *Cassandra* to her, while she worked in the summer evenings".⁴⁸ When, alas, she marries a clerk in a neighboring draper's shop he goes into romantic transports "My fair Statira was ravished from my longing eyes . . . This unheard of injustice inspired me with the very soul of Artaxerxes, and I determined to pursue the detested ravisher to the extremities of the earth."⁴⁸

In his Preface to the Fables of Dryden⁴⁹ Scott makes mention of Mlle de Scudéri "who is as old as Sibyl". He says, "Her huge romances . . . were in my childhood still read in some old-fashioned Scottish families though now (1808) absolutely forgotten and in no chance of being revived," thus corroborating Mrs. Barbauld's testimony of about the same time. Yet, at a comparatively recent date (1885), Mr. Edmund Gosse makes the interesting statement, "I remember that when I was myself a child I got hold of a novel of this class called *Polexander*—I suppose a version of the romance by Gomberville—and read its tedious pages day after day as a sort of religious exercise, tilting the elephantine tome against the wall of the garret where I found it, and really having to enter the book, as if it were a little temple, every time I wanted to proceed with it. The ladies of two centuries ago did much the same, no doubt; they wandered at will for weeks at a time through the monstrous provinces of the country of Tenderness—; or listened, in the translation of Dr. Loveday, to the heroical adventures of La Calprenède's *Cleopatra*. All the dramatists, from Dryden downwards, borrowed their tragic plots from these French romances."⁵⁰ It is amazing to find these books referred to and *read* so frequently in the eighteenth century, in a time during which they are supposed, according to the generally accepted theory, to have been safely interred.

But the tide had turned. In 1760 (the date of publication) or slightly earlier, Mr. King spoke, as the prologue to *Polly Honeycombe*—

⁴⁷ *Hermesprong, or Man as He is Not*. Vol. XLVIII of *British Novelists*, ed. Barbauld, 1820, p. 7.

⁴⁸ *Ibid.* p. 8.

⁴⁹ *Works* . . . ed. by Scott, XI, 232.

⁵⁰ Edmund Gosse, *From Shakespeare to Pope*, N. Y. 1885, 224.

"Hither, in days of Yore, from Spain or France
Came a dread Sorceress; her name, ROMANCE.
O'er Britain's Isle her wayward spells She cast.
And Common Sense in magick chain bound fast,
In mad Sublime did each fond Lover wooe,
And in Heroics ran each Billet Doux:
High deeds of Chivalry their sole Delight,
Each Fair a Maid Distrest, each Swain a Knight.
Then might Statira Oroondates see,
At Tilts and Tournaments, arm'd Cap-a-pè.
She too, on milk-white Palfrey, Lance in hand,
A Dwarf to guard her, pranc'd about the land.⁵¹

This Fiend to quell, his sword Cervantes drew.
A trusty Spanish Blade, Toledo true:
Her Talismans and Magick Wand He broke—
Knights, Genii, Castles—Vanish'd into Smoke.

But now, the dear delight of later years,
The Younger Sister of Romance appears:
Less solemn is her air, her drift the same
And Novel her enchanting, charming Name.
Romance might strike our grave Forefathers' Pomp
But *Novel* for our Buck and lively Romp!
Cassandra's Folios now no longer read,
See, Two Neat Pocket Volumes in their stead!"

⁵¹ The dramatist has obviously confused her with the Lady Una of Spenser's *Fairie Queene*, Bk. I.

PART VI.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE INFLUENCE OF THE HEROIC ROMANCE ON THE EARLY HIS- TORY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

The reader is, of course, aware that the term "novel" was commonly used, and that in a sense more like the original Italian, some time before the appearance of Richardson's *Pamela* (1740) recognized more or less generally as the first novel in the modern sense. The early productions so designated were usually in two or three volumes 12°, large print, attracting their readers often by more than the breath of scandal. Yet despite their difference of aim, it is almost inevitable that the earlier writers of such works should show the influence of their predecessors in romance. Though they might affect a new mode, they were nurtured in the old, their product what George Crabbe characterized as —

A *Novel* train! The brood of old Romance
Conceived by Folly, on the coast of France.¹

They had vague memories of splendid figures, purple diction, exotic lands. When Sir George, genial villain of *The Female Quixote*, enamored of the unsophisticated Arabella's fortune resolved to court her in terms of her own beloved Romances, he was well qualified for the task since "He was well read in Romances himself, and had actually employed himself some weeks in giving a new Version of the Grand Cyrus; but the prodigious Length of the Task he had undertaken, terrified him so much, that he gave it over: Nevertheless, he was perfectly well acquainted with the chief Characters in most of the French Romances, could tell *everything that was borrowed from them, in all the new novels* [the italics are the present writer's] that came out; and, being a very accurate critic, and a mortal Hater of Dryden,

¹ "The Library" (Original draft, followed line 594 of present edition) *Poetical Works*, II, Lon. 1853.

ridiculed him for want of Invention, as it appeared by his having recourse to these Books for the most shining Characters and Incidents in his Plays. 'Almanzor', he would say, was the copy of the famous 'Artaban' in *Cleopatra*, . . . his admired Character of 'Melantha' in *Marriage a-la-mode* was drawn from 'Berissa' in the *Grand Cyrus*; and the Story of 'Osmyn and Bensayda' in his *Conquest of Granada* taken from 'Sesostris and Timerilla in that Romance."² We have rather arbitrarily ruled out the drama from consideration here;³ the truth of Mrs. Lennox's words concerning the novels, however, will be further discussed. The early novel, for all its vaunted realism, seems frequently but the romance vulgarized.

Mrs. Aphra Behn, one of the most realistic and least delicate of her time, adventuress extraordinary, dealer in political chicanery and mistress to more than one, dubbed herself "Astrea", and, through her letters and otherwise, manifested a familiarity with the long romances, in which it would seem that she read widely. Indeed, Montague Summers, a recent editor of her works, is quite positive in the assertion, and suggests that "It was perhaps from the reading of Calprenède and Madame de Scudéry that Aphra gained that intimate knowledge of French which served her well and amply in after years during her literary life; at any rate she seems to have realized her dramatic genius and to have begun a play drawn from one of the most interesting episodes of *Cleopatra*, the love story of the Scythian King Alcamene [later published as *The Young King*.⁴] Certain it is that her prose is never entirely free of their shadow. Despite the out and out coarseness of her situations, despite the worldliness of her tone, her stories are still shot through and through with the influence of the romances. We see this in tricks of phrasing, in a style which frequently threatens to become ornate, in set character descriptions, in actual situation. She is frequently on the verge of romantic description, nor does she always miss it, an example to the

² *Female Quixote*, I, 198.

³ The reader is referred to the excellent treatments of this phase in: Hill, Pt. II; L. N. Chase, *The English Heroic Play*; A. W. Ward, *A History of English Dramatic Literature*, Lon. 1899, III 309-313; Charlanne, Pt II, ch. 8.

⁴ *Works of Aphra Behn*, ed. Montague Summers, 1915, xix.

point being the picture of Miranda⁵ "tall and admirably shaped. No Art could make a Face so fair as hers by Nature, which every Feature adorn'd with a Grace that Imagination cannot reach", or of the young Alcidiana (a name, by the by, straight from *Polexander*), surpassingly lovely though but fourteen years of age (again a note from the romances.)

In the preface to her *Oroonoko*, (1688) she particularly stresses the fact that her story is not romance but actuality, yet the black prince Oroonoko, than whom "The most famous Statuary cou'd not form the figure of a Man more admirably turn'd from Head to Foot"⁶ reminds us at once of any of those princes with whom we have become familiar. In his native African court are all the graces exemplified in the salon. How ideal is the deportment of the lovers! "All his Courtship was, to fold his Arms, pursue her with his Eyes, and Sighs were all his Language! While she, as if no such Lover were present, or rather, as if she desired none such, carefully guarded her Eyes from beholding him; and never approach'd him, but she look'd down with all the blushing modesty I have seen in the most severe and cautious of our World."⁷ Here are other points in common — letters, poems, long soliloquies. Across the serene sky of their promised happiness falls the shadow of the old king's infatuation, his jealous love. Oroonoko, like our heroes of romance is forced to dissemble, Imoinda is imprisoned. He is carried off by sea to be sold as a slave, and comes upon her again in far off Surinam. Furthermore, the young prince is known in his later days as "Caesar", Imoinda as "Clemene". Stock situations all these, of Calprenède and Scudéry. *Agnes de Castro* offers additional evidence; the gay tournament so painstakingly described, the pageantry, the trappings of the rival knights, both suitors for the lovely Agnes, the rush of steeds and the clash of arms could only be got from one source: "Don Pedro appear'd in the Lists with an admirable Grace; and Don Alvaro, who looked on this Day as his own, appear'd there all shining with Gold, mix'd with stones of Blue, which were the Colours of

⁵ *The Fair Jilt*, (Histories and Novels, 4th ed.), 110.

⁶ *Histories and Novels*, 4th ed., 10.

⁷ *Ibid.*, 4.

Agnes; and there were embroider'd all over his Equipage, flaming Hearts of Gold on blue Velvet, and nets for the Snares of Love, with abundance of double A's; his Device was a Love coming out of a Cloud, with these Verses written underneath —

Love from a Cloud breaks like the God of Day
And to the World his Glories does display;
To gaze on charming Eyes, and make 'em know
What to soft Hearts, and to his Power they owe!"⁸

Nor did Mrs. Mary Manley, a kindred spirit some thirty years Mrs. Behn's junior, possibly yet more indecorous in her relations, certainly even coarser in her pen, absorbed in scandalmonging and political satire, entirely escape their influence, if we may judge from certain portions of the *New Atalantis* which contains several references to the romances, or from her autobiography appearing in 1714 romantically garbed as *The Adventures of Rivella*. This latter rambling story of law suit, intrigue and assignation, compounded with much petty scandal is, strangely enough, "Deliver'd in a Conversation to the Young Chevalier D'Aumont in Somerset House Garden by Sir Charles Lovemore." (It will be remembered that such a spot was particularly favored for the reciting of Histories by the lovely personages of romance.) Sir Charles relates of Rivella which is to say of Mrs. Manley, (p. 16) that when she was but twelve, "I had used to please myself in talking Romantick stories to her, and with furnishing her with Books of that strain." "I lov'd her", he tells us further (p. 17), "but she did not return my Passion, yet without any affected Coyness, or personating a Heroine of the many Romances she daily read." That some of these were probably *de longue haleine* one may gather from the numerous little "characters" here given, reminding one of those which Sapho delighted to draw of herself and the polite circle of her friends. As an instance, consider the set description of Rivella (pp. 10-13):

"Her Teeth small and even, a Breath always sweet; Her Complexion fair and fresh; yet with all this you must be us'd to her before she can be thought thoroughly agreeable. Her Hands and Arms have been publicly celebrated; it is certain that I never saw any so well turned: Her

⁸ Ibid., 191.

Neck and Breasts have an establish'd Reputation for Beauty and Colour: Her Feet small and pretty. Thus I have run thro' whatever Custom suffers to be visible to us; . . . Rivella's natural Temper is haughty, impatient of Contradiction: She is nicely tenacious of the Privilege of Her own Sex, in Point of what Respect ought to be paid by ours to the Ladies; and as she understands good Breeding to a Punctuality, tho' the Freedom of her Humour often dispenses with Forms, she will not easily forgive what Person soever shall be wanting in that which Custom has made her Due: Her Soul is soft and tender to the afflicted, her Tears wait upon their misfortunes, and there is nothing she does not do to assuage them."

Particularly interesting are those little books distinctly announcing themselves as novels, and just as distinctly heroic romances in miniature. Such a one is Mrs. Jane Barker's *Exilius, or the Banished Roman* (1715) in the introduction to which (as well as in that to her *Lining to the Patchwork Screen*, 1726) she bears enthusiastic testimony to the improvement to be gained from reading romances. Herself a devotee, and a great admirer of the Matchless Orinda, she echoes names from the great tomes which were her favorites.⁹ The mode has admittedly changed for the author tells us in the preface,¹⁰ "It is free from long Speeches, and tedious Descriptions of Towns, Places, Sieges, Battles, Horses and their trappings, &c. Nevertheless, I have since put in one Description, (and but one) which is pretty long, and that is of a Garden; but it being added since the Book was compos'd, those who love not Description may pass it over unread . . ." Yet, divided into two parts of four books each, it abounds in "Histories" which are finally brought to a close with Exilius' "quality" revealed, his marriage to Scipiana, daughter of Publius Scipio, and the union of six other lovely couples. In the course of the action the unknown (practically all of the characters are at one time or another unknown or appear under assumed names) Exilius saves Scipio's army in battle, Scipiana is cast ashore upon Exilius' desert isle from a burning ship, they are captured by the

⁹ Note such titles as *Clelia and Marcellus; or, The Constant Lovers: The Reward of Virtue, or, the Adventures of Clarinthia and Lysander: The Lucy Escape; or, the Fate of Ismenus: Clodius and Scipiana; or, the Beautiful Captive: The Amours of Bosvil and Galesia.*

¹⁰ Second edition, 1719.

inevitable pirates (vol. I, p. 103), they are deceived in one another through false letters. In the wildest fancy is the capture of the lovely *Jemella*, after shipwreck, by a male *Syren*. The singing of these legendary creatures (II, 249) is one of the most interesting of the many less lengthy descriptions. It is difficult to refrain from quoting more than the soliloquy of *Cordiala* anent young *Scipio* (II, 285-286):

"Then O ye Gods! be so kind to me as you were to the Nymphs of old, and turn me into a tree in this Grove, where perhaps *Scipio* may admire me in that Form or Species, and carve some Love-Verses on my Bark, sing and whisper gentle Airs, which the Wind joining with my ruffling Leaves, will reverberate, and so make a happy consort of our mutual Loves. And if my thick Shade shelter him from Sun or Rain, how pleas'd should I be in rendering him that Service. But, O ye Gods! if he should bring some fair She, Daughter of a mighty Lord, and underneath the Umbrage of my extended Branches court and languish at her Feet, then should I die, my Leaves wither, and my Trunk rot with Indignation. Then rather let me follow the Fate of that babling Nymph whom your Pity turn'd into a Voice, and I will always follow this my *Narcissus*; and when vast armies and glorious Triumph shall with loud Applause Shout forth the Name of *Scipio*, then is my Time to serve his Fame, by echoing, *Scipio, Scipio, Scipio*, 'til his name pierce the Clouds, and make even the Gods Jealous of his rising Glories."

Mrs. *Eliza Haywood*, the doughty "Female Veteran", characterized by *Swift* as "a stupid, infamous, scribbling woman," also bears marked testimony of the early influence of romance reading. In the midst of intrigue and assignation the reader is amazed to see the fair pictures of not unforgotten prince and princess and to hear their absurdly pompous speeches once more. Their very names are enough to stir old memories: *Anadea*, *Clitander*, *Euphemia*, *Emanuella*, *Cleomelia*, *Zephalinda* and *Philidore*. Here are inflated love and jealousy, disguises, histories, pirates, oriental splendor. The career of *Idalia or the Unfortunate Mistress* (1724) is rather vivid; indeed, ending in murder and suicide, it is not the sort of thing of which romances were made. Yet our heroine, fleeing *Henriques*, an adorer whom she has discovered to be false, finds her guide a noble lover in disguise. She escapes from him to a ship bound for *Naples*, is saved there from the

amorous advances of the captain by a rather genteel pair of married corsairs who respect her quality and oblige with their story — which is terminated by sudden shipwreck. Frequently Mrs. Haywood's characters are ignorant of birth or quality. Passion rules their universe, but passion of a new and strange sort frequently debased or illicit. Yet permit Mrs. Haywood to introduce Lasselia (or is this really Statira or Parisatis in disguise?) :

"But if the grave Part of the World were charm'd with her Wit and Discretion, the Young and Gay were infinitely more so with her Beauty; which tho' it was not of that dazzling kind which strikes the Eye at first looking on it with Desire and Wonder, yet it was such as seldom fail'd of captivating Hearts most adverse to Love. Her features were perfectly regular, her Eyes had an uncommon Vivacity in them, mix'd with a Sweetness, which spoke the Temper of her Soul; her mien was gracefully easy, and her Shape the most exquisite that could be; in fine, her charms encreas'd by being often seen, every View discover'd something new to be admir'd; and tho' they were of that sort which more properly may be said to persuade than to command Adoration, yet they persuaded it in such a manner, that no mortal was able to resist their Force."¹¹

This sort of set description is frequent, although these people are of another day and age, and are governed by a different moral code.

The casual reader is indeed surprised to find tucked away among so much scandalous and worse, such a story as *Philidore and Placentia: or, L'amour trop Delicat* (1727). The characters are so closely akin to the darlings of the salon as to appear actually patterned upon them. The poor but noble hero, worshipping in vain one so far above him, serves her in menial ways and is so fortunate as to save her from robbers and eventually win her heart. More perfect than Artamenes, he won't accept her proffered fortune and leaves precipitately for Persia. He is captured by pirates, marooned, and after wandering desert sands saves a youth from three assailants. This young man dutifully relates his "history", telling that the three were janizaries of the Bashaw of Liperto with whose favorite wife he had been guilty of a liaison. Eventually our hero gets a fortune and sails back home — in pure

¹¹ *Lasselia, or the Self Abandon'd*, 1723, 2.

compassion buying a weeping female slave on the way, who turns out to be Placentia. She relates her recent history — of the return of a lost brother who claims all, of her flight and seizure by the inevitable pirates, her sale as a slave, her persecution by the as-in-avoidable unwanted lover. Returned home, she now discovers qualms about Philidore's wealth and flees. Eventually they are reunited with the help of the brother, none other than the youth saved in foreign lands. Not far removed is an earlier novel, *The Arragonian Queen: A Secret History* (1724). Particularly arresting here is a picture of such a tournament as we have become familiar with in all its richness. This one is held to celebrate the marriage of the dutiful Zephalinda to Albaraizor, her father's choice but not her own, where the Arragonian gentlemen proclaim a challenge to all comers, and her true beloved, Abdelhamar, an unknown black knight, performs feats of valor unparalleled to win the prize from her fair hand.¹²

Despite the almost accidental origin of *Pamela* the statement is often made that Samuel Richardson's novels came essentially as a protest against the artificiality of the preceding romances. In a general sense, the novels of the period tending toward the realistic, this is true, yet to him who has a knowledge of the ponderous works of the earlier French school there will appear several parallels with the latter in the works of the serious-minded master printer. His whole life at Hammersmith where he was surrounded by those perfectly proper young ladies whom he called his adopted daughters, is strongly reminiscent of the earlier salons. Here, in the garden, the young ladies flocked about him while he read passages from the manuscript upon which he was at the moment busied, to engage in long discussions concerning the morals or the ethics of character or situation. Here were stressed high ideals of virtue and affection.

¹² For further information the reader is referred to the excellent contribution by George Frisbie Whicher, to Columbia Univ. Studies in English and Comparative Literature. *The Life and Romances of Mrs. Eliza Haywood*, N. Y., 1915. Dr. Whicher also suggests that the passion for strange climes in kaleidoscopic succession exhibited by Mrs. Manley's little known contemporary Mrs. Penelope Aubin may perhaps be traced to the Heroic Romances.

Although direct proof seems lacking, there should be little doubt that Richardson had read somewhat in the romances, which were being printed as late as 1737. Not given to the usual active pursuits of boys of his age, of a softer nature and a bookish turn of mind, young Richardson could hardly have missed these old volumes; one can almost see him reading *Cassandra* or the *Grand Cyrus* as he may well have done to that earlier group of young ladies to whom, on occasion, he acted as amanuensis, and whom he thus amused after school hours while they were occupied with their sewing. Certainly the trials of Clelia and Mandana would have found a sympathetic audience with these romantic maidens,¹³ under leisured conditions at least remotely comparable to those they enjoyed amidst the needlework in the old French chateaus. A suggestion of such familiarity is to be found in *Sir Charles Grandison*¹⁴ in which Miss Lucy Selby quotes Mrs. Shirley, who has been discussing matrimony and kindred topics. Says Mrs. Shirley, "The reading of fiction when I was young was Romances. You, my children, have, in that respect, fallen into happier days. The present age is greatly obliged to the authors of the Spectators. But till I became acquainted with my dear Mrs. Eggleston, which was about my sixteenth year, I was over-run with the absurdities of that kind of writing." "And how long, Madam, did they hold?" asks one. "Not till I was quite twenty. That good Lady cured me of so false a taste: But till she did, I had very high ideas of first impressions: of eternal constancy: of Love raised to a pitch of idolatry. In these dispositions, not more than nineteen, was my dear Mr. Shirley proposed to me, as a person whose character was faultless; his offers advantageous. I had seen him in company two or three times, and looked upon him merely as a good sort of man; a sensible man . . . But what was a good sort of man to an Oroondates? . . ." It is such an excuse that Squire B., having intercepted several of Pamela's sorrowful missives to her parents, offers goodman Andrews for their hysterics and heroics.

¹³ Professor Cross (p. 110) calls attention to the mention of Scudéry and Calprenède by a reviewer in 1789 and suggests that at this time their books were to be found in all good circulating libraries.

¹⁴ *Sir Charles Grandison*, ed. Leslie Stephen, 1883, Letter LXXVII, 389-390.

“ . . . I think I am obliged to let you know, that I have discovered the strange correspondence carried on between you and your daughter, so injurious to my honour and reputation, and which, I think, you should not have encouraged, till you knew there were sufficient grounds for those aspersions, which she so plentifully casts upon me. Something possibly there might be in what she has written from time to time; but, believe me, with all her pretended simplicity and innocence, I never knew so much romantic invention as she is mistress of. In short, the girl’s head’s turned by romances, and such idle stuff, to which she has given herself up, ever since her kind lady’s death.”¹⁵ The admiring Mrs. Barbauld¹⁶ is careful to point out to the reader that her idol has snatched the blindfold from the eyes of truth and dared the dread glance; the absurdities and impossibilities of the romanticist have been left behind. “That kind of fictitious writing of which he has set the example, disclaims all assistance from giants or genii. The moated castle is changed to a modern parlour; the princess and her pages to a lady and her domestics, or even to a simple maiden, without birth or fortune; we are not called on to wonder at improbable events, but to be moved by natural passions and impressed by salutary maxims.”¹⁷ It is true that one finds nothing of giants, dragons and other impossibilities of the long discredited chivalric romance, nor of the pirates, shipwrecks and military glamor of the heroic type. Yet familiar things are here. Virtuous maids are sorely pressed (Pamela even being imprisoned in the fashion most approved by Calprenède and Scudéry) to emerge, if not always pure and undefiled (we must make an exception for the unfortunate Miss Harlowe) at least unviolated in spirit.

It is not unfair to say that Richardson, as did Mrs. Shirley in her early youth, entertains the same “high ideas . . . of eternal constancy; of love raised to a pitch of idolatry.” If his heroines, less alabaster of brow and carnation of cheek are of a different age and station from those of Calprenède, their ideals are much

¹⁵ *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*, ed. Leslie Stephen, I, 97.

¹⁶ *The Correspondence of Samuel Richardson* . . . p. xxi.

¹⁷ Or, as Dr. Cross puts it (p. 35), “What Richardson did was to give this old Love casuistry a real basis in real life.” He suggests Pierre Carlet de Marivaux as the “logical link between Richardson and Scudéry.”

the same. Richardson does not hesitate as Dryden pretended to do, to "subject [his] characters to the French standard where love and honour are to be weighed by drachms and scruples."¹⁸ The artificiality of their passions is at times out of the lives of their more illustrious sisters. Indeed the tumbling length of these stories, their episodic quality, the multiplicity of their characters relate them to the by now somewhat discredited genre.

The more robust Henry Fielding had no patience with such artificialities and affectations as were staple qualities in the *Roman de longue haleine*; indeed he vigorously bastinadoed the heroic drama which was largely grounded in this type. The faults in Richardson at which he railed most fiercely were only such as the master printer might legitimately have come by from the same source. Yet that he was not utterly ignorant of their existence is to be gathered from his Preface to *Joseph Andrews*¹⁹ wherein, speaking of the epic, he prefers to place the *Telemachus* of the Archbishop of Cambray in that class "from which it differs in only a single instance" rather "than to confound it with those which it resembles in no other. Such are those voluminous works, commonly called Romances, namely *Clelia*, *Cleopatra*, *Astraea*, *Cassandra*, *the Grand Cyrus*, and innumerable others, which contain, I apprehend, very little instruction or entertainment" The question as to his actual familiarity with the heroic works listed would seem to rest on one's interpretation of the word "apprehend". Although he tells us that Mrs. Western had "read all the modern plays, operas, orations, poems and romances — in all of which she was a critic",²⁰ which the reader will observe were modern ones²¹ we never find her quoting familiar bits from the latter or regretting that those about her lack the gallantry and devotion of an Artamenes.

¹⁸ "Of Heroic Plays", Prefatory Essay to the *Conquest of Granada*, in Dryden's *Works*, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, IV, 28.

¹⁹ *Joseph Andrews*, ed. Saintsbury, N. Y., n. d., xl.

²⁰ *Tom Jones*, II, 7, ed. Saintsbury.

²¹ Fielding seems to have used the term on occasion, as here, as more or less synonymous with "fiction". See also dedication to Lyttleton, P. xxvi. "Again, Sir, without your assistance this history had never been completed. Be not started at this assertion. I do not intend to draw on you the suspicion of being a romance writer."

As one pursues the quest for any point of contact, however remote, he is arrested by such interpolated stories as that of "The Man on the Hill", and "The Unfortunate Jilt", suggesting the intercalated *histories* which were a vital part of the older stories; indeed, the second of the two, quite romantic in content, is entitled *The History of Leonora*.²² Her story, related in the approved fashion by a lady, has much in common with those which made up the weighty volumes of Scudéry. She is lovely, of course. Horatio, her humble lover, might well have graced the drawing rooms of Clelia, "His face and person were such as the generality allowed handsome; but he had a dignity in his air very rarely to be seen. His temper was of the saturnine complexion, and without the least taint of moroseness. He had wit and humor, with an inclination to satire, which he indulged rather too much."²³ Furthermore, appropriately "It was in the midst of a gay conversation in the walks one evening, when Horatio whispered Leonora that he was desirous to take a turn or two with her in private."²⁴ Their love plighted, letters were exchanged, Horatio echoing the older heroes of romance:

"Can I tell you with what eagerness I expect the arrival of that blessed day, when I shall experience the falsehood of a common assertion, that the greatest human happiness consists in hope? A doctrine which no person had ever stronger reason to believe than myself at present, since none ever tasted such bliss as fires my bosom with the thoughts of spending my future days with such a companion, and that every action of my life will have the glorious satisfaction of conducing to your happiness."

To which the lovely Leonora replies in kind:

"The refinement of your mind has been so evidently proved by every word and action ever since I had the first pleasure of knowing you, that I thought it impossible my good opinion of Horatio could have been heightened to any additional proof of merit. This very thought was my amusement when I received your last letter, which, when I opened, I confess I was surprised to find the delicate sentiments expressed there so far exceeding what I thought could come even from you (although I know all the generous principles human nature is capable of are centered in your breast),

²² *Joseph Andrews*, Bk. II, ch. IV and VI.

²³ *Ibid.*, II, 126.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, II, 127.

that words cannot paint what I feel on the reflection that my happiness shall be the ultimate end of all your actions."²⁵

Then came Bellarmine with all the airs of France, the disillusionment of poor Horatio, and the eventual jilting of the lady who properly retired to a lonely dwelling while Horatio, grown rich, sighed in memory.

As a matter of fact, the familiar "set" descriptions are not limited to this history for Fielding, turning his pen to burlesque vein, thus describes the lovely Sophia!²⁶ "Her shape was not only exact, but extremely delicate: and the nice proportion of her arms promised the truest symmetry of her limbs. Her hair, which was black, was so luxuriant that it reached her middle, before she cut it to comply with the modern fashion; and it was now curled so gracefully in her neck, that few could believe it to be her own. If envy could find any part in the face which demanded less commendation than the rest, it might possibly think her forehead might have been higher without prejudice to her. Her eyebrows were full, even, and arched beyond the power of art to imitate." Nor was he wholly above the claims made by romance writers and their publishers: "Besides displaying that beauty of virtue which may attract the admiration of mankind, I have attempted to engage a stronger motive to human action in her favor, by convincing men, that their true interest directs them to a pursuit of her."²⁷ However, ordinarily his vigorous, colloquial diction bears no echo of the past.

Whence came these things in Fielding? There is, I believe, legitimate doubt. The digressions, the perfect chivalry, the remote sketchings of character may all be found, to some extent, in the Picaresque story out of Spain, in *Don Quixote*, or in the classics. His frequent references to the latter, direct and indirect — to Virgil, Cicero, Horace, Homer or Longinus argue that he, as did Calprenède and Scudéry, turned directly to these rather than to the intermediate source.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, Bk II, 130 & 131.

²⁶ *Tom Jones*, Bk. IV, ch. 1, 175.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, Dedication, xxx.

The novelist's sister, Sarah Fielding, one of Richardson's most ardent admirers, shows herself on occasion to be familiar in some degree with the earlier heroic works. In a passage of romantic content in the *History of the Countess of Dellwyn* (1759, I, 245) she refers to *Parthenissa*, while her more familiar *David Simple* (1744) with its little *histories* inserted within the framework of the whole, and sometimes within one another, a device peculiar to the older works, is strongly reminiscent of them. In the words of Professor Elton²⁸ "The Dorimenes and Isabelles who suffer and are righted are lineal, though middle-class descendants of the long-winded heroines in the prose romances."

That Smollett, despite his rough masculinity, was familiar with at least the works of Calprenède would seem a possibility, but is probably little more. The evidence that might be adduced is anything but conclusive. That delightful invalid, Matthew Bramble writes concerning his niece Lydia to his friend Dr. Lewis,²⁹ "She is a poor, good natured simpleton, as soft as butter, and as easily melted — not that she's a fool — the girl's parts are not despicable, and her education has not been neglected; that is to say, she can write and spell, and speak French and play upon the harpsichord; then she dances finely, has a good figure, and is very well inclined; but she's deficient in spirit, and so susceptible — and so tender forsooth! — truly she has got a languishing eye, and reads romances." Her later conduct in her love for the disguised "Wilson" is worthy a Parisatis but Wilson himself can hardly be considered a Lysander. In *Roderick Random* we meet another lady, of a decidedly different station of life who lays claim to a similar interest in these old books. Miss Williams, a prostitute, playing upon the gullibility of poor Roderick tells a highly romantic tale — designated her *history*, by the way — of being surprised in a wood whilst reading, by a rude squire on horseback and rescued in the conventional way by another horseman who escorts her home and is received into her family, ultimately to quite unromantically cause her ruin. "Having more imagination than judgment", she says in extenuation "I addicted myself too much to poetry and ro-

²⁸ Oliver Elton, *Survey of English Literature, 1730-1780*, I, 242.

²⁹ *Humphrey Clinker*, ed. Saintsbury, N. Y., n. d., I, 15.

mance.”³⁰ Following the escapade, she says: “All night long my imagination formed a thousand ridiculous expectations. There was so much of knight-errantry in this gentleman’s coming to the relief of a damsel in distress, with whom he immediately became enamoured, that all I had read of love and chivalry recurred to my fancy and I looked upon myself as a princess in some region of romance, who, being delivered from the power of a brutal giant or satyr by a generous Oroondates, was bound in gratitude as well as led by inclination, to yield my affections to him without reserve. In vain did I endeavor to chastise these foolish conceits, by reflections more reasonable and severe. The amusing images took full possession of my mind, and my dreams represented my hero sighing at my feet in the language of a despairing lover.”³¹ The association of the knightly Oroondates and the impossible giants of chivalric days may have been purposely done to heighten the reader’s conviction of her dissembling (which would seem needless effort, for the average reader was likely to be unappreciative); the more logical inference is that our irascible author was speaking rather from hearsay — that his own knowledge of the romances was got at second hand.

Lesser figures of the period manage successfully to fuse the heroic love code with the new realism of the novel. An instance is Sarah Scott, known as “The Pea” because she was as like her more famous sister, Elizabeth Robinson Montagu, as one pea to another. Her sister was partly responsible for Sarah’s belated interest in romance, for, among other books which she sent her to read in 1757 was *The Grand Cyrus*. Although a rather dull story, the scene of which is laid in France, her *Agreeable Ugliness* (1754) is such a book. *The Delicate Distress: a Novel in Letters in Two Volumes* By Frances — [Mrs. Elizabeth Griffin] (Lon. 1769) is another case in point, chiefly the story of the marital difficulties of Lady Emily Woodville and final happiness, interspersed with memoirs or histories such as delighted Orinda and her circle. Lady Harriet Hanbury begins with the time honored formula: “My father was eldest son to the Earl of G——;”

³⁰ *Roderick Random*, ed. Saintsbury, N. Y., n.d., II, 3.

³¹ *Ibid.*, II, 5.

furthermore she stays in a faint fifteen days (a record for even a Cassandra), which none of the other characters (some of them male) though they strive to emulate her can quite equal. The history of Miss Charlotte Beaumont is so moving that Lady Strafford writes to her beloved Lady Woodville (I, 138) "I cannot forgive your want of ingenuousness, in not mentioning the million of tears, her story must have cost you — there never was anything more affecting — Lucy and I read and wept by turns . . ." This same Lady Strafford, suffering a wrecked carriage, finds her way to a little cottage with a sumptuous chapel, the unknown mistress of which confides obligingly on short acquaintance (I, 148) "I am a native of Italy, and descended from one of the most ancient families, of the republic of Genoa . . ." Captain Barnard's letter (I, 55) is the sort of thing we have come to associate with Juba Coriolanus, Orontes and their ilk. John Potter's *The Curate of Coventry* (1771) both *exemplifies* and *mocks*. The Curate, Mr. Myrtle, proves eventually the son of a most interesting and polished hermit (this latter much of the type of Tyridates in *Cleopatra*) like the true unknown of the romances and marries his beloved Laura, the couple enjoying (II, 261) ". . . affluences, and prosperity, with the same constancy and equality of mind which led them to endure disappointments and sufferings, with patience and resignation. A dignity of disposition truly *heroical*; . . ." The story is broken into the familiar histories: of Miss Southern, of Mr. Myrtle, of the Hermit of Coventry who begins his sad story with (II, 59) "If you . . . are disposed to be attentive to a relation of my history . . . which may afford you some hints well worthy your notice . . .", tells of his quality and halts several times for floods of tears. A discourse typical of the salon, on the proper conduct of lovers, of the nature of love and jealousy, is indulged in for several pages by Miss Southern and the Curate, after the ballad of "Amyntor and Florella" is read. Then there is Miss Southern herself, who calls herself the Governess of "The Castle of Contentment" (I, 59-61), "Wearied with the perplexity of fixing on some plan, which might abate the perturbation of her mind, she at last resolved to resume one of her juvenile amusements; that of reading books of romance and poetry." She

accordingly built a library in her country home where "by a constant perusal of the fictions of poets, and the extravagance of romance writers, she acquired a wildness in her looks and manner, which, added to an affected singularity of dress, made the common people believe her a witch." As has been remarked, the book is not entirely free from a satiric thrust at that from which it has its being (I, 64-65), "In short, not to keep the reader any longer in suspense, he, the curate made his entry into Coventry in a — stage-coach; an instrument of conveyance, in every respect preferable to the machines and expedients of the heroic romance."

Particularly interesting as illustrating the persistence of the heroic model is Charles Johnstone's late eighteenth century *History of Arsaces Prince of Betlis* (1774) in two volumes duodecimo. More realistic and less inflated in style, each of its eight books divided into short sections, these again into paragraphs sharply set off (in strong contrast to the long books and solid margins of the earlier patterns), this "novel" still harks back to the past. Selim, the hero, also later known as Togul, is met in the accepted fashion (p.1) :

"As Temugun was riding through his army, on the morning after his victory over Mohammed had added the mighty empire of Khouaresm to his boundless conquests, he observed among the captives of war a youth just sinking under a double weight of chains, while the dignity of conscious virtue shone through his distress and showed a soul superior to misfortune." He relates what he knows of his varied history to Temugun, wins his love and trust, serving him until it is discovered that he is Arsaces, a king's son, whereupon he makes peace for his father with Temugun and sets off to the African desert to marry the daughter of Himilco. Interspersed are several other histories — that of the Female Slave, of Himilco, the history of a Guebre (priest) whom Selim meets on the way to Bagdat. The narrative takes us to strange Gulliveresque lands (as that of the little people of Africa (II, I, Sec. X & XI), where our hero, alas, is guilty of such an unknightly act as climbing a tree to escape them. Descriptions are direct and less long, for a reason suggested in the passage (101), and which is by this time probably shared by the reader. Selim is describing a lovely stranger :

"Her eyes—" he says. "Hold!" interrupted Temugun, "I hate descriptions of beauty. They are always drawn, by an overheated imagination; and only make the partiality of the painter ridiculous."

The author announces a lofty purpose which has a familiar ring, in the preface (pp. v & vi), "In the History of the Prince of Betlis there is not one soft scene of love, one sentiment of loose desire. Outrageous Virtue is never gratified with anecdotes of private scandal; nor Licentiousness flattered with the sacred name of Liberty." The romance is a very interesting throw-back from the realistic, scandalous story of the age.

With the publication of Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* (1764) romance again burst into flower; strange blooms they were which came from the Gothic garden. Miss Birkhead speaks of this new type³² as "remotely allied, as its name implies, to the mediaeval romances at which Cervantes tilts with *Don Quixote*. It was more closely akin, however, to the heroic romances satirized in Mrs. Charlotte Lennox's *Female Quixote*." Although Miss Birkhead follows this with statements as to the popularity of the tomes of Calprenède and Scudéry, she draws no parallels. Personally, the present writer finds little resemblance between these tales of the supernatural, with their squeaky hinges and their ghostly apparitions, and the older books with their refined figures, their elevated diction, their punctilious gallantry. Walpole, in his preface to *The Castle* assures us "There is no bombast, no similes, flowers digressions or unnecessary descriptions. Everything tends directly to the catastrophe." How vastly different this is! In general, the chief influences seem to have been the mediaeval romance, folk material, and (as in the case of Mrs. Radcliffe particularly) "oral legends clustering round ancient abbeys." Maturin, Lewis and later writers were content to draw from the pioneers and from the German school.

Yet at least one of the earlier Gothic exponents was not ignorant of the fresh green parterres, the shady groves, the burning passions of the heroic writers, for Clara Reeve's first venture in the literary field seems to have been her translation of the *Argenis* which was published in 1762 as *The Phoenix*. In her *Old English*

³² Edith Birkhead, *The Tale of Terror*, London, 1921, 222.

Baron (1772) may be found certain faint echoes of the heroic type. The preface proclaims the usual desire to teach:³³ "The business of Romance is, first, to excite the attention; and secondly, to direct it to some useful, or at least innocent, end: Happy the writer who attains both these points, like Richardson! and not unfortunate, or undeserving praise, he who gains only the latter . . ." Furthermore, Edmund Lovel, found in a wood, newly born, by the body of his richly dressed mother, is ignorant of his rank and goes under successive aliases of Twyford and Seagrave. Wenlock and Sir Robert Fitz Owen continually prevent his being raised to preferment because of his lack of quality. The inevitable friendly Greek of noble birth of Mlle de Scudéry is likewise in evidence, in the person of M. Zadisky. However, of the actual form, machinery or diction of the heroic romance there is little; perhaps the nearest approach in a single passage (41-42) is Edmund's reception by Sir Philip:

"I am come thus far, noble Sir, to throw myself at your feet, and implore your protection. You are, under God, my only reliance.—I receive you, said Sir Philip, with all my heart! Your person is greatly improved since I saw you last, and I hope your mind is equally so; I have heard a great character of you from some that knew you in France. I remember the promise I made you long ago, and am ready now to fulfil it, upon condition that you have done nothing to disgrace the good opinion I formerly entertained of you; and am ready to serve you in anything consistent with my own honour. Edmund kissed the hand that was extended to raise him.—I accept your favour, Sir, upon this condition only; and if ever you find me to impose upon your credulity, or encroach on your goodness, may you renounce me from that moment!"

Yet this is lamentably far from the grand style. Slight as any traces are in Miss Reeve, they are even less evident in Mrs. Radcliffe, Walpole and others of the Gothic school.

The culmination and the rationalization of the Gothic movement comes, of course, with the King of English romanticists, Sir Walter Scott. That the author of the *Waverly Novels* was in some considerable degree familiar with the French long romances is apparent from his many critical references, some of which have

³³ vii & viii; references here are to the edition of 1802.

been already quoted here.³⁴ Accepting his own remark that Scudéry's "huge romances were in my childhood still read in some old-fashioned Scottish families", it is not difficult to picture the precocious child who spent his first money for a copy of Percy's *Reliques*, budying himself in the *Grand Cyrus* which he had come upon tucked away in some out of the way corner of the family library. Moreover, references of a sort that reflect an early acquaintanceship and possibly the fact that he still had the volumes by him, are scattered through his novels. Miss Bellenden writes to her uncle:³⁵

. . . Also, my dear uncle, I pray you to send me the second volume of the "Grand Cyrus", as I have only read as far as the imprisonment of Philidaspes upon the seven hundredth and thirty-third page . . ." [The page reference, however, is incorrect by this writer's edition.]

In the same novel (I, 156-157) Major Bellenden, ascending with his sister, Lady Margaret, to the bartizan of the warder's turret in search of Edith, finds her pale and downcast.

"What is come over you, you silly girl?" he said. "Why you look like an officer's wife when she opens the News-letter after an action, and expects to find her husband among the killed and wounded. But I know the reason, —you will persist in reading these nonsensical romances, day and night, and whimpering for distresses that never existed. Why, how the devil can you believe that Artamines, or what d'ye call him, fought single-handed with a whole battalion? One to three is as great odds as ever fought and won and I never knew anybody that cared to take that except old Corporal Raddlebanes. But these d——d books put all pretty men's actions out of countenance. I daresay you would think very little of Raddlebanes, if he were alongside of Artamines. I would have the fellows that write such nonsense brought to the picket for lease-making."

Lady Margaret, herself somewhat attached to the perusal of romances, took up the cudgels.

"Monsieur Scuderi" she said, "is a soldier, Brother, and as I have heard, a complete one; and so is the Sieur d'Urfé."

"More shame for them; they should have known better what they are writing about . . ."

³⁴ Also see his "Essays on Romance", "Amadis of Gaul", "Horace Walpole", and his edition of Dryden's Works.

³⁵ *Waverley Novels*, Ed. Andrew Lang, Phila., 1893, *Old Mortality*, I, 149.

Yet Edith is not one like Arabella to be easily swayed by those who take as standards of deportment and conversation the heroes of these tales, for earlier in the volume (p. 26) Scott informs us:

"But the young cavaliers distinguished by high descent and undoubted loyalty, attracted no more attention from Edith than the laws of courtesy peremptorily demanded; and she turned an indifferent ear to the compliments with which she was addressed, much of which were little the worse for the wear, though borrowed for the nonce from the laborious and long-winded romances of Calprenède and Scuderi, the mirrors in which the youth of that age delighted to dress themselves, ere Folly had thrown her ballast overboard, and cut down her vessels of the first rate such as the romances of "Cyrus", "Cleopatra", and others into small craft, drawing as little water, or, to speak more plainly, consuming as little time, as the little cockboat in which the gentle reader has deigned to embark."

In *Peveril of the Peak* (III, 73), the character Geoffrey Hudson, dwarf and jester to Charles I, is represented at the time of the Popish Plot (1679-80) as reading during his imprisonment in Newgate "a tome of one of Scudéry's now forgotten romances . . . which were then very fashionable . . . although they contrive to unite in their immense folios all the improbabilities and absurdities of the old romances of chivalry . . . and all the metaphysical absurdities which Cowley and the poets of the age had heaped upon the passion of love, like so many load of small-coal upon a slender fire, which it smothers instead of aiding." A reference in the next sentence to the sorrows of Artamenes and Mandana would indicate that the "tome" was one of the volumes of the *Grand Cyrus*.

Ivanhoe offers considerable direct evidence of the influence of Scudéry in particular. In the editor's preface (xxi & xxii) Andrew Lang quotes the *Quarterly Review* to the effect that ". . . the mode in which Rebecca repels the Templar [by threatening to leap from a lofty parapet in the castle of Front de Boeuf where he holds her captive] is borrowed from the celebrated scene in which Clarissa awes Lovelace by a similar menace of suicide" but himself asserts "Scott really was influenced by a scene in 'Le Grand Cyrus'." About his indebtedness in the later scene (II, 123) when, the castle fired by the Saxon hag Urfried, Front de Boeuf

killed, De Bracy overcome, and Robin Hood's band swarming over the moat, the Templar comes to the apartment where Rebecca tends the wounded Ivanhoe bidding her flee with him, there can be little doubt. No one who remembers the somewhat frenzied events when the villainous yet valiant Philidaspes appears before the captive Mandana in the burning city offering her escape in similar fashion, before the entry of her beloved Cyrus, can fail to see the likeness. Nor are the hated Bois-Guilbert's words other than in the best tradition. "I have found thee, Rebecca, [he says with a flourish that we seem to have met before] ; thou shalt prove I will keep my word to share weal and woe with thee. There is but one path to safety, I have cut my way through fifty dangers to point it to thee — up, and instantly follow me." Scott, himself, most honest of men, appends a note — "The author has some idea that this passage is imitated from the appearance of Philidaspes before the divine Mandane, when the city of Babylon is on fire and he proposes to carry her from the flames. But the theft, if there be one, would be rather too severely punished by the penance of searching for the original passage through the interminable volumes of the *Grand Cyrus*". Mr. Andrew Lang whose edition of Scott is referred to by the present writer, speaking of their fellow countryman, Sir George Mackenzie,³⁶ suggests further that Sir Walter possibly owed the conception of the mysterious Black Knight (actually Richard Coeur de Lion) who arrives on the scene so opportunely to perform miracles of valor, to the bloody advocate's Philarites who, clad in similar black mail, served Aretina in the English romance of that name.

In the same novel other points of contact with the heroic productions suggest themselves. No pirates appear upon the scene, but ravishers there are. Rebecca and Rowena are carried off and imprisoned in the classic manner, the Jewess forswearing compromise and preferring death rather than dishonor as did Parthian and Persian princesses before her. The hero of *The Talisman* is not only in the camp of the crusaders incognito, but he further disguises himself as a Nubian slave to serve Richard. Saladin assumes several disguises one of them making it possible for him

³⁶ *Sir George Mackenzie, King's Advocate* etc. 228.

to save the life of his rival, the English King, in a way not as spectacular but truly as noble as that in which Oroondates preserved the mighty Alexander. Furthermore, the cure is miraculously affected by a talisman, as were cures in the long romances — witness the marvelous herb so useful to several sorely wounded princes in the latter pages of *Cassandra* — (though of course Scott could have come by this from many sources); nor must the fact that the novel is set in far Eastern lands unfamiliar to the reader be altogether overlooked. Both Wilfrid of Ivanhoe and Richard are unknown for a large part of the story to which the former gives his name. In certain other of Scott's romances, such as *Guy Mannering*, the hero himself does not know his parentage. This latter device, however, though common to the long romances is also frequently to be found in Waverley's immediate predecessors, the novels of the Gothic school.

The author's treatment of history is strikingly like that of Vaumorière, Gomberville, Scudéry or Calprenède. One finds him taking the same liberties with fact that characterized the earlier writers. If it were necessary for the children of Caesar and Cleopatra to live, for Darius' daughters to survive the fatal end of the rest of their family and house, or if the motive for Clelia's swimming the Tiber with her sister hostages must be changed, the French writers, as has been seen, showed no hesitation, although they affirmed time and again in prefatory notes their general conformity to the truth of history. The unknown English writer of the three volume historical romance *Anne of Brittany* (London, 1810) makes the usual statement in his preface: ". . . This has been styled 'the age of reason'; few therefore, in such an age, are in danger of adopting the errors of Arabella in the 'Female Quixote', or of confounding the high-flown language of romance with the sober diction of history.

"It must, however, be allowed, that the imagination should not be too lavishly employed to embellish any well-known character, or too freely indulged to alter any distinguished facts in history: . . . A painful sense of incongruity is certainly experienced when the leading traits of a character, or actions of a life, are misrepresented; and 'we are sometimes wearied with a minute detail of

events already known, or shocked by the manifest violation of historical truth and probability.' " — despite which, he proceeds to mould the minor facts of history to fit the needs of his narrative. So, likewise, Sir Walter. If the working out of the plot demands it, he is not above a bit of skillful tinkering with the truth; hence Amy Robsart is made to die at the time of Leicester's reception to Elizabeth at Kenilworth, Edward the Confessor, that pious soul under a vow of chastity despite his marriage, is given a lineal descendant in the phlegmatic Athelstane, a non-existent cousin of Richard is created to win the love of Kenneth of Scotland — all, of course, to the utter despair of the historians. In Scott's answer to one of these critics (*Talisman*, xvii) one seems to hear the very voice of Madeleine de Scudéry recreated — "One of the inferior characters introduced was a supposed relation of Richard Coeur de Lion a violation of the truth of history, which gave offence to Mr. Mills, the author of the History of Chivalry and the Crusades, who was not, it may be presumed, aware that romantic fiction naturally includes the power of such invention, which is indeed one of the requisites of the art." Certainly very few readers of the past, or of our own day, would deny the author this license.

Structurally, Scott's novels are far different from the sprawling, loosely knit romances, yet there are frequently tricks that strike one versed in the latter as familiar. Thus, *The Talisman* opens:

"The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant Northern home, and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was passing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or, as it is called, the Lake Asphaltites, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters."

The reader is prepared for the conflict that in Gomberville, Calprenède and their companions was inevitable, and for the ensuing history — and he is not to be disappointed here, in the battle, at least, when the Emir appears on the desert sands. Nor is he on unfamiliar ground in either this novel or in *Ivanhoe*, amidst the dignity of sentiment expressed. He might, if he would, even divide *Ivanhoe* into the "Histories" which were so typical of the heroic

romance, simply by following the manner in which Scott tells his tale and alternates the actions of a group of people, thus: "The History of Cedric the Saxon", "The History of Isaac and Rebecca", "The History of Ivanhoe and Rowena", "The History of Athelstane", "The History of Urfried". Battles and jousts are in the grand manner, the descriptions often no less so, as that of the lists at Ashby, (I, ch. 7-9 & 12) where Ivanhoe does prodigies (another point!) in felling the champions of the king, and where his quality is finally discovered.

Here too (I, 91) as in many other places may be seen something of that ornate diction characteristic of the older romances:

"Opposite to this royal gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the other side of the lists; and more gaily, if less sumptuously decorated, than that destined for the Prince himself. A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gaily dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colours. Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, bows and quivers, and all the commonplace emblems of the triumphs of Cupid, a blazoned inscription informed the spectators, that this seat of honour was designed for *La Royne de la Beauté et des Amours*. But who was to represent the Queen of Beauty and of Love on the present occasion, no one was prepared to guess."

Such a passage would not be out of place in any of the works of the *Sieur de la Calprenède*, nor would the spirited battle royal in the lists (I, 164-173) in which the Black Knight first makes his appearance to help Ivanhoe to the victory. The same may be said for the scene in the temple in the desert and the final tournament in *The Talisman*. Heroines are straight out of any of the long romances, the descriptions being of that general, remote and formal sort frequently noted; thus the picture of Rebecca (I, 96 & 97):

"Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a *simarre* of the richest Persian silk exhibiting flowers in their

natural colours embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible—all these constituted a combination of loveliness, which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true that of the golden and pearl-studded clasps, which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value were by this means also made more conspicuous.”

And of the Saxon Rowena (I,49) :

“Formed in the best proportions of her sex, Rowena was tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of superior height. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, but the noble cast of her head and features prevented the insipidity which sometimes attaches to fair beauties. Her clear blue eye, which sate enshrined beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown sufficiently marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindle as well as melt, to command as well as beseech. If mildness were the more natural expression of such a combination of features, it was plain, that in the present instance, the exercise of habitual superiority, and the reception of general homage, had given to the Saxon lady a loftier character, which mingled with and qualified that bestowed by nature. Her profuse hair, of a colour betwixt brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with gems, and being worn at full length, intimated the noble birth and free-born condition of the maiden. A golden chain, to which was attached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung round her neck.”

What a picture she makes as she returns thanks for freedom to Robin Hood and his merry men (II, 138) :

“The blood rose to her cheeks, as, courteously waving her hand, and bending so low that her beautiful and loose tresses were for an instant mixed with the flowing mane of her palfrey, she expressed in few but apt words her obligations and her gratitude to Locksley and her other deliverers.”

She too, like the ladies of the salon, on occasion receives “sitting about to recline” on her bed.

Beyond the time of Scott, one can hardly expect to find further evidences of direct heroic influence; in fact, it is only the Laird of Abbotsford’s antiquarian interest which brings him in contact with these forgotten amusements of an earlier time. Dickens,

Thackeray, Eliot bring the errant novel back into the realistic tradition while later writers of romance find their inspiration in the author of *Waverley*; consequently this rather sketchy survey here finds an end.

I. BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FRENCH HEROIC ROMANCES PRINTED IN ENGLAND

Because most of these Romances were published piecemeal, the separate parts being thrown together in various combinations with various dates, a complete listing of the different editions is often difficult. In many cases a new edition seems to have been merely the old, with a new title page. The writer has, however, eliminated several existing confusions and succeeded in adding a number of editions not heretofore recorded. The method of arrangement as in all three parts is, as nearly as possible, chronological; the books here included are those which satisfy our definition.

DESMARETS DE SAINT SORLIN, Jean.

Ariana. In Two Parts. As it was translated out of the French, and presented to my Lord Chamberlaine. 1636, folio; second edition, 1641, folio; Anne Moseley's list for 1663 mentions what is possibly a new edition since it does not appear on Humphrey Moseley's list for 1655. This romance is in the old Chivalric, rather than in the new Heroic, mode.

GOMBERVILLE, Marin Le Roy, Sieur de.

The History of Polexander: in Five Bookes. Done into English by William Browne, Gent., etc. 1647, folio; Esdaile notes edition of 1648 in a private library, T. Harper for T. Walkley (possibly the same with a new title page?). In the 1655 list of "New and Excellent Romances Printed for Humphrey Moseley" one finds *History of Polexander and a Romance* Englished by William Brown, Gent., folio.

LA CALPRENÈDE, Gauthier de Costes, Sieur de.

Cassandra. The Fam'd Romance. Written originally in French and now elegantly rendered into English by an Honourable Person. 1652, octavo. Books 1-3. Moseley's list for 1655 mentions what is apparently the same: *Cassandra, the Fam'd Romance*, the three first Books written in French, and elegantly rendred into English, by the right Honourable the Lord George Digby, octavo. Dunlop cites a translation, London 1652, by Cotterell (*History of English Fiction*, II, 421) of which Esdaile and Wurzbach make no mention. There would seem from the translator's own statements in the Epistle Dedicatory to Charles II, dated at The Hague, 1653, to have been a complete edition prior to the Restoration, whereas the folio of 1676 is usually regarded as his first complete. The Epistle

speaks of "the perils of bearing this Romance to the exiled king even in English dress through the battlefields of Flanders and the fleets of England and Holland." One should also note Cotterell's statement in the epistle "To the Reader": "Since this Translation of Cassandra was put into the press, the beginning of another by an accurate Pen hath been published to the World; which had given a stop to this, if it had still been in the power of him that did it . . ."; also the publisher's note appended in the 1725 edition. ". . . few Translations exceeded this, original one by Cotterell, if they came up to it, considering the Time when it was made, viz. about 70 Years since." Humphrey Moseley's list appended to parts VII and VIII of *Artamenes* (1655) includes *Cassandra*, the Fam'd Romance, the whole work in five parts . . . now Elegantly rendred into English, by a Person of Quality. Folio. A recent bookseller's catalogue lists what appears to be the same book bearing the date 1652. Undoubtedly the "Person of Quality" was Cotterell. Miss Morgan's "better known version by Sir Charles Cotterell . . . dated 1661", apparently following Charlanne, I find unknown by others. Two editions previously unrecorded are one bearing the date 1664 now in a private collection: *Cassandra*; etc . . . In Five Parts, written originally in French, and now Elegantly Rendered into English. By Sir Charles Cotterell. Printed for A. Moseley, 1664, folio; and another in folio possibly the same with a new engraved title page dated 1665, recently sold from the Britwell collection. Esdaile lists still another folio of 1667. In 1676 appeared an edition printed for Peter Parker (according to Charlanne the first absolutely complete) and in 1687 another without dedicatory epistles, for the same bookseller; in 1725, "The Third Edition, very much corrected" in 5 vols. duodecimo; in 1737 "The Fourth Edition" 5 vols. duodecimo. In 1703 appeared an abridgment in 3 vols. octavo "by several Hands" and in 1705 a reissue of this.

Cleopatra. Here is almost utter confusion; however the parts seem to have appeared as follows: *Hymen's Praeludia: or, Love's Masterpiece*. Being the first Part of that so much admir'd Romance, intituled *Cleopatra*. Written Originally in the French and now rendred into English By R. Loveday Whereunto is annexed, A succinct Abridgment of what is extant in the succeeding story, 1652, duodecimo; The Second Part . . . 1654 [3], octavo; The Third Part . . . 1655, octavo; The Fourth Part . . . rendred into English by J[ohn] C[oles], 1656, octavo; The Fifth Part . . . by J[ohn] C[oles], 1656, octavo; The Sixth Part . . . by J. C. 1658, octavo; (all except Pt. I, for Lowndes); The Seventh Part . . . by J. C. 1658, octavo; The Eighth Part . . . rendred into English by J[ames] W[ebb] 1658, octavo; The Ninth and Tenth Parts . . . Rendred into English by J[ohn] D[avies of Kidwelly], 1659, folio; The Eleventh, Twelfth and Last Parts . . . Rendred into English by J. D., 1659, folio. [Parts 8, 11, 12, for H. Moseley; Parts 7, 9, 10 for Moseley and J. Crooke]. Morgan (p. 33) seems somewhat in error here. These parts then appear in various combinations, under varying dates. In 1663 appeared another edition for Lowndes of Parts 1-3, and in the same year a folio bearing the title page *Hymen's Praeludia* etc. "Being the six Last Parts, written originally in French, and now Rendred into English by J. C.

and I. D."—Parts 9-12 of which are actually of the 1659 edition. There appears to have been a complete edition earlier than that noted by Wurzbach: *Hymen's Præcludia* etc. . . . in twelve parts. R. D. for A. Moseley and J. Crooke 1665, parts 7 & 8 bearing date 1658, 9, 10, 11 & 12 bearing the date 1659. The whole is bound in two vols. folio. In 1668 appeared another edition, 2 vol. folio, R. D. for Moseley and Crooke. A folio edition was printed for P. Parker in 1674, in addition to that for T. Fabian in 1687. Jusserand (*English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare*, p. 412) cites one which appeared as late as 1741.

Pharamond: or, the History of France. A New Romance. In Four Parts. Written originally in French, by the Author of Cassandra and Cleopatra. And now elegantly rendred into English [by John Davies], 1662, folio; *Pharamond* etc. . . . in Twelve Parts. The Whole Work never before Englished . . . Translated by J. Phillips, Gent. 1677, folio, 2 vols; Charlanne also mentions an edition 1703 "par plusieurs interpretes". (p. 392). PARTS 8-12 ARE BY PIERRE D'ORTIGUE DE VAUMORIÈRE.

VAUMORIÈRE, Pierre d'Ortigue de.

The Grand Scipio, an Excellent New Romance. Written in French by Monsieur de Vaumorière. And Rendered into English by G. H. 1660, folio. The British Museum copy cited by Esdaile contains but two of the four parts. The translation would seem not to have been completed.

Pharamond, Parts 8-12.

SCUDÉRY, Madeleine de.

Ibrahim. Or the Illustrious Bassa. An excellent new Romance. The Whole Work, in Four Parts. Written in French by Monsieur de Scudery, and now Englished by Henry Cogan, Gent. 1652, folio. Another edition in folio, 1674. Dunlop (II, 430) also gives editions in 1665 and 1723, of which this writer is unable to find any trace.

Artamenes, or the Grand Cyrus, An excellent new Romance. Written by that famous Wit of France, Monsieur de Scudery Governour of Nostre-Dame. And now Englished by F. G. Gent. 1653-5. According to Moseley's list this appeared separately in five folio vols. Another edition, 1691, 10 vols. duodecimo. (Term Cat., II, 362) is listed by Esdaile.

Clelia. The first two parts appeared in 1655 and 1656. *Clelia. An Excellent New Romance* etc. Parts I & II, folio 2 vols. Complete edition 1656-61, folio, 5 vols. Upham cites an edition of 1659 which must be incomplete. Another edition appeared in 1678 (vol. 4 & 5, 1677) "Printed and are to be sold by H. Herringman, D. Newman, T. Cockerel . . ."

Almahide; or the Captive Queen. An Excellent New Romance, Never before in English. The Whole Work. Written in French by the Accurate Pen of Monsieur de Scudery . . . Done into English by J. Phillips Gent., etc. 1677, folio.

Zelinda, An Excellent New Romance. Translated from the French of Monsieur de Scudery. By T.D. Gent. etc. 1676 duodecimo. Vol. VII of *Modern Novels*. Not by Scudéry, and not heroic.

LE VAYER DE BOUTIGNY, R.

The Famous Romance of Tarsis and Zelig. Digested into Ten Books. Written originally in French, By the Acute Pen of a Person of Honour. Done into English by Charles Williams, Gent. 1685 folio. There appears to have been an earlier edition in 1684. Morgan also lists *Tarsus and Zelig*, 1728. This romance is in the pastoral, rather than the heroic mode.

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II. BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ENGLISH ROMANCES IN THE HEROIC MANNER

While a number of the volumes listed below may also be classified as Political or Allegorical, they are all to a greater or less degree in the Heroic mould. For want of a better classification, the *Argenis* has also been included in this section.

BARCLAY, John.

Barclay his Argenis: or, The Loves of Poliarchus and Argenis. Faithfully Translated out of Latine into English, by Kingsmill Long, Gent. 1625, folio. Esdaile also mentions a translation by Ben Jonson, licensed to E. Blount, Oct. 2, 1623 (Stat. Reg. IV, 105), which, however, seems not extant and may never have been more than projected. *Argenis*, etc. . . . by Kingsmill Long. The Second Edition together with a Key Prefixed to Unlock the Whole Story. 1636, quarto. In 1628 came another translation by Sir Robert Le Grys, Knight, the verses by Thomas May, quarto, which was reissued in 1629. Morgan mentions a condensation, 1639 (probably the *Epitome of the History of Faire Argenis* translated out of the French into English by a young Gentlewoman [Judith Man]. 1640, octavo), a continuation by Bugnot in 1669 and an edition advertised in the Term Catalogues for 1674. Edward Bensley, in *Modern Language Review* (IV, 392-96) calls attention to a Dublin translation from the Latin by the Rev. John Jacob, who changed the setting, cut out discussions, etc. The result was a free adaptation. There was also a Translation by a Lady [Clara Reeve] 1772. 4 vols., entitled *The Phoenix*.

ANONYMOUS.

Cloria and Narcissus. A Delightfull and New Romance, Imbellished with divers Politicall Notions, and singular Remarks of Moderne Transactions. Written by an Honourable Person. Earliest edition in British Museum is in two parts octavo, dated 1653-4. The Third part seems to have appeared in 1655, the first complete edition being in 1661, folio, entitled *The Princess Cloria; or, the Royal Romance.* In Five Parts Written by a Person of Honour. There was a second edition, 1665, folio.

BRATHWAIT, Richard.

Panthalia: or the Royal Romance. A Discourse Stored with infinite variety in relation to State-Government and Passages of matchless affection gracefully interveined, and presented on a Theatre of Tragical and Comical State in a successive continuation of these Times. Faithfully and ingenuously rendred. 1659, octavo.

INGELO, Nathaniel.

Bentivolio and Urania in Four Books. By N.I.D.D. 1660, folio; second issue in 1660-64, in 2 vols. containing books 5 and 6; "Second Edition", 1669, folio; "Third Edition, with some Amendments, wherein all the Obscure Words throughout the Book are interpreted in the Margin . . ." etc., 1673, folio; Fourth Edition. 1682, folio.

MACKENZIE, Sir George.

Aretina; Or, The Serious Romance. Written originally in English. Part I [unfinished] 1660, octavo.

BOYLE, Roger, Earl of Orrery.

Parthenissa: a Romance. In Six Tomes. Composed by the Right Honourable The Lord Broghill, etc. 1654-5, quarto, 4 vols.; another edition of Part I, 1654, quarto; a re-issue of the first edition, 1655, quarto, 4 vols.; Part V, 1656, quarto; Part VI, 1669, quarto; *Parthenissa* . . . In Four Parts. 6 vols. (sixth missing) 1655-69 (Esdaile has apparently overlooked this edition (12635.pp.26) in the British Museum); *Parthenissa.* That most Fam'd Romance. The Six Volumes Compleat. Composed By the Right Honourable The Earl of Orrery. 1676, folio.

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III. ROMANCES NOT TRULY HEROIC, DISCUSSED IN PARTS IV AND V (AND HERE INCLUDED FOR THE PURPOSE OF COMPLETENESS).

GOTT, Samuel.

Nova Solyma. Not translated until 1902 by the Rev. W. Begley. Contains little of the heroic; rather Utopian in type.

REYNOLDS, John,

The Flower of Fidelitie. Displaying in a Continuate Historie, The various Adventures of Three Foreign Princes, etc. 1650, octavo; other editions appeared at frequent intervals until a ninth (undated) sometime after 1733.

FORDE, Emanuel.

Parsimus, The Renowned Prince of Bohemia. His most famous delectable and pleasant Historie. Containing his Noble Battailes fought against the Persians, his loue to Laurana, the Kings Daughter of Thessaly. And his strange Aduentures in the Desolate Island, etc. 1598-9, quarto, 2 vols.; published in many and frequent editions both complete and abridged up until 1724 and possibly even later. It is in the pure chivalric manner full of strange and marvelous incidents.

BULTEEL, John.

Birinthia, a Romance. Written by J. B. Gent. 1664, octavo. Contains many characteristics of the long romance but is too short to be considered one of the type.

CROWNE, John.

Pandion and Amphigenia: or, The History of the Coy Lady of Thessalia. Adorned with Sculptures. By J. Crowne. 1665, octavo. Rather pastoral than heroic.

ANONYMOUS.

Eromena: Or, The Noble Stranger, a Novel, etc. A prosification of an epic poem by William Chamberlayne. 1683, octavo. Not of heroic proportions.

JOHNSTONE, Charles.

The History of Arsaces Prince of Betlis. By the Editor of *Chrysal*. 1774, 2 vols. duodecimo. A strange hodge-podge possessing some heroic characteristics.

BARKER, Mrs. Jane.

Exilius, or the Banished Roman. 1715, duodecimo. Second edition, 1719.

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